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With the Authors Respects

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

William (usack Smith)

1766-1836.

Born at the Hague

March 10th 1802.

End of 14. Vol. p 139.

Vol. 14.



METAPHYSIC RAMBLES,

447

BY

WARNER CHRISTIAN SEARCH,

LL. D. F. R. S. AND M. R. I. A.

*O genus attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis,
_____quid nomina vana timetis,*

MATERIEM vatum ? _____

*Morte carent animæ ; semperque, priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant, rivuntque receptæ.*

OVID.

52396
26/12/01

DUBLIN.

MILLIKEN AND SON, GRAFTON-STREET.

BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

LONDON : B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

1835.

B

68

56

Dublin, Printed by J. S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's-Walk.

STRONG APPLICATION—LONG HESITATION—WRONG
TERMINATION—VIZ. DEDICATION.

I HAVE been applied to, by my respectable publisher, for the filling of a few pages more. *Why* so applied to, I perhaps could not reveal, without divulging the secrets of that prison-house—the compositor's boudoir. Suffice it to say, that certain *pages*, in as yet unfed attendance,* are described as being pale,—if not as a sheet, at least as half a sheet,†—and emblems, in default of types, of mere and total inanition.—But what nutriment can my exhausted ink-bottle supply? “A table of contents,” replies compositor; “a list of errata, and a dedication.”—For the contents, be it so, (as judges say, when they are granting an application;) and I have only to wish, that amongst the contents, my indulgent readers may be found. But, for the

* And which are wanting (*i. e.* being wanted) to complete my typographical establishment, or suite.

† For, I am told, there are but six of them.

list of *errata*, it will be scant, and go little way towards giving the fulness which these empty pages crave. The list will, I expect, be as meagre as themselves. Thanks to the diabolical correctness of my printers.—Devils !—They have rather been angel guardians of my feeble, minor (or minus) sense ; and served it as faithfully, as the Demon of Socrates once served him.

But the Dedication !—to whom shall it come, hop-ing ?—To MY FRIENDS ? Alas ! when discovered, I fear they will prove *too few*. Like the comet, they are as yet invisible ; but, unlike it, they are not making any approaches, if I be a good observer. My surname is not *Find*, but *Search* ; and I have long, and perhaps too diligently and affectionately, sought for them in vain. I do not mean to say, that I am absolutely (God forbid I should be !) without friends. But,—still unlike Halley's to-be-refulgent one,—they are not to be looked for in high quarters ; amongst the sidereal brilliancy of grand crosses ; or even twinklers of second — though *commanding* — magnitude. The first of these, at least, would keep a lofty distance from me ; as I *humbly* hope the comet also will.

Then, the Lords.—Why, these might reject my

pages, without reading them a second time ;* and assuredly would never suffer them to get into comet-tee ; (though sent up by a large majority of specially provided and new-made pens;)—and no blame to their Lordships, as my countrymen sometimes say.——In short, my friends, if I have any, are not to be found, amid the blaze of those literal, figurative, or literary stars, whose proud and exalted perquisite all dedications are.

Then shall I direct my kotou TO MY ENEMIES, as a sort of *pis aller* ?—Amongst these there be some that shine ; and, instead of being (like the friendly troop) *too few*, they may, in more than one sense, have proved *too many* for me. But their influence I have already found to be the opposite of benign ; and I will take the orthodox course, of wishing “ that mine enemy would write a book,” rather than heretically make him a Dedicatee of mine.

Turning my huffed back upon the present Times, shall I address my introductory petition TO PRINCE POSTERITY ?† No : I am not so fulsomely pre-

* I believe parliamentary usage would secure them a first reading.

† Swift has conferred this title on posterity. (See Tale of a Tub.)

sumptuous as that. I fear his Highness might "return the bills," as unceremoniously as Jupiter appears (in the *Dunciad**) to have done. Be this as it may, as

" the life to come, in every writer's creed,"

is not one to which I can aspire, I have no right to obtrude myself on generations yet to come.

Again, shall I inscribe, or devote, this volume TO THE MEMORY OF MY WRITINGS PAST? Their memory! There is no such shadow in existence. Those writings and their scribbler are long and utterly forgotten. *Periere ruinæ*: you might as well rummage for the site of Babylon, or vestiges of Troy.† Memory!—The world has as bad a memory as I have myself.

* Book ii.

† See stanzas, headed "CADUCA," at the end of this volume. The above comparison, in the text, however, is unapt. I not only could never

" build the lofty rhyme,"

but have at no time constructed prose, of an elevation, of which Babylon or Ilium could be offered as a type. Even with a village, (though it were not *Auburn*,) my literary cottages, neither prosaic nor poetic, could compete.

Shall I then make to THUS ET ODORES,* my complimentary bow? Nay, these, in their last moments, my poor pages will be embracing; and when I have perished, from just neglect, I shall have to be, by them, embalmed. But, in the mean time (*fatebor enim*) I have not a spice of attachment, wherewith to requite their warmth; and will not make to their pungencies, or aromaships, an anathema of my little volume.†

What, then, remains? Shall I dedicate to my readers?

———— Peream male, si non
Optimum!

and here, closing my name-sake search for patrons, I accordingly will do it.

* Horace, Ep. lib. 11. Ep. 1. l. 269.

† *Αναθήμα*, not *αναθήμα*; for I mean an offering; not a curse.

DUOBUS, VEL NEMINI,*

ITS FEW AND GENTLE READERS,

MATERIAL AND IMMATERIAL,

(FOR THE LATTER, NEMO APPEARS "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE,")

THIS SMALL,

YET AS SOME MAY THINK TOO BULKY

VOLUME,

FRAUGHT WITH ARGUMENTS

(A L' IRLANDAISE)

OF GREATER HEAVINESS THAN WEIGHT,

IS, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT AND QUAINTESS,

PRESENTED, BY ITS

AUTHOR.

* Which may be thus translated, rather loosely:—

To Two, or should I rather say to one
Nay, if thus accurate, e'en say to None.

Be it remembered, that my order for a table of contents, or bill of particulars, I hereby reverse. As to the list of errata, or errors on the record, sub judice lis est ; or cur. adv. vult.

ERRATA, OR NO ERRATA ?

Why need I (virtually) obliterate a superfluous asterisk, or supply the want of one ? In a country which is said to be the land of jobbing, cannot the reader do both of these little jobs, quietly and gently, for himself ? For example, in the text of page 26, introduce a † at the word *amicé*,—and strike his pen across a * before the last line (in a note) of page 67 ? Again, why turn Brobdignag into Brobdingnag, when the former, albeit wrongly spelled, sounds to my ear the more gigantic and less pronounceable of the two ? Brobdingnag runs, with a too Lilliputian facility, off the tongue. In short, when of my—or rather of Mr. Milliken's pages—it may be said, that

If to their share, some venial errors fall,

Look on their face, and you'll forget them all ;

why should I awaken this indulgent forgetfulness, by a startling flapper-list of *errata* ? Ought not

the last item of the enumeration to be my own *erratum*, in furnishing such a list ?

At the same time, I must say to myself, *gare !* Pygmalion fell in love with his own handiwork ; and Narcissus (which was very unkind to Echo) with himself. I must take care not to become enamoured of the joint manufacture of my publishers and myself. They gave the form, while I but supplied the bit of mind ; which, I am told, is by some considered as a perfectly immaterial addition.—But to certain—surely not worse than *typical*—D—s, I am bound, or at least warranted, to repeat my thanks. Then

“ Elves and Demons, hear,”*

while I reiterate acknowledgments, which are justly due ; and which, though laughingly given, are not the less sincere.

* Rape of the Lock.

P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the following pages, I am told that there are some, which touch, and even conflict with, certain arguments of Lord Brougham. Though induced by its interesting title, and the lustre of the Author's name, I mean to read his Lordship's Discourse with suitable attention, I have not as yet seen a sentence of that work, beyond those extracts which are contained in Mr. Wallace's Observations; and not having finished my perusal of this latter Tract, I even may not have seen all the extracts which it gives. With those which I have seen, I am not aware of having come into collision. If the case were otherwise, I might borrow that self-consolation, to which the too fluent* *Achelous* resorted, when, having presumed to contend with *Hercules*, he found himself (as he might have expected to be) overcome. His words, if I recollect them, were,

nec tam

Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est.

* *Perhaps, in this respect, like myself.*

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

READER, a walk by moonlight is not unpleasant: what do you say to a ramble in the dark?

That it is a widely different thing. Assuming it to be a proceeding, (which implies advance,) it is however a groping one at best. We may fail to distinguish where our footing is steady, and where it is unsure. We are not unlikely, "by friar's lantern led," to go astray; and, in doing so, to knock our heads against our best and firmest hopes; and in overturning them, to crush our happiness, and destroy ourselves. I am supposing you to talk figura-

tively; and to be proposing a metaphysical excursion.

Even so: but my course shall be a *pedetentim* one. I will be cautious; and add your caution to my own. So, in order to contribute this, you are bound in conscience to accompany me.

Video meliora; deteriora sequor; and consent to be your partner in this erratic dance. But whither shall we ramble?

Nay, the question involves a contradiction of terms. I cannot answer it. The scheme would cease to be a ramble, if it had a whither.

But, what is to be our object?

Safely and entertainingly to lose our way; and if, in doing so, we come across Lord Brougham and Mr. Wallace,* perhaps they will permit us to share their blindman's-buff.

Allons! enter the labyrinth: I will attend

* I have not read, but merely seen some eloquent extracts from, the *Discourse* of the former. Neither have I finished the acute and argumentative observations of the latter. But perhaps so much the better. A perusal of such wise gravities *affigit humo* the levity with which I feel disposed to soar and smatter on. Even without such perusal, the very seriousness of my subject will probably, from time to time, impose a check; and cause me to be occasionally as grave as portions of my inquiry may be.

you; and “hover through the fog.” Who knows but, after our mysterious wanderings, we may have to laugh at finding ourselves at—or near—the point from which we started.

Be this as it may, let us start at once. Are you a believer in the immateriality of Mind?

You trip at the very outset. Immateriality is a term of mere denial. It has too great a resemblance to the algebraic negative quantity, or to zero. Your question therefore is indistinct and incomplete.

Nay, you are too punctilious.

Not a whit. You proposed my joining in a twilight ramble, on the terms of its being a safe one. In furtherance of this security, I but require that you should be as correct a *Rambler* as Samuel Johnson was; that your words shall possess a meaning, perceptible and precise; and be used and answered in it. Where the *Paroles* family* (of whom we hear in Shakspeare) are

* If I have not been given an inch, neither can I be taxed with having, in my spelling, taken an L. I have, on the contrary, omitted one. The name of Bertram's follower is *Parolles*. But any one who hears him prate, and attends to Helena's description of him, will be more likely to pronounce him of a *wordy*, than of a worthy stock.

but quasi representatives of a meagre Gatton, or old Sarum, I do not like to see them claim an ideal constituency, as portly as the county of Cork or a Yorkshire Riding might supply. Though, as to the ideality of a Cork constituency,—*forsan quære*, under the circumstances which now exist.

Of you, who so stickle for precision, I must ask to repeat your objection more precisely.

I repeat then, that *immateriality* is a term of mere negation. In the use of such expressions, NOT TO BE puts on a mask, which personates TO BE. When you say (or intimate) that mind “is immaterial,” your IS (blended with its appendant IM) comes to signify IS NOT. You do not affirm: you but deny; and in negating one form and mode of existence, affect to predicate another. This produces an illusion.

Whatever is not material, I assume to be immaterial.

That is to say, whatever is not material, you assume not to be material:—a sufficiently cautious, and perfectly warrantable assumption; but which, in its expression, becomes somewhat identical and tautologic.

Word nods at word ; each premise has a brother ;
And half the sentence just reflects the other.*

Any thing to please you. I will new-model my interrogatory ;—and ask you, not is Mind immaterial ? but is Mind not-material ?

My answer is, that I cannot tell. But I can tell this ; that we are still dealing with negations ; and seem not to have advanced an inch towards that affirmative cover, which I had expected that in our sporting ramble we might beat.—*Qu' est ce que vous faites là ?* says one of the characters in a *comédie-vaudeville*,† to another who is stationary upon the round of a ladder, and peeping curiously into obscurity, like you and me. *Je me promene*, is his reply. Hitherto, there seems as little locomotion in our *promenade*, as there was in his.

Again your wishes must be complied with.—Is Mind material ?

* The passage from Pope, which I mean to parody, (I quote from memory,) is this :

“*Grove nods at grove ; each alley has a brother ;
And half the platfarm just reflects the other.*”

† Le Philtre Champenois.

Whatever my conjectures may be, I cannot tell.

You cannot tell ! Assuredly not *Scrub* himself was less satisfactory than you.* But why, pray, cannot you tell whether Mind be material ?

Because I do not know what matter is.

Nay be not so modestly distrustful of the extent of your information. Might you not venture to pronounce, that the pocket-handkerchief, which you hold in your hand, is matter ?

Yes ; it certainly belongs to the multitudinous class which we call material. But if you asked me to define *matter*, and that I told you it was a pocket-handkerchief, I doubt your being satisfied

* I have not the *Beaux Stratagem*, to refer to ; but I have a recollection, vague and imperfect, (as too many of my recollections are,) that the celebrated *Scrub*, having taken office as an envoy-spy, returns to his employers, full of the importance of the station which he had been filling ; and thus, or somewhat thus, discloses with all due solemnity, the result of his three inquiries :

“ To this she answered, she had never heard.”—“ In reply, she said she could not tell.”—“ Her answer was, that she knew nothing at all about the matter.”

It cannot be denied that *Scrub*’s reports were *immaterial*.

with such a definition. The metaphysical dignity with which you invest what Othello sometimes called a "napkin," (exalting it, as you do, into a sort of representative of material creation,) reminds me, by the by, of what I once witnessed in Paris, at the Sourds et Muets. *The Abbé Sicard*, showing us how he taught metaphysics and abstract ideas to his pupils, presented a handkerchief to the sight of one, as he stood before him on the platform. The pupil nodded, and immediately wrote down *mouchoir* upon the gigantic slate (shall I call it?) which was placed behind them. The master then deployed the napkin; exhibiting and marking the squareness of its form; and the sagacious Sourd et Muet immediately tacked *carre* to *mouchoir*, on the Brobdignagian slate. Sicard then crumpled up the handkerchief; upon which *carre* was effaced. He again displayed the parallelogram, and *carre* reappeared upon the slate. Lastly, (and here I suspected there was *ruse*,) leaving the quadrangularity unimpaired, he withdrew the handkerchief which possessed it, from before his pupil's sight. I am sure you anticipate what ensued. *Mouchoir* was, (with a *souvière fin*

et fier,) at once expunged ; and *carre* remained in all its mysterious abstractedness, on the slate. Then followed French admiration and applause ; whether natural, or artificial, extempore or prepared, it is not my business to pronounce. Having endured this with a meek and modest air, *Sicard*, at its conclusion, addressed us thus : “ *Ainsi, Messieurs, nous commençons par un mouchoir ; et nous finissons par Dieu !*”

But it is time I should have done with *Sicard*’s handkerchief ; and return with you to my own. With what view have you cited this last-mentioned bit of matter ?

You can see your handkerchief.

Yes ; and smell it too ; for it was lately washed in a turf-district ; and, I presume, dried at a turf fire.

But have you ever seen your mind ?

Never ; nor the air by which I am surrounded ; but which whispers its material presence, in the summer breeze by which it cools, and indicates its fluid character, by the summer fragrance which it wafts ; or which utters a more loud and fearful warning of its nature, in the thunder-crash which travels to my ear on its concussions ;

or the tempest in which I founder, or before which my vessel drives.—Yet this atmosphere, which I cannot see, is not only matter, but a compound of various matters; of oxygen and nitrogen, as it were dissolved in caloric; and probably of many more ingredients, which my slender chemical knowledge could not enumerate or rehearse. The glass receiver of an air-pump, transparent though it be, does not enable me to distinguish whether it be full or quite exhausted; whether its contents be a collection of various ingredients, all material; or its non-contents (I do not use the words in their parliamentary signification) approach as near to immateriality, as any thing, or any nothing, which the ingenuity of philosophic experiment could produce or unproduce. Yet I more than doubt, whether the suction of the pneumatic engine, suck it never so wisely, and spiritual though it etymologically be, could generate a thinking being, or give existence to a single thought. So little necessary affinity is there between vacuum and mind; between the absence of matter, and the presence of intellectual power. Ask the fly or mouse, too, immured in the exhausted receiver, whether

immateriality be a source of life, or death. And what becomes of the poor slain mouse's immaterial mentality? (for a portion of mentality is conceded* to the little beast.) Does it become mingled (and can immaterial thus intermix?) with that immateriality which the glass confines? that *caput*, not *mortuum*, but *vivum*, which cogent suction has produced? But let me not be mistaken. Soul may be all immaterial, though all that is immaterial be not soul; just as my pocket-handkerchief may all be matter, though to assert that all matter was my pocket-handkerchief, would, in logical phraseology, be a *very simple* conversion indeed. I see at least as little affinity between materiality and soul, as between immateriality and soul. I think mind quite as little a-kin to the rock up which I clamber, as to the invisible non-contents of an exhausted receiver. The essence of soul may be far more distant from these unaerial and but *quasi* immaterialities last-mentioned, than the magnetic power (a material one) is from the rust which it attracts, or from the clod on which we tread; but between these latter two materi-

* By Lord Brougham, and Mr. Wallace.

alities also, (and one of which is quite invisible) the interval is, if not immeasurable, at least immense. Of light, flame, the electric fluid, those quintessences of matter, which almost seem to make approaches to the qualities of mind, resembling those which zoophytes make to the superiorities of animal life,—of those refinements of material quality and substance, I may have something to say, or something to repeat, of what (by myself or others) has been said already. But I feel that I am less accompanying your rambles, than indulging in my own. I will therefore, for the present, no longer interrupt your questions, than while I say, that though, for argument and convenience, I have, in this long speech, been treating material and immaterial as subjects equally intelligible, and perfectly distinct, yet I repeat my confession, that I do not know what matter is; nor consequently where or how it ends; (it began, I know, by creation;) and that still less, if possible, do I discern, what is immateriality; or where it begins. Matter, as it soars from earth, may, as the sky-lark

“melts into air and liquid light,”*

* Gray.

become dissolved in the pure immaterialities of heaven. I am not denying the high existence of what is immaterial; I am but humbly disclaiming my conception of it. I am but acknowledging the limited extent of my intellectual powers; which cannot entertain the notion, though they may admit the being, of a substance which I cannot see, hear, taste, smell, feel,* or understand. I am but apologizing for the weakness, which cannot imagine or pourtray as a *positive* existence, what even language (the heaven-taught symbol of ideas) can only attempt to designate by a *negation*.† And now proceed with your catechism once again.

Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?

O yes! thanks be to God! I do.

And why do you so believe?

Because for this immortality I have the unerring word of Revelation.

Take care, lest, in denying the immateriality of the soul, you do not shake the foundations of your belief in its immortality.

In the first place I do not deny the immateri-

* What indeed are sight, hearing, smell, or taste, but admirably wonderful modifications and refinements of the touch?

† Viz. *immateriality*, *immaterial*.

ality of the soul. I but recommend that when we are discussing momentous subjects, we should not put ourselves off with words which but affect to be genuine representations of our thoughts; that we should repudiate, as a deceitful counterfeit, every term, which is not the true and faithful copy of an original and archetype idea. But secondly, what can shake foundations, which are laid in the word of God? A faith built on "the rock of ages," need never tremble for its foundations.

Nay, prithee, recollect that we are engaged in philosophical inquiries. What can Revelation have to do with these?

Much; every thing; where the subject is the soul of man. Avaunt the philosophy, which from a participation in such inquiries, would shut out Revelation! You invited me to share a ramble, which you undertook should be a safe one; not to assist in building, in order to inhabit, a house upon the sand; of which by reason of its infirm foundations, great, and speedy, and ruinous must be the fall.

O! I have a great respect for Revelation. But it is conversant about mysteries and won-

ders; and what "passeth all understanding." Philosophy deals with human evidence, and its results.

Accordingly I would not thrust Revelation into a discussion upon railways or on steam; nor even introduce it into geology, unless for the purpose of suggesting, how miraculously, and almost unexpectedly, the advances of this science authenticate the Mosaic history of the creation. But where immortality is our theme, shall we reject every source of information that is not profane? Towards assisting our spiritual inquiries, shall we turn our backs on inspiration? and in order to demonstrate eternal vitality, shall we close the book of life? No: let philosophy keep aloof from such inquiries, or take Scripture for its guide. Let it mineralogize, statisticize, and botanize its fill, without drawing on other sources than human knowledge can supply. But when its investigations ascend to spirit, let it take Christianity to its heart; and hold the Bible in its hand. "Philosophy," you say, "deals with human evidence and its results." So does he, who builds his spiritual opinions upon Revelation. He satisfies his

reason, “by human evidence,” of the truth and divinity of the Christian scheme; and then, under the guidance and injunction of *the same reason*, he believes and acts upon the truths which that system has revealed. Is there any thing unphilosophical in this? *Væ Philosophiæ!** if there be. For what we assume (for mere argument) to be unphilosophic, would be neither impious nor unwise; and with *true* philosophy, piety and wisdom

bene conveniunt, et in unâ sede morantur.

Some of the truths of Revelation far transcend the powers of human reason, to comprehend them. But not only has reason tested and proved the truth of that revelation, in which those mysteries and marvels are certified and contained; but the same reason suggests to man, the limited extent of its own comprehension. The same meek reason teaches, that in and *out of* revelation, there is much that it cannot doubt, yet which it is impossible that it should understand: much that is as certain and manifest, as it is inexplicable; and above all, that if there

* Self-entitled, but spurious and counterfeit.

were no part of Revelation incomprehensible, there could (considering what are its subjects) no part of it be true. Thus the rational faculty teaches a wise and reflecting man, that there are instances, in which he will be the more warranted to believe, *because* he cannot comprehend. Of course the instances which I am adverting to, are those, where what we cannot understand does not so properly conflict with our reason, as lie beyond it.

We neither doubt, nor disparage the power of vision, by admitting, that, so long as we are in Dublin, what passes in China is not within our view. Does not reason itself inform us, that it ought not to dispute the existence of what it cannot see or grasp, merely because it is placed beyond its mental vision, and intellectual reach? It is, in those cases, *rationaly* content with finding such existence vouched, in a quarter, the unerring veracity of which it has previously scrutinized and ascertained.

Assuredly you must have forgotten that you are not in the pulpit, or Divinity-Professor's chair.

If so, I am not ashamed of the forgetfulness.

I wish my memory was never guilty of a worse desertion; and only lament, that I have not been a better preacher, in so inestimably good a cause.—But, independently of Revelation, why do you pronounce, that those whose mental retina cannot receive the image of a substance strictly immaterial, do, by confessing this inability, imperil their belief, or the belief of others, in the immortality of the soul?

Because all matter is destructible, and consequently mortal.

Negatur necessitas consequentiæ ; as I used to say, when disputing in the schools for my degree. The will of God (to which His power must be commensurate, or He would not be The Almighty,) I take to be the fulcrum, on which alone all existence must be supported and upheld. On this *δὸς πού στῶ*, which Archimedes wanted, I take up my solid and my safe position ; and raise the immortal hope, that

“ I shall never die.”*

Be the intrinsic nature of a substance ever so destructible, as long as the Deity wills it to be,

it must exist; and if He eternally so will,—it must eternally endure. God said, let there be light; and there *was* light.—As long as God says,* let light continue,—will its brilliancy expire? and in the meantime, does it endure otherwise than by the efficacy of the Maker's will? Is the Divine Power less competent to preserve its creatures, than it had been to create them? Was it the inherent and self-productive qualities of light,—or was it the energy of Almighty will, that originally brought the radiant creature forth? and bade this

“ Offspring of Heaven, first born,”†

to illuminate and vivify creation? To hold the first—would be to make the vain and blasphemous attempt, of deposing our Maker from his creative throne; and in holding the second, we virtually admit, that the will which brought light into glorious existence, is what maintains it there. *Ex uno disce omnia.* The seemingly meanest of God's works shares with the most resplendent, His *preserving* care; and owes to this preservation, its continuance of being. The

* i. e. wills.

† Milton so calls Light.

sparrow—nay the blossom—does not fall to the ground, without His watchful knowledge, and paternal will. The conservant process seems a continuation of the creative act. It gives it an enduring permanence. It forms, as it were, a linked series of creative concatenation.—Nor is the converse of the above propositions less indisputably true. Let the essential nature of a substance appear ever so *indestructible*, it cannot for a moment outlast the will of Heaven, that it should cease to be. Discourse not then to me, of the essence of any substance, (material or not,) as the source and cause of its endurance for evermore. Its inherent qualities, as far as we can detect them, may furnish room for rational conjecture, that the substance was intended by its Maker, for short, protracted, or eternal duration. But to a mind imbued with religious truth, these qualities (even if we estimate them rightly) can prove no more. But the issues of life and death, of existence or non-existence, must remain for ever in the uncontrollable will of God. Have not the Scriptures warned us, not—comparatively—to fear man, who can but destroy the body,—but

to fear that Almighty Power, which can also destroy the soul? What then becomes of that essential indestructibility of soul, which its immaterial substance is boasted of as involving? Its immortality must rest solely on the word and will of God.

But, let the destructibility of matter demonstrate what it may, do you deny that it is destructible?

At least I am disposed to ask of you the grounds, on which you pronounce it, in all its forms, to be of so essentially a perishable nature? To inquire upon what ground, you so utterly discard the Pythagorean allegation, that

omnia mutantur: nihil interit?

While I was yet conversant with the little science that I ever knew, the infinite divisibility of matter—I conceived to be an axiom. Now if the natural philosopher, with reference to this susceptibility of division, addresses this proclamation to the material world,

*Huic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,**

* Virgil. By *huic* I mean this property of everlasting divisibility; but I suspect, that (at the expense of prosody) I have substituted it for *hic*; and encumbered my *matter* with a false *quantity*,

I find it difficult to conceive that a substance is *destructible*, to which an *indestructible* susceptibility is assigned. What will become of the appendage, when that to which it was appended is destroyed? What will have become of the everlasting power of dividing, and liability to division, when the subject for this eternal separation is no more?—The loin of veal, on which, upon the eve of his execution, poor Lord Lovat dined, did not perish, (as he was doomed, in the popular sense, to do,) by being minced for his breakfast, on the fatal day.*

Oh ! come now ! you are quizzing.

No : I am only endeavouring, while arguing, to amuse.† There is of course little resemblance between Socrates and me ; (though I shall not be taken by surprise, if we resemble in our ends ;) I have not a tithe of his wisdom ;

* I have read the anecdote, in the Gentleman's Magazine, or in a folio called the History of London, which I have. The anecdote was this ; that on the day before his execution, Lord Lovat, having dined on a loin of veal, ordered what he left to be minced for his breakfast the next morning. I do not much like the execution of this old man ; but those of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino I detest.

† Myself or my Reader—Quære ? I believe both.

(I ask pardon for having used this party term, *tithe*; on many grounds I ought to substitute a hundredth part;) and I doubt whether, even at my present age, I am half as ugly as he was in his youth.* But I suspect that I have a tinge of his ironical propensities; and I feel (thank God!) my irony to be good-natured, as his was. To get into irony, too, one need not step out of demonstration. Any, who recollect Lord Plunket at the bar, will remember how he advanced the one, while he played and trifled with the other. All his jest was argument; and no portion of his eloquence was declamation. He showed, that reasoning and pleasantry *conjurant amice*. —He would not praise *me*. I believe he is far from being a friend of mine. But what of that? To do justice is my principle; and in some degree my trade. But, in the mean time, am I imitating Lord Plunket? Am I not, on the contrary, while I digress and trifle,

* I am not as old as he was, when he died.

† Another false quantity! O! *Alma Mater*, if you recollected me, how you would blush!—The line and a half run thus;

—————alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res; et *conjurat amicè*.

suffering my argument to lag behind me?—
 To resume it. It may be said, that matter shall indeed be divisible, as long as it exists; but that division cannot survive *materiam dividendam*. But what then becomes of *infinite*?* In a spirit of self-contradiction, it shrinks and degenerates into *finite*. That which it had negatived, (*finiteness*) it unexpectedly comes to mean;—and (to be sure we are in Ireland,) we behold *infinite* have *an end*. One is reminded, with a slight variation, of Cato's words:

*This,† in a moment, brings me to an end;
 Though that ‡ inform'd me, I should never die.*

I learned in former days, that a particle of matter, however minute, might be divided into two, still more minute; that each of these, and each of their heirs and successors for ever, would *seriatim* admit of a similar division; and multiplication be thus the result of every effort to destroy. In those days each particle was successively divisible into two. Now each one,

* The *infinite* divisibility of matter was the axiom.

† *This*, the doctrine that infinite means finite.

‡ *That*, viz. that infinite was boundless; and could not mean finite, which is in its nature bounded.

on the contrary, seems resolvable into nothing ; and the Divisor's, like Othello's occupation's gone.—There is another sort of division, which Chemistry effects. That, for example, which separates water into the hydrogen and oxygen that composed it. This merely simplifies and decomposes ; it in no degree destroys.—Expose diamond to a sufficient strength of heat, and it will disappear. But is the diamond therefore gone ? By no means. It has not even undergone separation : it is but compounded. It is no longer fit to form an item in a necklace, or an earring ; but there it is, in full ; though not in *statu quo*. United with oxygen and caloric, it has dilated into carbonic acid gas ; which if Chemistry but teach us the art of decomposing, we may recover our carbon as pure,* and (if crystallized) as brilliant as it was before ; while the oxygen and caloric, though jilted, are not the less material, or *in rerum naturâ* still. Here again we have the *mutantur, nihil interit*, of the Pythagorean school.

* Diamond is pure carbon ; crystal of carbon.

Where are the corporeal and extinct remains of Julius Cæsar? Of course I cannot tell. But I suppose them to be somewhere; and probably they are in many places, and under various forms. Hamlet has told us where a part of what had once been Cæsar, or Alexander, might be found; and that “’twere not to consider too curiously, to consider so.”—If the fancy of the Dane be in any degree allowed, and to a certain extent I think it may, and that *some-where* or *some-where*s, the debris of “imperial Cæsar” must be lurking even yet, (though to “prate of their” precise “whereabout,”* would indeed be quite too much,) this theory will not go far to prove that *matter* is as essentially and inevitably perishable in its nature, as it is variable and multifarious in its sometimes short-lived combinations.

I strongly suspect that you are a materialist.

Your suspicions are quite unfounded. My wisdom in so far resembles that of the son of Sophroniscus, that I am aware how little is

* Macbeth.

the sum of all I know ; and the same salutary consciousness of ignorance which forbids my swearing implicit allegiance to *Immaterialism*, equally guards me against a belief in its coarse rival. Besides, the operations of *mind* so little resemble those of the *matter* which surrounds me, that this very dissimilitude would dissuade from the latter belief. There may be, nay there must be, a substance, if not many substances, different from those which our senses enable us to perceive ; and to which we have given the common name of *matter*. Of these imperceptibles, (as they may be called,) by denominating them *immaterial*, we merely deny, that (be they what they may) they are part of that substance, with which we are acquainted ;* or at least that they form any of that portion of it, over which our knowledge and experience extend.—One of these *unknown* substances, Mind may be. I say unknown ; because the powers, qualities, and operations of the mind,† though intimately connected with its nature, are not *itself*.—But it appears to me, that God has

* viz. Matter.

† Which powers, &c we do know.

willed an union,—an in this life indissolubly close one,—between the invisible substance which we call *mind*, and the grosser *ορατον* and *σωματοειδες*,* which surrounds us: which we denominate *matter*; and of which we read so much in *Phædo*. It seems as if the two—superior and inferior—substances were only not compounded, blended, and intermixed. In this melange, however, Mind does not lose its striking and manifest ascendant. The organized body in which it dwells, nay the exterior matter, which the visible and tangible world has supplied, are instruments for its use. But with this instrumentality it can in few—if any—instances, dispense; through body must issue—may I not say every manifestation of its superior self? It cannot choose what organ it will use. It cannot see with its nostrils, or imbibe fragrance with its eyes. By certain mental and mysterious movements, it opens a silent and direct communication with its God:—yet even to these we are forced to give the *material* title of aspirations; and its worship and devo-

* Visible and corporeal.

tion oftener find their way to heaven, wafted on the wings of words, which the organs of speech have formed. O let us not disparage, or think meanly of that corporeal frame, whose sanctified organs prepare and offer the sacrifice of praise and prayer;—whose lungs breathe forth the sighings of a contrite heart; *—whose material but pure lymph supplies those pious tears, which at once float our penitence, and (through divine atonement) wash away our crimes! O let soul elevate the body, not body sink the soul! God has not himself disdained to be called a spirit. That He is one, we learn from the lips of unerring truth: Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός.† That great creative Being, who by breathing into the nostrils of our first parent the breath of life,‡ caused man to become a living soul; enduing him with that transcendent and spiritual vitality, of which sin afterwards deprived our race; but which our great Atoner, by self-sacrifice, has restored.

You seem to speak from the heart; but you

* Ἐν πνεύματι δεῖ προσκυνεῖν. John, iv. 24.

† God is a Spirit. Ibid.

‡ Πνευμα. Genesis, ii. 7.

too much exalt the body ; and so far favour the cause of materialism.

Too much ! Do I too much exalt that body which is to rise again at the last day ?* Do you not believe in the resurrection of the body ?†

Nay, I do, to be sure.

And the life everlasting ?‡

I am bound to do so ; it is an article in the same creed.

And do I indeed too much exalt that body, which at the last day is not only to be raised, but raised, by its Creator, to eternal life ? Had not Adam a body, material, and formed from the dust of the earth, when the Almighty breathing into his nostrils the breath of very life, made him, by that holy inspiration,—a living soul ?—And this vital compound of soul and material body, would it have ever died, if “ disobedience ” had not

“ brought death into the world, and all our woe ? ” §

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise ; body as well as soul ; *matter* as well as

* John xi. 23, 24, 25, 26. † Apostle's creed. ‡ Ibid.

§ Milton.

mind; and the resurrection of the just shall be to interminable life. And is matter then so despicable and corrupt—so doomed by its very nature to perish in utter and unavoidable destruction? And does he who even disputes the *immateriality* of mind, (which *I* do not deny; but merely doubt whether in my ignorance, I ought peremptorily to affirm;) does such a one sap his belief in the *immortality* of the soul? Or can we say he does, without ceasing to hold that article of Christian faith, which announces that *material* bodies will partake of everlasting life?

Socrates might well insist upon the immateriality of mind. He found all *matter* obnoxious to corruption, decay, and dissolution. No divine instruction had suggested, that these qualities were attached to degenerate and degraded matter; that nature had fallen with man; and that *its* degeneracy, and as it were blight, was a withering consequence of *his* sin. No Revelation had informed him, that matter, purged of its impurities, might live for evermore. He flew to immateriality as his only refuge. Yet a perusal of the *Phædo*, and others of his (or rather Plato's) works, will show that what he denomi-

nated immaterial, would more properly be entitled matter, refined and subtilized; and that much of what he appended to his idea of a surviving soul, could only appertain to a material subject.

You puzzle, and overwhelm me.

I do not desire to do either. My wish is to persuade you.

Of what?

That you might be too dogmatic an Immaterialist. That, on this subject, ceasing to be a rigorous Stoic, you should relax into a sort of pliant Academic,* like myself. On the subject of immortality, be as inflexible a conservative as you will. It is on that of immateriality, that I would recommend an infusion of the liberal. Have done with useless groping, along

“ passages that lead to nothing.† ”

* Neque inter nos, et eos qui se scire arbitrantur, quidquam interest, nisi quod illi non *dubitant* quin ea *vera* sint, quæ defendant: nos *probabilia* multa habemus: quæ sequi facile, *affirmare vix* possumus. CICERO, ACAD, LUCUL. iii. 8.

The following passage, from TACITUS, may be also more or less to my purpose. *Vix quidquam firmare ausim; adeo diversa apud auctores reperiuntur.*

† Gray.

Quit at once those paths of perplexity, “in endless mazes lost,”* which entangle, bewilder, and may fatally mislead; which produce little fruit that is not forbidden; and which too commonly abound—not with roses without a thorn; but with thorns without a rose.

I am indeed ‘perplexed in the extreme;’† but only the more willing to follow your advice. Yes, with the exception of those wholesome points which Religion has revealed, and which, however exalted, Contemplation may visit with advantage,—with these exceptions, abandoning those ‘high places,’ where certainty is thought to dwell,—whither the pride of man is ambitious of ascending, but where the atmosphere is too thin for human intellect to breathe,—descending from those lofty but precipitate regions and pretensions, and building my tabernacle amongst those probabilities, which more safely stretch along the mountain-foot, I will, from this lowly station, look up with humble hope, yet confidently gladdening faith; and

* Milton.

† Shakspeare.

meekly and cheerfully communing with my heart, will

“ Wait the great teacher, Time ; and God adore.”*

Mysterious Time,—of whose slowness we are impatient ; yet of whose rapidity we complain. Time,—from whose school-portico, as austere as that of Zeno, the obscure and awful egress to Eternity is Death.

You make me rejoice that I have accompanied, and even led your ramble. It does indeed appear to have turned out a safe one.

I tremble to propose a question, which yet I long to ask. Whether you suppose the Divine nature and substance to be immaterial.

You are right to tremble. But how can you question thus profanely, you who, assuredly, do not mean to be profane ? I who can scarcely tell of earth, shall I discourse of heavenly things ?† Shall he who fails to detect the secrets of the sublunary world, presume to penetrate those which surround the living throne ? That

* Pope.—But I find I have misquoted. The line is,

“ Wait the great teacher, *Death* ; and God adore.”

† John, iii. 12.

which even to angelic vision, is “dark with excessive bright,”* how shall my dust-formed eye once look upon? How shall I, but in his mighty works, and His eternal Son, even in the slightest glimpse, behold that heavenly and almighty Father, the incomprehensible *Απατος*, whom no man can see, and live? The “still small voice” may benignly whisper love and comfort to the human heart; but what mortal shall tell the sanctuary from whence this voice proceeds? In the existence of God, I firmly, and as it were inevitably—believe. I feel almost as conscious of it, as of my own. I feel that in Him I live, and move, and have my derivative, finite, and imperfect being. I behold Him in his beneficent and wondrous works. I see Him, through the Gospel, in that “true light,”† which came into the world to enlighten spiritual man; and of which that which had illuminated creation‡ was but an antecedent and material type. I behold Him in his attributes, of infinite goodness, unbounded wisdom, omniscience, omnipresence, illimitable power. But

* Milton.

† John, i. 9.

‡ Genesis, i. 3.

who shall tell—nay who shall dare even to surmise—His substance? Where even the attributes are so incomprehensible, who can comprehend their source? His substance? None can ever know it, but Himself. Material? Immaterial? Away with vain and idle words! What he has created—The Creator cannot be. His substance (may my dazzled intellect presume to breathe it?) seems Life, Infinitude, Perfection, Causation, Multiplicity in Unity,* like Himself. We have his own Divine authority for saying that He is Existence. *He is, that He is.*

Past, future, present, blend for Him alone :

He IS th' eternal HATH BEEN, still TO COME.†

To Him a day is as countless years—innumerable years are as a single day. Without exclusion of the past or future, his divine existence would seem to be an ETERNAL NOW.—What a number of sentences it has taken me, to avow that of the mysteries of the Divine nature I know absolutely nothing! Yet may those sentences be not altogether thrown away. While

* Yet may not this be a mere enumeration of attributes, or properties, after all?

† Anonymous Versifier.

they acknowledge and demonstrate an ignorance which I would not dissemble, I trust, that with deep prostration of the heart, they pour forth a worship-tribute of ineffable veneration.

The subject is certainly overwhelming; and I should regret having introduced it, but that effusions of piety are no ill accompaniment to such examinations as we have engaged in. They go to prove that our inquiries have done no harm: that they have not interfered with our faith or our devotion.—But our minds are on the stretch. How may we best relax them? To what lower topic, and as it were resting-place, shall we descend?

When your former question drew me off, I had thought of shortly treating with you, the subject of the soul's existence, after its separation (by death) from its corporeal comrade.

You believe then in this unembodied existence of the human Mind.

I do; and for this—with me always sufficient—reason, that I conceive myself to have scriptural authority for so doing. The case of Lazarus, it is true, appears, at the least, to afford little calculated to throw light upon this ques-

tion. To the parable of the rich man and another Lazarus, *because* it is a parable, I do not refer. The benign promise, made by our Redeemer, to the believing malefactor who was suspended by his side, is however an authority for the soul's separate existence, on which I may rely; and, by the way, for the *post mortem* existence of the pardoning Saviour, as well as of the repentant thief. But lastly, it seems manifest that the soul of this blessed Saviour had intelligent existence, in the mysterious interval, between the laying down his life, and the taking it again* by resurrection;—during which interval his body was inanimate, and in the grave;—for God's Holy One was to see death, though not to see corruption. The Divinity of Christ not having prevented his being *perfect man*, I therefore cite his spiritual and intellectual existence, during the time that intervened between his expiring on the cross, and again reanimating his lifeless frame,—I say I cite it as an authority to prove that the human soul may have a conscious and intelligent existence, in the interval between its separation

* John, x. 17, 18.

from the body, and their reunion, at the general resurrection. In this intermediate existence I confidently believe; but the subject being an obscure one, I will not unnecessarily push the discussion of it farther.

Pardon me, if I observe, that you seemed, a little time ago, to dwell on the indispensable need which Mind appeared to have, of the instrumentality of corporeal organs, towards performing its intellectual operations, and giving manifestations of itself. You seemed to me to say,

“ that body was but spirit’s shell ;
And feature—soul made visible.”*

Was I mistaken? Did I misunderstand you?

You did not misunderstand me; and you perhaps touch upon one of the difficulties of this obscure part of the subject. But recollect, that it was only during mundane life, that I represented mind as thus seeming to require the aid of body, and to be unable to work without it. I spoke of the modes, by which alone it was permitted to one embodied spirit, to hold communication with other equally embodied spirits.

* Anonymous Versifier.

When the soul has shuffled off its mortal coil, the very separation from body may have removed obstacles to its intercourse with other intelligences, which were the consequence of its strict union, now dissolved, with corporeal organization. Its *post mortem* intercourse, too, will be with spirits disembodied, like itself.— Besides, if it be the behest of God, as it appears to be, that souls should have a conscious, a moral, and intellectual existence, when separate from that organised matter with which they had been in conjunction, can we doubt, that for those means which organization had supplied, the will, and power of God will, if requisite, have substituted others, abundantly adequate to the end which Divine Wisdom had proposed?— What these means are, or whether any be required, of course we cannot tell, until it be our turn to visit the “undiscovered country;” and as in general it is one,

————— from whose bourn

No traveller returns,

we can furnish no information to those whom we shall have left behind.—But I somehow long to get back to

‘the warm precincts of the cheerful day;’

and tangible solidities of this too tempting world.

I have a strong suspicion that you are a hater of metaphysics.

On the contrary, I doubt whether I have not a curious, weak, and prying disposition to such inquiries. I remember how proud I was, now many a year ago, of discovering (and applying the *εuryκκα*;) that though there might be four sides to a square, four corners to a room, four seasons, four horses, four philosophers, or four fools, there was but one four, (is this at once a false concord, and a bull?) a solitary, unmatched quaternion, in this wide world. That to this small lump of compounded unities, this little numerical standard or criterion, the seasons, horses, &c., being referred, might imbibe from it, respectively, the quality of *fourship*; (as, from being placed in contact with the loadstone, a steel bar catches the magnetic power;)—that the four philosophers and four fools, if they agreed in nothing else, might however find themselves coincide in this, that the same *αριθμος* took measure of, and fitted both; (and *quæ eidem QUARTO conveniunt*, annon ea conve-

niunt et inter se ?) but that, all this time, our abstract *quatuor* (quære if in *single* blessedness?) remained *uniquely quaternique*.—But much of this abstract propensity has been abstracted from me; and I ask permission to return to our organized and concrete world.

You have my leave to do so.

I do not mean to abuse it, by making this second visit to organized life a long one. I persevere in thinking that the human body has, though secondarily and instrumentally, a great deal to say to the operations of the human mind. I feel, not that my brain thinks, but that something within me thinks, with the agency and assistance of my brain. It even seems as if this latter, from its contact and intercourse with mind, became imbued with a something of mentality itself; and presented a sort of middle term between mind and body; tinged and tinging, like the contiguous and mingling colours of a rainbow. Is this materialism? I cannot tell; for I know not what immateriality is; but merely what it *is not*. Neither do I much care whether there be materialism in my notions, or be not; for I am sure there is no infidelity;

and this is the error from which I would shrink with most alarm. In *doubting* the power of God, if such should be his will, by creating a material mind, to confer on matter the faculty of thought, there is more impiety and irreligion, than in *admitting* that His omnipotence might rouse to intellectual activity the inertness of mere matter. The less calculated matter may seem for such exertion,—the more difficult it may be to conceive mentality attached to matter—the more such union must illustrate the—after all unquestionable—omnipotence of God. In denouncing the impossibility of reconciling immortal being with materiality of soul, there may be something bordering on the impiety of virtually denying that the body can possibly arise, and participate with the soul in the enjoyment of eternal life. There is a semblance of presumptuous impiety, in deriving, as a necessary consequence of its being immaterial, the immortality of the soul; and not regarding this immortality as an effect of the will and ordinance of God. The profane position would seem to amount to this,—that if God create an immaterial mind, it will be im-

mortal by virtue of its essence, independently of (and as it were in opposition to) his will; and that if he create a material mind, and a (of course material) body, their gross essence will preclude his bestowing eternal life on either. I collect from so much as I have yet read of Mr. Wallace's observations, that Lord Brougham dwells upon our consciousness and self-observation, in proof of the existence, nature, and mode of operation of the mind. Resorting to the same criteria, I never feel as if, in volition, the Mind said to the legs, as a captain might say to his company, "march!" and that thereupon the legs obeyed; or that it whispered to the hands, "shave me," or "help me to another cutlet," and that the hands unhesitatingly did as they were desired; or that lungs, larynx, tongue, teeth and palate, were equally complying, when desired to read aloud. I thought (notwithstanding the occurrence which Menenius Agrippa once recorded) that the organico-mental seemed a mixed, *modice confusa* constitution. That in the walking, shaving, eating, and reading volitions, legs, hands, lungs, tongue, and co. all seemed to take a simul-

taneous part; the subordinates sharing in the issuing, as well as execution of the orders. I have repeatedly felt that my brain participated in the fatigue of thinking. Memory too has ever appeared to me as amongst the most corporeal of my mental faculties; one, in the exercise of which, body had no inconsiderable share.* I have felt as if I was making a bodily or brain search, for a forgotten name, or past event; I have felt a sort of corporeal consciousness, that there, in some “fleshly nook”† or corner, the stray name or occurrence was; that a diligent rummage would be successful; and so it has sometimes turned out to be.‡ All this time sovereign Mind seemed to be indolently seated, in whatever part of me is its throne-room; directing me to search body, for the idea that was mislaid :

alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicé.

In connexion with the phenomena of Memory, may I here be permitted, in the way of short

* Accordingly, is it not the faculty which is first impaired by age? † Milton. ‡ Mnemonicks—how, but through the body, do they assist the mind?

digression, to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel, which has occasionally presented itself to me; and in voucher of the existence of which, I have the experience of others, in addition to my own. I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness upon the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which, in the very place, and very words, with the same persons, and the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed, we know not when before. It is the oddest of sensations; and one which will occur, where, in what is going forward, there is nothing remarkable, or of particular interest, involved. While we speak, our former words seem ringing in our ears; and the sentences which we form, to be faint echos of a conversation, had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other, that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed; the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the gleam of a momentary

flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror, the dark reflection of times past ; and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some preexistent state.* Let not any thing which, before entering on my last digression, I may have said, relative to the somewhat corporeal tricks of memory and its cerebral stores—be called materialism, in any ill sense of the word ; nor let my declaration be forgotten, that I do not even profess to know what matter is ; or at least what or where are the *certi fines* which hem it in. I am far from disputing that the mental substance is

* It seems to me, as if the Author of Waverley had noticed this extraordinary pseudo-sensation, in some one of his productions. As to the unproved, and in so far fanciful, notion of a preexistent state, I will not cite the supposed recognition, by Pythagoras, of the shield which he had borne, *Trojani tempore belli*, when he was *Euphorbus*. I leave this allegation where I found it, amongst Ovid's entertaining fables. (*Met. Lib. XV.*) Perhaps I might also leave unnoticed the following passage in Cicero's tract DE SENECTUTE. "*Magno esse argumento, homines scire pleraque antè quàm nati sint, quòd jam pueri, quum artes difficiles discant, ita celeriter res innumerabiles arripiant, ut eas non tum primùm accipere videantur, sed reminisci et recordari.*" When he adds, "*Hæc Platonis ferè,*" he is correct. The doctrine is met with in the Phædo.

a *sui generis*, and peculiar one; widely and strikingly different from the mindless matter with which we are surrounded; and which even forms a portion of ourselves. For I would not deny, though my legs and arms at present constitute a part of me, that, after amputation, they would be *cut off* from all participation in the functions of a thinking being; while *I* should continue to be what I am, viz. *myself*. I merely would contend, that, to know what mind *does*, and *suffers*, and *produces*, (for this we *do* know,) is not necessarily to know what it *is*; although to this latter knowledge the former may help to lead. The fragrance which issues from a substance that I have never seen or touched, will not suffice to inform me what that substance is. Let us say of Mind, that it is a substance, unlike—and superior to—any sublunary one, with which we are acquainted; but let us not pay it the ill compliment of describing it as a negation; by insisting that immateriality is its essence. The too rigid immaterialist, who not content with the probability that satisfied the Academic School, dogmatically insists on peremptory and intolerant *affirmation*, seems to me to turn his mental back

rather ungratefully, upon matter. Materials for his vituperation of it, he is obliged to borrow from itself. Meantime we shall find him assigning to his immaterialities, extension, locality, and bulk. He will tell us of *great* minds and *solid* understandings; of the *extent* of Newton's intellect; of *lofty* and of *low* ideas; of the *gravity* and *levity* of thoughts; the *bluntness* or *acuteness* of mental *feelings* and perceptions; the *quantity* of genius that *abode* in Shakspeare, and the *elevation* to which it *soared*, in him,

Who rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.*

If I were a Frenchman, I might expostulate on behalf of *matter*, by saying, *il y a des matieres, et des matieres*; and might protest against confounding the higher *grades* and orders of the material corps, with its mere *canaille*, or even with its *Tiers Etat*. Then what, on behalf of matter, shall we say of language? the miraculous clothing of still more miraculous thought? The aerial *body*, which gives egress to emanations of the soul, rendering them as it were,

* Gray of Milton.

palpable to the material ear? And when fixed on paper, sensible for ages to the human eye, and, through that eye, conveyed, for its improvement, to the human mind? So impossible is it to consider language, which clearly is *material*, as of contrivance merely human, that the wise and learned all concur in holding it to have been a *direct gift** from the Creator; and which is enjoyed by the children of Adam, as a sort of hereditary inspiration. But whatever may be the substance of the soul, its preeminence over the residue of human substance is quite plain. If it be matter, it seems quite impalpable, and (consequently) with palpable matter in no degree congenial. The soul-possessing and soul-guided man, too, illustrates a confusion (may I call it?) of visible, with invisible, not undeserving of observation. For example: have I ever seen the friend, who is daily in my presence? whose features are as familiar to my sight, as they are dear to my heart? Of whose neighbourhood I may be quite unconscious, if a

* And, observe, an at once material and thought-communicating gift.

thin partition be between us, and if he keep silence? Assuredly I have never seen him. *He* is not that corporeal mass, in which not a particle of what I first embraced perhaps remains. He is, identically, the friend whom I have so long loved; and whose *identity* subsists in what cannot possibly be seen. Let this divine particle escape—and where is my friend? I know not: but *where* *it* is, there is he. Yet what I saw, is still before me. The hand I touched is there. Of all that was the object of my senses—nothing is wanting but that voice, whose sounds yet tingle on my ear. The creature of that breath, most allied to (and the material emblem of) the spirit which is departed. I ask not whether reason and reflection will convince us, but do we not feel—that the friend we are attached to, is invisible? I have seen the inanimate remains of a father. I felt that they were not *him*; and the feeling was the result, not of thought, but intuition. Is this intelligible? Is this untrue? If not, are the boundaries of *visible* and *invisible* distinct? I am not blind: my friend is daily before my eyes; and I have never seen him! Our communications

have all been from the grates of my prison, through the walls of his. Myself too—I have never seen. The idioms (if it be not inaccurate so to call them) of every language, record the perceptions of human instinct; and such expressions as MY head, MY hand, MY voice, &c. &c. proclaim that these are not ME, but MINE: that they are *my* property; not *me*: the mere means and ministers of that, by which (through God's creative will) *I am*. *Whence* this something is—I am instructed by Holy Writ. *What* it is, (except that it is ME and SPIRITUAL) I know not. But I trust that He, who made me “a living soul,” will by grace and mercy purify and receive me, (through the means provided by redemption,) to eternal life; and that the brain and hand, which even now, while they mould and trace my thoughts, are performing their incessant and mouldering journey to the dust, will then, by the same Divine efficacy, put on incorruptible and immortal. The Deity is invisible: no man can see God, and live. The human soul, too, is amongst the *αοράτα*,* on which Socrates so fondly dwells: no

* Invisibles.

man, in this life, can have a glimpse of his own, or of his neighbour's soul. We see God in his intellectual works; in his fair creations. We see (may I not "express it unblamed?"*) the soul of Man in the same way. For, while at an immeasurable distance from all that is Divine, the soul too has its intellectual operations; and its diminutive and imitative creations. Why do I thus venture—on what God forbid that I should dare to term collations!—and which, but for Genesis,† it would be presumptuous to hint at, even as resemblances, faint, shadowy, and remote? Because such similitudes may be what explain—how "in the image of God created He man." He seems to have done so, by "breathing into his nostrils the breath of life:" in consequence of which, "man became a *living soul*."‡

And now to return from my second digression,—for I have been guilty of a second, on the

* Milton.

† Genesis i. 7.

‡ Gen. ii. 7. Where **שָׁמַח** is translated *breath*, and also *soul*. In Luke ix. 55, our Saviour says to his disciples, *οὐκ οἴδατε οὗτου πνεύματος ἵνα εἴπω ὑμῖν*: which is translated, "ye know not what manner of *spirit* ye are of." I take *πνεῦμα* and **שָׁמַח** to have the same meaning.

subject of that, which, while it is supposed to be visible, is really unseen ;*—(what indeed is our ramble, but a complicated series of digressions?) returning, I say, from the latest, let me proceed to state, that neither do I conceive the soul to be *a harmony*. I should not have so supposed, even though Socrates had not refuted this theory, in *the Phædo* ; and quizzed, with such argumentative and playful wit, his friends Simmias and Cebes, or I forget which of them, upon the subject. Nevertheless, and quite consistently with this refutation, I may say, that as often as Maria accompanies her voice, the piano-forte becomes a supplemental or supernumerary member of the organic corps : a sort of *Attaché*. You are delighted with the harmony. So am I. But we should have no instrumental harmony, if it were not for the piano-forte ; nor even with it, and with the voice to boot, should we have any, if it were not for the mind, which, with its appurtenants, of educated knowledge, taste, and skill, can so extract it from the lungs and strings, as to make them, in the words of Hamlet, “ discourse most eloquent music.” Do you doubt

* Viz.—our human friend.

this? You would not, if you had seen our *Selima* mewingly take her demure walk across the disconcerted keys; and had heard the discordant results of her *promenade*.—But do you know I am a little tired?

Do you know I am not surprised at it; for so am I.

Then it is time that I should have done; and with less ceremony than discretion, like Macbeth's company, "go at once."

No: do not go yet.

What more do you desire to say, or to hear from me?

I, for my part, have nothing more to say. You have made a mere listener of me, for some time. I seem to myself like the "old shoe," of which *Launce* formed one of his *dramatis personæ*, when he was exhibiting the misconduct of his "cruel-hearted cur." But if I have nothing to tell, I have something (though this be *ultra crepidam*) to ask.—Do chemical discoveries, and the nature and qualities of light and flame, furnish anything connected with what we have been treating; and if so, could you briefly touch upon what they thus supply?

Perhaps, afterwards, you would discourse a little of those animals which want the *os sublime*; and over whom our race enjoys a dominion, which I am not sure that we do not abuse.*

And what, concerning these *prona animalia cætera*, would you hear?

For example, whether they have mentality; whether *their* minds are material; whether these survive their bodies; (or should I say the *rest* of their bodies?) or dissipate and disperse themselves “into thin air,” or something equally or more thin; or sweepingly, “how otherwise?” (as the interrogatories of a Court of Equity conclude.) These brief topics I would accept of, as your *finale*, and then gladly let you off; in the mean time, undertaking not to yawn, until you had done.

Has it been already said, or is the sorry wit my own, that a yawn is *hiatus valde deflendus* by the lecturer or narrator? Accessible ears are what he covets; and is not desirous that any *mouth* should be open, but his own.—Chemical detections, light, flame, the terrene† souls of

* Gen. i. 28. † Cum spectent animalia cætera terram.—OVID.

brutes : perhaps I can satisfy you ; if, neglecting the councils of Polonius, I may “ a borrower be.” Will it make a difference, and of what kind, if the “ lender” be myself? * Let this be as it may, I will at once proceed. But observe, *summa sequar fastigia rerum* : nothing more.

You delight me by the prospect of brevity which this promise opens.

Assuredly, chemical science and its discoveries have ennobled *matter*. Especially, perhaps, those discoveries, which have been made within the last fifty years. The gross material world—Chemistry may be said to have subtly spiritualized. Between the quintessences of chemical production, and the “ miry clay,” there is an incalculably greater difference, than between the fricassee of the most consummate French *cuisine*, and the pair of gloves which formed its crude and unpromising material. Can we longer describe *matter* as a substance perceptible by our senses, when the chemist presents us with what is invisible, intangible, inaudible, tasteless, inodorous,—and

* Where I borrow from another, I will escape plagiarism, by acknowledging the debt.

introduces it as matter?—Do we question its materiality? He makes it, or a portion of it, visible and tangible again: renders it audible by an explosion, which is followed by an odour, and a deposit of sapid particles upon the tongue. Chemistry seems bent on countenancing my suggestions, that it is not too easy to distinguish between immaterial and material. It appears to be studiously intent on rendering their mingled boundaries obscure and indistinct. It volatilizes solidity into “airy nothing;” or consolidating this latter, replaces it within our grasp, and gives it “a local habitation and a name.”

Hinc vos,

Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus, eia !

But to chemistry, and indeed all science,—as to instinct, (or animal reason,*)—there are limits, which they may not pass. The elephant who avenged himself on the cobbler, by deluging him with dirty water,—deliberately, and of malice prepense, collected for the purpose, in his trunk,—could not have composed a lampoon on his affronter. The chemist would

* As contrasted with *human* reason.

vainly burn his fingers, in an attempted analysis of *flame*; and the subtilty of *light* would equally elude all endeavours to analyse it: *comprensa, manus effugeret*.* For I believe it is now held, that the prismatic colours are no decomposition of this fluid;† but, if not a combination of its substance with the surface which it touches,—and from which it is, either partially,‡ or in an altered state, reflected,—are the consequence of certain agitations and vibrations, occasioned by the medium through which it is obliged to pass; and affecting, not the light itself, but our perceptions of it.—And now, having briefly disposed of chemical discoveries, I come to the second topic which you have assigned me.—What shall we say of Flame? Surely not that it is not marvellous; or that we understand it! What is its essence? Its effluence, we know, is Light: the almost

* *Comprensa, manus effugit*.—VIRG.—scil.—*Umbra Creusæ*.

† To unravel and separate the rays of light, is not to decompose the complicated radiance. To disentangle a skein of silk, is not to decompose it, or the congregated threads of which it is formed.

‡ i. e. a portion, or part only, of the whole homogeneous quantity, is reflected.

spiritual speed of which* is only outstript, if it be outstript, by Thought.† If flame be the source of light, the prism tells us that it must be also that of colour; and give the flower its lovely tints, while it supplies the beam by which we view them.‡ Withdrawing from the flower-knot, go “pore upon the brook.” Observe the *living* stream, that runs warbling and sparkling on. It is all sprightly activity, and animated motion. But take away its caloric;|| and dreary silence and cheerless torpor at once ensue. The lively chimer is no more. *Ψύχεται καὶ πῆγνυται.* It has died the watery death; and nothing now remains of it, but chill and stiffened ice.

Indeed the primary and constant property of this keen element,§—its warmth,—is inseparably attendant on the vital principle; and

* “Speed almost spiritual” is by Milton attributed to Light. It moves at the inconceivable rate of two hundred thousand miles a second.

† “While panting Time toils after *both* in vain.”—JOHNSON.

‡ “Blushing in bright diversities of day;” as Pope has beautifully, and I believe not unphilosophically, expressed it.

|| Flame I take to be free caloric, or free caloric and light.

§ Fire.

intimately connected with it. The living scene has been aptly described as the “*warm precincts of the cheerful day* ;” for take away but heat and light, and what is there but universal death, in the cold and darkness that remain behind? Spite of what the appellations *spiritus* and *anima** might imply, it would seem that as zoophytes connect the vegetable with the animal creation, so the pure and subtile quintessence of flame† may form the link between material and what we call immaterial worlds. Allied to this idea,—which, perhaps, deserves to be called fanciful,—is the nature (as conjectured) of the nervous fluid;‡ the more than velocity, with which sensation shoots from the extremities to the brain; the effects produced by electricity upon the living nerve; and by galvanism, where the *vital spark* has been but

* *ἄνεμος*. Perhaps flame may be a modification of aerial substance. From Hebrews, ch. i. v. 7, one would not infer that *spirit* means any thing essentially different from *flame*.—Milton calls angels “*Celestial Ardours* ;” and in fact *Seraphim* are *Ardours* ; from the Hebrew *Zaraph* to burn.

† Which in a state of comparative grossness (qu : condensation?) becomes subject to our sense.

‡ Viz. electric.

recently *extinguished*.* Unless I have forgotten the little chemistry that I ever knew, respiration is combustion; and when the animal has breathed, or burned, his last,

Sparisce poi, come ad un soffio il lume.†

No wonder that man's instinctive propensity to religious adoration‡ should have strayed, amongst the uninstructed, into the worshipping of fire. When *we* learn that "God maketh his angels spirits, and *his ministers a flame of fire*;"§ when we are told, of the two angels who stood by Mary, that they were arrayed "in *shining garments*;"|| and of the one who rolled back the stone from the holy sepulchre, that "his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment

* I remember to have heard a lifeless turkey, on being galvanized, utter a distinctly audible sound. The thing came upon the *audience* so unexpectedly, that I could not say whether it was the peculiar cry of the animal; but probably it was; as this must depend partly on the structure of those vocal organs, which the galvanic fluid so strangely stimulated into action.

† Orlando Furioso.

‡ I suspect that there are spiritual, as well as corporeal instincts.

§ Hebr. c. i. v. 7.

|| Luke xxiv. 4.

white as snow;”*—do we not hear something which we are prompt, and as it were prepared to believe? Is not this the way, in which we should have expected (we knew not why) that the ministers of heaven would appear?

Then our almost sacred Poet,

“ He, that rode sublime

“ Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,

“ The secrets of the abyss to spy,”†

With what mysterious reverence does he treat of the bright *attribute* of flame !

“ Hail, *holy* light !

“ Of the eternal, co-eternal beam,

“ May I express thee unblamed ? since God is Light ;

“ And never but in unapproached light

“ Dwelt from eternity : dwelt then in thee ;

“ Bright effluence of bright Essence increate.”‡

Other bodies are clogged and cumbered with the property which we call *weight* : flame seems to discard and liberate itself from any.§ While

* Matt. xxviii. 3.

† Gray, of Milton.

‡ And see, for the way in which life and light are joined, and taken reciprocally for each other, John i. 3, 4. viii. 12. 2 Tim. i. 10. Prov. vi. 23. Ps. xxxvi. 9. Rev. xxi. 23, 24. Philipp. ii. 15, 16.

§ *Free* Caloric.

other bodies sink, it is, on the contrary, found to rise. They gravitate, condense, and cling : it dilates, expands, and soars. It appears as if its centre of attraction lay in a direction opposite to that, to which matter generally tends ; and other substances press to earth, while it aspires to heaven. Lift the animated and elastic body ; and then try to raise the corpse. It is as heavy as it is cold. The *vis inertię* remains unqualified : the antagonist principle is gone.* How ? or whither ? It seems the most mystical and secret item in the material creation. While its rapidity escapes and mocks the tardy restraints of Time,† its expansibility seems equally impatient of those of Space.‡ But I

* Flame, or free caloric.

† Its attendant, Light, has traversed a million of miles in about five seconds. Well might Milton call this

“speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails.”

Let the circle of persons who join to form a conductor of the electric spark be ever so numerous, it will take no time to go the round ; if *time* have anything to say to succession, and to our perceptions. There will be no interval between the first and the last man's experience of the shock.

‡ *Ignea convexi vis et sine pondere cœli*

Emicuit ; summâque locum sibi legit in arce.—OVID.

have said enough, perhaps more than enough, upon this subject.

From Flame to Life, is perhaps no violent transition. What is Life? The gift of God : that, by which we will; and move and act in pursuance of volition. I am not answered. This tells me whence it comes; and some of what it can perform : but as to what it *is*, I am as much in the dark as I was before.

It is indeed the bounteous gift of God; and considering the nature and attributes of *the life of Man*, as contrasted with that of inferior animals, is perhaps that gift which most enables us to boast, that in the image of God were we created. But though it be because He lives, that we shall live also,* yet we rather increase than remove the difficulty, of conceiving what the vital principle in man can be, if we consider it as an effluence or emanation, from the true and perfect life of HIM, with whom the future and the past are but ingredients of the present : while that present is as measureless as the eternity which it fills.

* St. John, xiv. 19 ; and compare Gen. ii. 7.

Of magnetism (a sort of immaterial materiality) you have not called on me to treat; nor of lightning, unless in its generic character of flame. Of it therefore I will merely say, that perhaps there may be invisible electric fluid; that *it* may be what pervades the nerves; that it may differ little, if at all, from mere free caloric; and that lightning may be this caloric, or electric fluid,* combined with light. Though Milton (a truly pious writer) “hails” light, in its perfect purity, as “holy,” and calls it “coeternal beam of the Eternal;” though he questions whether so divine a substance may be “expressed” by him, “unblamed;” and invokes what he denominates “Celestial Light,” to “shine inward, and irradiate his mind;” though he asserts not only that God “dwells in,” but that “God is Light;”—I yet merely use the authority of our great and scriptural poet, with a view to show that if he be right, *Matter* may sublimiate into something very mysterious and

* Does the galvanic differ, substantially or generically, from the electric fluid? Are they more than varieties? Again, is magnetism unconnected with electricity?

very *sacred* : nay, that it may even be *immortal*.
For, what are the words of Milton ?

————— God is Light ;
And never but in unapproached light,
Dwelt FROM ETERNITY : * dwelt then IN THEE ;
Bright effluence of bright Essence increate.

As to lightning, though endowed with a “speed
almost spiritual ;” † a speed

To describe whose swiftness, number fails ;

I do not infer, that the lightning-flash is *mind* ;
or the thunder-peal its voice ; but merely, and
still using Miltonic authority and language, I
suggest that “omnipotence, to *corporeal sub-*
stances could add,” what, in general, *matter*, or
corporeal substance, might seem incapable of
receiving. We learn too, from holy writ, that
living spirit might (above the firmament) be in
the wheels of a material throne. ‡ So possible

* That which is dwelt in, from, and through eternity, must
be immortal.

† Milton. In another passage he calls it “*incorporeal speed*.”

‡ Ezekiel, i. 21, 26. “The *living throne*, the sapphire
blaze.”—GRAY.

may—nay must—that be with God, which is not only impossible to, but inconceivable by, Man. If dust, at the Divine bidding, elevated itself to man, why might not matter, so vivified, exalt itself to mind? * Connectedly with lightning, on which, as belonging to the flame department, I have rather hazardously touched, and with reference to theories to which I (conjecturally) lean, respecting certain anomalies which I wish to introduce,—may I be permitted to introduce them? The anomalies to which I allude, are meteoric stones; the rare and unaccountable effects of an almost utterly unknown cause. Are they a precipitate—a tremendous sediment—deposited in some chemical process, of which our atmosphere, or the regions beyond it, are at once the subject and the scene? Are they fragments exploded from some planetary body, we know not what? Or part of the wreck of one, which has somewhere gone to pieces in the depths of space? Or are they the

* One of the wondrous *possibles to God*, is, that for the purposes of redemption, Godhead, in its second person, should, as man, born of a woman, become our fellow creature.

condensation and solidifying (do I coin a word?) of matters which had heretofore been scattered and dissolved; but which fall together, when abandoned by the caloric that had held them in solution; and which is itself perhaps inspissated into a vast electric flash? We know nothing of all this.* All we can say about them is, that they are the irregular consequences of some law of Nature with which we are unacquainted; and that such operations, carried on upon a larger scale, might produce a havock, which volcano or earthquake could not rival.†

Meantime they have served to redeem Livy's credit; and to show that the *lapidibus pluisset* which is one of his standing prodigies,‡ was not only what *simplices ac religiosi homines* might have believed;|| but what many, without disbelieving their senses, could not doubt. I do not

* But the last of the above theories is, conjecturally, *mine*.

† A mass of meteoric iron was found in Peru, the weight of which was fifteen tons.

‡ Liv. lib. i. c. 31. et passim.

|| *Prodigia eo anno multa nunciata sunt; quæ quo magis credcbant simplices ac religiosi homines, eo etiam plura nunciabantur.* DEC. 3. Lib. 4.

know whether the times in which we live be those of miracle ; but they do appear to be those of refutation. Mermaids, thunderbolts, and showers of stones come forth, to turn against us the laugh, which our self-sufficiency so long levelled against them.* We now have reason to be persuaded that the Diana of Ephesus, and the Palladium, *really* fell—if not from heaven, yet from the sky.† They probably were, or were formed out of, meteoric stones. So the *Idæa Mater*, which was transported with such ceremony to Rome, from Pessinus in Phrygia, was a stone ; perhaps a shapeless one. Attalus received the Roman ambassadors who came to fetch it, with much kindness ; *sacrumque iis lapidem, quam Matrem Deûm esse Incolæ dicebant, tradidit.*‡

* Until 1802, the notion that solid masses of stone fell from the air, was stigmatised by philosophers, and indeed by all, as a mere vulgar error.

† The image of Diana, at Ephesus, was believed by the Ephesians to have fallen from heaven. So was the Palladium, or sacred statue of Minerva, preserved so carefully in Troy, and afterwards removed to Rome.

‡ Livy, book 29. ch. 11.—The *Idæa Mater* was Cybele.

To return to the lightning-flash-inspissation, if I have quitted it, which I did not altogether mean to do, I am satisfied it is mere *matter* ; at least not *mind*. Even if I doubted whether it were not the latter, I should have *no mind* to make advances to it. I should fear that the lot of the daughter of Cadmus might be mine;* and that the high communication, which I sought, might be my death. My soul would not say to the ready flash, “*expellas furcâ : licet.*”

I cannot, even in Ireland, venture to talk of ascending from levity; but I may speak of passing to the seriousness which becomes portions of my subject, from a boyish playfulness of disposition, by which I believe I am characterised; and which calumnies, disappointments, wrongs, and age have hitherto so failed to smother, that I doubt whether my first childhood may not, by and by, be met or overtaken by my second. Yet I feel that there is a *fond* of gravity at bottom of all this; and perhaps when seriousness is my object, I may therefore have not to soar

* ——— *Corpus mortale tumultus
Non tulit æthereos.*

but to descend. Leaving lightning, then, to its splendid, but alarming coruscations, I return to Light; which may dazzle, but will not consume. In treating of it, it is plain that Milton intends to contrast *spiritual* with *corporeal*; that *Mind*, by him, as by all others, is referred to the former class; and that he means to describe Light as a *material substance*; but of an intermedial or amphibious nature; clothed with qualities, approaching near to those, which the genus *spirit*, (to which, as a species, belongs *mind*,) has been used to claim as its peculiar *apanage*. He proclaims its speed as “incorporeal;” as baffling the powers of “Number;” as of a character almost “spiritual;” and itself, (when in its immaculate purity,) as the “eternal abode of God.” Accordingly, were the Mind to ask itself, how the Divine presence, if vouchsafed, would be manifested, in his present fallen state, to Man, I am persuaded, that the answer would be—by the perception of a dazzling glory and effulgence. Whether this answer would be dictated by what might not unaptly be termed the spiritual instinct of human nature, I will not venture to pronounce. But, at least, it is one, which

a perusal of holy writ will fully justify and confirm.

To take things up at their awful and sublime beginning, we find that when the Creative Spirit brooded on the waters, God said, let there be Light; and there was Light. This effluence is recorded to have been one of the earliest events of that creation, to which we owe our existence, and all the blessings of this life; of which, incomparably the greatest is our prospect of a better. It was the glorious commencement of that bright and harmonious system, (since obscured, and grown discordant,) in which the unerring and beneficent Framers saw that all was good. This fair system it brought, if not into being, yet into view; and was destined to illuminate an innocent and paradisaic world, before darkness and the shadow of Death had yet prevailed, or the ground was cursed for the sake of sinful and disobedient man; until, by merits not his own, his purity should be retrieved.

Upon the banishment of our first parents from that "blissful seat,"* which, while they

* Milton.

enjoyed it, had been honoured by the presence of the Divine Being, (clothed, as it might seem, in that form, the image of which his yet undegraded creature bore,) we find access to the abode and vision, which had been thus forfeited by their guilt, barred by a miraculously *flaming* sword.

We are informed, in the sublime and inspired language of the Psalms, that God makes his angels spirits, and his ministers a *flaming* fire. Accordingly, we find the angel of the Lord appearing to Moses, out of the midst of a bush, in a flame of unconsuming *fire*.

From subsequent passages of the same chapter, it indeed appears, that, notwithstanding the expressions "angel of the Lord," this miraculous flame was, in fact, a manifestation of the Divine Presence ; and (if I may trust my memory,) theologians suppose it to have been the Second Person of the Trinity,* which was, on this occasion, revealed to the great lawgiver

* In this there is not even apparent inconsistency. The Messiah, while on earth, continually described himself as *sent* by God ; and might emphatically be styled *the* Angel of the Lord.

of the chosen people, and type of the Messiah. Certain it is, that there is a remarkable coincidence between the name by which, in Exodus, Jehovah is distinguished, (“I am that I am: thou shalt say to them, *I am* hath sent thee;”) and the account delivered by our Saviour of himself, (“before Abraham was, *I am* ;”) as well as the description given of him by St. Paul, when he calls Christ “the Rock of ages: the same yesterday, today, and for ever.” In like manner, when God brought his people out of Egypt, he went before them in a pillar of flame; and the sight of the glory of the Lord, when it abode upon mount Sinai, was like devouring fire, in the eyes of the children of Israel. Indeed, even the reflection of the Divine Presence appears to have produced a greater effulgence than the eye of man could bear. Accordingly, when Moses descended from his mysterious conference on the mountain, the skin of his face shone with such intolerable brightness, that while he delivered God’s commandments to his chosen, he was obliged to wear a veil.

Again, the glory of the Lord, which dwelt

in the tabernacle of Moses, appeared as fire. When Elijah was translated, his *apparent* conveyance was a chariot and horses of fire, which bore him up, by a whirlwind, into heaven. And it may not be undeserving of observation, that when Elisha asked for a double portion of his Divine Spirit, it was answered, that if it were given him to behold those celestial glories, which would attend the ascension of his master, he might consider this as a token that it should be unto him as he wished.

Without enumerating other instances from the Old Testament, we find, that when at the birth of our Saviour, the shepherds were miraculously apprized of this greatest of events, the glory of the Lord *shone* round them, so that they were (we may suppose, from the preternatural and dazzling brightness) sore afraid. The abode of the Messiah upon earth was that actual dwelling of God's glory amongst men, of which the Shechinah, in the ark, had been but a type and promise. And how is our Saviour described? That true life (as contrasted with our imperfect life) which was in him, St. John calls the *light* of men; which shined in darkness,

and the *darkness* comprehended it not. *Christ* he styles the true light; of which he, John, was appointed to bear witness: adding that the Word dwelt amongst us; and we beheld his *glory*, &c. Our Saviour had been previously twice described by Isaiah, as “a light to the Gentiles;” and by Malachi, as “the Sun of Righteousness.”

In like manner, *Zacharias*, when, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he is felicitating the world on the birth of its Redeemer, speaks of this as an event “whereby the *Day-spring* from on high had visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death.” *Simeon* too, in his prophetic song, hails our Saviour as a *Light*, for the illumination of the Gentiles; and the *glory* of God’s people Israel. But we have the infallible assertion of Christ himself, that he was (or rather is) “the light of the world; and that he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness; but have the light of life.”

These expressions, it may be said, (and with truth,) are figurative. But all that I am observing is, that there seems to be some myste-

rious connexion between the nature of *light*, and the manifestation of God's presence to his creatures. Else the Deity would not have uniformly chosen it as the type and evidence of his approach. He would not have denoted his abiding with the seed of Abraham, by a glorious effulgence resting on the mercy-seat; nor ages after, have revealed himself, in his Second Person, to St. Paul, by a splendour so dazzling, as to produce temporary blindness. The Apostle expressly states, that, when in answer to the voice which issued from amidst the brightness that thus shone round him, and which had struck him to the ground, he asked, "*Who art thou, Lord?*" it was replied, "*I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.*"

In a word, to adopt the language of the sublime and pious Milton, and advert to the theories of the profound and religious Locke, "*may I unblamed,*" consider this excessive splendor as a kind of *secondary quality*, by which on some extraordinary and rare occasions, the glory of the Divinity may be made dimly and imperfectly visible to us, who, (though our first parents did,

while innocent,) could not, in our present degraded state, "*see God and live.*"

Light, even in that impure state, in which it ordinarily exists for us, is the most penetrating and (if I may be allowed the expression) least corporeal of bodies. Its marvellous velocity resembles that of thought; and far exceeds our conception, though it be made subject to our calculation. For the fleetness which traverses two hundred thousand miles a second, we can scarcely more represent to ourselves as on its way between those extremes, than we can conceive the glances of the mind, to ideas the most remote, as journeys occupying time, and divisible into parts. So that within the sphere of its operations, light may be rather considered as omnipresent.

As it is the fleetest, it is also perhaps the simplest substance: baffling all attempts to analyze it; and though possessed of properties, not seeming to be encumbered with any parts.*

Light is indeed the substance which we appear least to understand; and seems to coincide more with our notions of spirit, than of body; for

* See page 62.

while it is gloriously visible to the eye, it completely eludes the grasp ; and, as it were, vanishes from the touch.*

Thus, dimly as we can discern or judge of the operations of divine power, there is in all we have a glimpse of, a coherency that is striking : and for example, light, of all mundane appearances, seems that under which the presence of the Deity should be manifested to his creatures ; so that, even *à priori*, it might be pronounced, that as he shows us all other existences *by*, he would reveal himself to us *in this* ; and that the beatific vision must be an intense and glorious effluence of brightness.

To return from the fallacies of human theory, to the truths of sacred writ, many ancient and modern divines conceive, (and the conjecture is not precluded by any thing in Scripture,) that when the Holy Spirit descended on our Saviour, at his baptism, it did so in the form of a lambent

* When our Lord, after his death, appeared to his apostles, and these were terrified, supposing they had seen a spirit, he disproved their apprehensions, by saying, "*Handle* me, and see ;" and, if in a passage already cited from the Psalms, we understand by *Angels* and *Ministers* the same thing, it seems to follow, that a spirit may be a flame of fire.

flame, which fell from heaven with a hovering dove-like motion ; and perhaps in the shape of a dove : and Justin Martyr states, that all Jordan shone with the reflection of the light. When Christ was transfigured, his face, we are told, shone with a brightness like that of the sun ; and his raiment became white and dazzling, as the light, or as lightning. It seems as if, on the next day, when he descended (like Moses, his earthly type and forerunner,) from the mountain, strong traces of this celestial brilliancy still remained on the recently glorified countenance of our Lord : a phenomenon which would explain the *great amazement* of the people, when they saw him ; an astonishment, noticed in the Gospels ; and for which it is not otherwise easy to account.

I might here farther and again observe, that when the angel of the Lord appeared at the sepulchre, “ his countenance was like lightning ; and his raiment shining, and white as snow ; ” and that the inspiration of the apostles, and miraculous gift of languages to them, was accompanied with an apparition of tongues, “ like as of fire.” Or I might remark, that the condem-

nation of the unrighteous is sometimes described in holy writ, as a casting of the offender into utter darkness. But I rather choose to come at once to what seems to mark that uniformity and consistence, which being the characteristic of truth, must attend the divine system in its most minute details; and even with reference to what is but figurative, and a type. Accordingly, as the sacred presence had ever been announced by a splendid and glorious brightness, and light had been as it were the cloak and emblem of Divinity, (the hem of his wondrous garment, of which sometimes his pining creatures were allowed to have a glimpse,) we find, that when, by the death of Christ, there was a withdrawing of God's presence from infatuated Man, this eclipse of the divine and spiritual effulgence was accompanied by a representative dimming of the sun's light; and a darkness which overshadowed the deserted world.*

Having thus collected instances, in which the Divine Presence has been manifested by supernatural emanations of overwhelming brightness, and the sublime $\gamma\epsilon\upsilon\epsilon\sigma\theta\omega\phi\omega\varsigma$ † been, as it were

* Luke, xxiii. 44, 45. † Longinus, "Let there be light."

repeated, for the beneficent purpose of illuminating the spiritual world,—I am not wholly without scruple, as to the propriety of admitting references to pagan story. Having resorted to the sacred records, for my proofs, I am somewhat reluctant to blemish those pure sources, by the contact, or even neighbourhood, of any thing profane. At the same time, I am aware that some illustrations might be drawn from heathen fable ; which, in its mythological department, is little else than a wild and extravagant corruption of sacred truths. By God's permission, in consequence of our fall, the Divine irradiation has indeed been darkened by the enemy of man ; and at once shattered and refracted, in its passage to the pagan world. But though by these means it ceased to be a steady light to enlighten the Gentiles, and made the Gospel illuminations necessary, to guide bewildered creatures to the path of life,—yet the particles, into which the holy traditionary beam has been broken amongst the Heathen, have not lost all their “original brightness.” Incrusted and obscured, by sin, error, and deceit, they yet retain some lucid traces of their heavenly source ; and, like him

whose malice scattered them, look majestic, though in ruins.

The perversion has indeed been gross; nor can depravation more abominable be well conceived, than that impious idolatry into which the world had fallen, when our Saviour appeared, to restore true worship upon earth. Indeed so lamentably profane and frivolous, at that bright æra, these pollutions were, as to be worse than the comparatively philosophic, though perniciously erroneous systems, adopted by the less credulous, because better informed Pagans of the day. Comprehending their own darkness, these latter rationally *doubted*. Thus Cicero, as an Academic, held, that although *The Probable* was within the scope of our discernment, *Certainty* was what, on earth, we never could attain: and, to soar from a great to a yet greater man, Socrates proved his wisdom, by distrusting it;—his knowledge by discovering that he knew nothing well;—and while he consistently proclaimed that Man wanted a Divine Instructor, predicted, in “something like prophetic strain,” that he would have one.*

* Socrates died about four centuries before the birth of Christ.

But, to return to the vulgar idolatry of the Ancients. The eminent endowments of a truly inspired man were more than sufficient to qualify him for being received into the consistory of Pagan Gods. But his purity stood insurmountably in the way of his adoption; and it was necessary that his character should be dyed in sin, and his history profaned with the pomps and vanities of worldly grandeur, before he could be admitted to this degrading apotheosis. Thus it is, that we have reason for conjecturing Bacchus to be a monstrous and distorted image (seen through the Heathen medium) of one of the personages of Holy Writ: of Noah, according to the surmise of some inquirers; but perhaps more probably of “that shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed.”*

Indeed, so despicable as well as impious were these Pagan deifications, that independently of the sacred motives which Scripture has assigned, we can see reason why Paul and Barnabas should have rent their clothes, when the people would have sacrificed to them, as Jupiter and Mercury, at Lystra. Accordingly, I never have included amongst the proofs which irrefragably

* Moses.

justify our faith, the desire of Tiberius to place our Saviour amongst those Gods which the empire recognised. But that an association so polluting was not permitted to occur, I *do* admit as evidence of the truth and undefilable purity of our religion.

It has been frequently observed, that the Jews are the most cogent witnesses in support of Christian revelation; not merely by the lasting miracle of their premenaced sufferings, dispersion, and disgrace; but by their authentication of those typical and prophetic writings, which incontestably prove our Lord to have possessed that divine character, which they refuse to recognise. Had they believed, there might be contrivance. But they as strenuously deny, as they unanswerably prove, him whom they crucified, to have been the genuine Messiah. Their testimony is more unimpeachable than mere impartiality would make it. They give it inadvertently; or they would withhold, or at least deliver it with reluctance.* In short, they prove our

* Their teachers feel, and most reluctantly admit, the tendency of some prophecies to justify our recognition of the Son of Mary as their object. Thus one Rabbin, alleging that the writings of the Prophets could all (easily) be satisfied,

religion, as they slew its founder, because “they know not what they do.”

But however undeniable it is, that the Jews preserve and vouch the recorded title-deeds of our faith, and perhaps furnish the most unanswerable evidence of its truth, it may also be alleged, without fear of contradiction, that the pagan fables strongly illustrate the veracity of Holy Writ. We discern Eden, and the state of innocence, in the golden age;—and Noah’s flood is scarcely better attested by the researches of the geologist, than by the numerous heathen traditions which point concurrently to this event. Here again, indeed, the *one* great fact is crumbled into fragments; and disguised into untruth. Polydiluvians, as they were Polytheists, the Pagans acknowledged almost as many deluges as gods. But the light, which their errors thus obscured, and multiplied into confusion, was that of Truth.

Having thus endeavoured to show that idolatry was a mere perversion of genuine worship, and

without applying them to *Jesus*, is obliged to qualify the allegation with *modo tacuisset Esaias*. Had Isaiah but been silent.

divine truth,—I would proceed to observe, that a notion seems to have prevailed amongst the Heathen, that the presence of a Deity was denoted by a blaze of light; and that the gods inhabited palaces of flame. In adverting to the apotheosis of two heroes of antiquity, Horace thus expresses himself,

Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus, *arces* attingit *igneas*.

When, quitting the disguise of a Tyrian huntress, his goddess mother is represented to have discovered herself to Æneas, the poet tells us that *refulsit*: which may be translated, *she became refulgent*.

I might add two more authorities,* but that they seem rather appropriate to the attributes and functions of the *God of day*, than descriptive of celestial natures and appearances in general. The passages are as follow:

————— venias, precamur,
Nube *candentes humeros* amictus,
Augur Apollo.

Dixerat: at genitor *circum caput omne micantes*
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

* From Horace and from Ovid,

But the examples which I am about to cite, are not liable to this objection.—When the Penates, whom he had rescued,* appeared to the pious Trojan, they are stated to have been *multo MANIFESTI lumine* : † which cannot be understood to mean that the moonbeams happened to fall upon their images at the moment : for though Æneas emphatically denies that he was asleep, ‡ he yet seems to represent himself as having been in a sort of trance ; and the appearance as a vision, preternaturally coming from the gods.

Multo manifesti lumine, Pitt translates “*divinely bright* ;” and the commentators explain those words to mean “*cum nimbo suo ; qui circa deos solet videri* :” with the halo, or glory, with

* Raptos ex hoste.—VIRG.

† Manifested with a great light.—ÆN. lib. iii.

‡ *Nec sopor illud erat*. Donatus’ comment on these words is as follows : *non enim pleno somno viderat, aut audierat : nam nec plene vigilabat, nec plene dormiebat*.—Agreeably to this interpretation, Dryden translates them,

“Nor were they *dreams* ; but *visions* of the night.”

If in line 151, we consider *in somnis* as two words, (and such seems the most approved reading,)—this, collated with *nec sopor illud erat*, supports the notion of *réverie*.

which Deities are wont to be surrounded. The word *manifesti* is not without its weight in favour of my hypothesis: the meaning seems to be, that this was a *manifestation*; and that the surrounding brightness proved it to be a divine apparition of the Penates.

In the midst of that consternation which overwhelmed the dwelling of Anchises, when Ilium had fallen a prey to the stratagems of the Greeks,—the present favour of Jupiter is feigned to have been denoted by a lambent bright and *innocuous** flame, which played around the hair and temples of Iulus: and this was followed by a fiery meteor, which *de cælo lapsa, multa cum luce cucurrit*;† and which at once satisfied the old man of the divine protection.

That Divinity whom the gentile fables have seated on the throne of heaven, and have described as incomparably the first and most powerful of their gods, is represented, by their

* *Æn.* ii. 1. 684. Compare—(if the juxta-position be not irreverent,)—*Exodus*, iii. 2. “And, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.”

† *Æneid*, lib. ii. 1. 693, 4.

mythology, as wielding the lightnings (and attendant thunders) of the heathen world.

“ *Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem*
Regnare,”

are the words of Horace;—and again in the Ode beginning “*Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*,” (in which it is immaterial to my purpose, whether the author was or was not serious,) the cause assigned for his conversion is his having heard the thunder rolling in a cloudless sky.

————— *Namque Diespiter*
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrumque currum.”

We have, in Virgil, a description of this formidable sceptre: the symbol of supreme and absolute celestial power.

“ *His informatum manibus, jam parte politâ,*
Fulmen erat; toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
Dejicit in terras: pars imperfecta manebat.
Très imbris torti radios, tres uubis aquosæ
Addiderant: rutili tres ignis et alitis austri:
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,
Miscebant operi; flammisque sequacibus iras.”

ÆN. VIII.

These are the *luminous* and terrific bolts, which the same poet, in another place, represents the father of the gods as dealing round him.

“ Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
Fulmina molitur dextrâ ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit : fugere feræ ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor : ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit.”

GEORG. I.

And to recur to Horace, he too has armed Jupiter with this awful and flaming instrument of wrath.—

“ Jam satis terris nivi atque diræ
Grandinis* misit pater, et rubente
Dexterâ† sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem ;
Terruit gentes.”

The golden brilliancy of those clouds, with which Jupiter and Juno were encompassed, on

* The commentator on the expressions *imbris torti*, (in the passage which I have extracted from the eighth book of the *Æneid*) interprets them to mean *hail*. His words are these : *Accipio de grandine ; secutus Servium, et vim vocis. Imbris torti Servius renders constricti, et coacti in grandinem.*

† This part of the picture corresponds with the words *rutili tres ignis*, in Virgil's description of the unfinished thunderbolt. Pindar styles Jupiter *φαινικοστρόπαν, rubentem fulmine.*

Mount Ida,*—the manifestation of this God to Semele, with its effects,—the fable of Prometheus, (involving an assertion of the celestial origin of Flame,)—are amongst the innumerable instances, which might be given from profane writers, to prove how universally the notion has obtained, that light is the emanation and effluence of a Divine nature.

The practice and mode of sacrifice—prevailing throughout the world—also favour my hypothesis, of a supposed connexion between heaven and the element of fire.† To consume the victim in the flames—was to offer it to the Deity. And to turn from heathen abuses, even in the language of Holy Writ, such a sacrifice is described, to the Legislator of his chosen people, by the Deity himself, as “an offering made by fire, unto the Lord.”‡

* ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω

Χρύσειον.

And again,——ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο

Καλὴν, Χρυσείην.——II. xiv.

† It may still be called an element: a simple substance. For Chemistry has not yet attained to the decomposition of fire; though it may have conjectured it to be a compound of free caloric and light.

‡ Exodus, xxix. 18.

Writers, Christian, though not inspired, seem also to admit this doctrine, of the celestial and divine nature and original of *Light*.

Thus *Gray* has said of *Milton*—

“ The secrets of th’ Abyss to spy,
He passed the *flaming* bounds of Place and Time.
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but *blasted with excess of light,*
Closed his eyes in endless night.”*

Again, in *Spenser’s* legend of Holiness, after the Knight of the Red Cross has been contemplating celestial visions, it is said that

————— “ *Dazed* were his eyne,
Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
His feeble sense ; and too exceeding shine.
So dark are earthly things, compared to things divine.”†

That connexion, indeed, which the last

* This perhaps is a conceit. But if so, it is of the very best description of conceitti.

† Faery Queen, b. i. c. 10, st. 67.—“ This Divine Light” (says Burnet) “ overbears, and distinguishes itself from common light, though it be at mid-day. ’Twas about noon that the light shined from heaven, and surrounded St. Paul. (Acts xxii. 6.) Be it day or night, this Light, which flows from a more vital source, will always be predominant.”—*Theory of the Earth*.

quotation adverts to and implies, is one in which, by a sort of instinct, we acquiesce; and for example, feel the Divine influences, when we are favoured with them, to be a spiritual illumination; an enlightening of our souls.* Agreeable to this notion is that pious, beautiful, and pathetic invocation, which occurs in the third book of *Paradise Lost*:

“ So much the rather thou, *celestial Light*,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers,
 Irradiate : there plant eyes : all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse ; that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

The same divine Poet, from whom I have just cited, calls angels “*celestial Ardours* ;”† “*Sons*” and “*Progeny of Light*.”

I make no apology for adding the following extracts from the same work. They are authorities in favour of my hypothesis; and incom-

* “ Ye brethren,” (says St. Paul,) “ are not in darkness : ye are all the children of Light ; and the children of the day. We are not of the night,” &c. 1st Thess. ch. 5, v. 4, 5. Our Saviour—who (as has already been remarked) calls himself emphatically, “*the light of the world*”—also describes the Baptist as “*a burning and a shining light*.”—John, v. 35.

† In fact, *Ardours* are but *Seraphim* ; from the Hebrew *Zaraph*, to burn.

parably better worth perusal, than any arguments or discussions which I could offer in their room.

“Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
 Immutable, immortal, infinite,
 Eternal King; thee, Author of all being;
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst,
 Throned inaccessible; *but when thou shad'st*
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven: that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

BOOK III.

“Thee next they sang, of all creation first,*
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud,
 Made visible, the Almighty Father *shines*;
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
 Impress'd *the effulgence of his glory abides*;
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.”

IBID.

* There is some peculiarity of expression here. The passage may perhaps be compared to that, in which Adam is called “the goodliest man of men since born.”—That is to say, the poet of course does not mean to class THE SON amongst created beings.—*Newton's* note upon this line refers to Col. i. 15, and Rev. iii. 14. As *perfect man*, our Saviour might indeed be classed amongst created beings.

“ The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless,* to his omnipotence,
 That to *corporeal substances*† could add
 Speed almost *spiritual*.”

BOOK VIII.

“ ————— The sedentary earth,
 Serv'd by more noble than herself,‡ attains
 Her end without least motion ; and receives
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of *incorporeal speed*, her warmth and light :
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails.”

IBID.

Having interposed, between Paganism and Holy Writ, these passages from works, of which, especially the last, cannot be deemed profane, I now venture to call my reader's attention to some texts of Scripture, where we seem to discover that original and sacred truth, from which those heathen fables to which I have adverted, at once deviated, and flowed.

“ And it came to pass, on the third day, in

* i. e. the swiftness is numberless ; or in other words, *incalculably great* ;—as in a preceding line,

“ Speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails.”

† As Light.

‡ Viz. the sun. Adam utters this, under the erroneous notion of the earth's being stationary.

the morning, that there were *thunders and lightnings*, and a thick cloud upon the mount; and mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it *in fire*; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace.”—Exod. ch. xix. v. 16, and 18.

“And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were *a paved work of a sapphire stone*; and as it were the body of heaven *in his clearness*. And Moses went up into the mount; and a cloud covered the mount. And *the glory* of the Lord abode upon mount Sinai; and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like *devouring fire* on the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel.”—Exod. ch. xxiv. v. 10, 15, 16, and 17.

“And immediately I was *in the spirit*: and behold a throne was set in heaven; and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon *like a jasper and a sardine stone*: and there was *a rainbow* round about the throne; in sight like unto an emerald. And out of the throne proceeded *lightnings, and thunderings,* and

voices : and there were seven lamps of *fire*, *burning* before the throne ; which are the seven *spirits of God*.”—Rev. ch. iv. v. 2, 3, and 5.*

“ And the temple of God was opened in heaven : and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament : and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and *great hail*.”—Rev. ch. xi. v. 19.

“ And they shall see his face ;” (i. e. the face of God ;) “ and there shall be *no night* there ; and they need *no candle* ; neither *light of the sun* : for the Lord God giveth them *light*.”—Rev. ch. xxii. v. 4 and 5.

I trust my motive will excuse this collation of profane fables with the sublime mysteries of inspiration, and awful truths of Holy Writ. To protect this latter from impure contact, I have drawn an entrenchment, or (if I may so express it) veil between ; and besides, discover something like a sanction for what I have done, in that part of the sacred records, where St.

* See also the description given in *Daniel*, of the throne on which “ the Ancient of days did sit,” (ch. vii. v. 9.)——“ His throne was like the fiery flame ; and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him,” &c.

Paul has deigned to incorporate with the momentous doctrines which he was preaching, a verse of Euripides, the tragic poet.

By this (our own*) apostle, we are informed, that “the Lord shall be *revealed* from heaven, with mighty angels, in *flaming fire* ;† and shall *consume* the man of sin, with *the spirit of his mouth* ; and destroy him with the *brightness* of his coming.”‡ That this “devouring fire,”|| in which, at the last day, “the Son of Man shall come,” will be “*the glory* of his Father,” we learn from the hallowed lips of Christ himself;§ and may conjecture will be such, as once abode upon mount Sinai; from which, if the Israelites had not been permitted and enjoined to keep aloof, they must have perished:¶ but which,

* Ep. to Romans, ch. xi. v. 13.

† Second Ep. to Thess. ch. i. v. 7, 8.—See also v. 9, where the Apostle adds, that the disobedient “shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from *the presence of the Lord* ; and from the *glory* of his power.”

‡ Or approach. Same Ep. ch. ii. 8.

|| Exod. ch. xxiv. 17.

§ Matt. ch. xvi. v. 27.

¶ Exod. ch. xix. v. 21.

when all things are accomplished, the world cannot escape; because in those days, “the Lord will break forth upon them.”*

Indeed, when the sacred statement, that the heavens and earth shall flee away before the face of the Lord,† is compared with the terrific declaration of God himself, that “there shall no man see him and live,”‡ does it not seem as if the end of all things would be but an illustration of this awful truth: and the world be consumed and perish, in the mere revelation of Divine Effulgence?

And now I am arrived at the last of those topics which you enjoined me to discuss.—The *animalia cætera*, of whom Ovid speaks, which,

* Exod. v. 24.

† This is the same catastrophe, which *St. Peter* has described as “the coming of *the day of God*; wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved; and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth also, and the works that are therein be burned up.”—2 Pet. ch. iii. v. 10 and 12. *Nahum*, speaking prophetically, and (as it should seem, though perhaps inadvertently,) of this consummation of all things, says, “the hills melt, and the earth is burnt AT HIS PRESENCE: yea, the world, and all that dwell therein.” Ch. i. 5.—See also *Habakkuk*, ch. iii. v. 4, 11. “And his brightness was as the light,” &c.

‡ Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20.

wanting the *os sublime*, are formed pronely *spectare terram*,*—have these mentality? are they endowed with reason? I think they are; and that the *mere* rational faculty in man differs chiefly in degree, from that power which we are fond of contrastedly terming *instinct*, in the ape, the dog, the elephant, the horse, the parrot, for examples. But, upon the intellectual scale, the interval between *human* and *their* reason is immense. Between them (to steal into another figure) the Divine will has placed a gulf, which inferior animals can never pass; any more than we—until we “jump the life to come”†—can overleap that which separates *us* from higher natures.‡ I will not talk of the ourang outang, whose approaches to reason are as manifest, as it is clear that those approaches have still left him at a mighty distance, which he never can diminish. I will leave the dogs of St. Bernard, not indeed to speak, but to act and testify for themselves; and I say nothing (lest you should

* Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit; cælumque tueri.

† Shakspeare.

‡ If we be then destined to overleap it.

deny the authority of the Arabian Nights*) of those elephants who, having uprooted the tree in which, for treacherous and hostile purposes, Sinbad was concealed, brought him to a reservoir of tusks, by which a geologist might have been puzzled. Neither will I say a word of the taste for music, which spiders are said to have ; or of that member of this weaver guild, who once cheered the solitude of a prisoner in the Bastile ; and whom, with a benevolence that was somewhat equivocal, he regaled on ill-fated flies. But that my horse, or cherished poodle, or once favourite cockatoo, had not a limited and miniature reason of their own, is what I should find it very difficult to admit. Nay, they had (and the survivors have) a great deal of fun and pleasantry in their composition : enough to abrogate the definition of man, as a laughing animal, if it had not been already abandoned and laid aside. M——l,† while, with the bridle on his neck, he follows, at my request, from the stable

* Though this anecdote be not one of its preternatural marvels.

† My horse ; as old and playful as I am myself. He is twenty-seven : I am *rather* more.

to the hall-door, keeps capering and curvetting, with head nodding, and ears back,—plucking branch-ends from the trees,—stooping (as if intent upon devouring them) at every dog or hen he meets upon the way. As I mount, he squeels and bounds, and the ears go back again. But this is merely fun. He is of a facetious character, this M——l; his other name is (as some spell it) *Neigh*. He stops at a road which I usually go down, as much as to say, “Are not we to turn to the right here?” “No, M——l, not to-day.” He then proceeds, with a little half-acquiescing, half-expostulating prance, which says, as plainly as prance can say, “Well! what a whimsical, capricious man you are!” If he espy an ass at a distance, especially if it have the audacity to bray,

“his conscious ears his scorn declare :”*

down go they, and up, in concert, start his heels; as if he would annihilate the unfortunate donkey, if it were within his reach. But this is all pretence and sport. He is a *humane* horse, and

* Her conscious tail her joy declared.—GRAY.

would do no such thing. As for T——e,* she knows, without ever having been taught, (and accordingly we discovered this knowledge by mere accident, and with great surprise,) the name or title of every one of our circle, as well as we do ourselves; and if you say “go to the ——,” or “to Mrs. A,” or “to Miss B,” she will do so without mistake. She knows the dinner bell; and if I loiter, barks out to me that it has rung. At night, she prepares for her departure, as soon as the bed-chamber candlesticks appear; and when, in the course of the day, she has bemired herself, leaves the room the moment she hears the sounds of “dirty T——e!” though you not only do not utter them emphatically, or look at her while you pronounce them, but studiously mingle the words with your general discourse and tone, with the view of eluding her observation. She recollects, (as most dogs do,) and this after long absence, her enemies and her friends; her favorites, and those to whom she is not partial; and, in her reception of them

* My dog,—of considerable wisdom, though of disparaging and insipient name. She is a quadruped of totally different temper and talent, from Launce’s “cur.”

marks, by a deportment the most unequivocal, the character of this recollection:—by a curl of the lip (to repel advances), or a wag of the tail (to allure them), discriminating between Admissibles and Detrimentals. When she wants water, proceeding to a certain quarter of the room, (not that there was ever a water-basin there,) she seats herself, and sets up a good-humoured sort of whine; the sound and the position meaning, between them, to communicate the fact of her being thirsty. If little Matilda pulls her tail, she turns with a sharp and sudden growl; then discovering her mistake, at once substitutes a caress, which means, “Oh! I beg pardon: I did not know it was a child.” I feel that I have neither given a tithe of her rationalities, nor made a selection of instances the best calculated to vouch my panegyric.—I was once the friend and master of another dog, (his name was Juba,) who scorned, when he wished to leave a room, to ask (except as a *pis aller*) your assistance in opening the door. He begun (quite untaught) by attempting to open it himself. He frequently succeeded; but occasionally not only failed, but by touching the

wrong lock-handle, shot the bolt, and became a closer prisoner than he had been before. This sometimes happened when he was alone; and produced consequences that were half ludicrous, and half alarming. He used at one time to be in the habit of visiting (on errands of gallantry or gourmandise) a neighbour of our's, who lived at the distance of about a mile. On one of these excursions he got a beating,* which sent him home rather mauled. Ever afterwards he used to solicit a mastiff, who formed a part of our establishment, to escort him. I have often witnessed the wheedlings and coaxings which he resorted to for this purpose; and can declare that if he had stood upon two legs,† he could scarcely have fawned better. Accordingly, as importunate fawners generally are, he was successful.—The Rev. Mr. Y—— is the possessor of a remarkably sagacious Newfoundland dog. Every week-day, a young person calls at this gentleman's house to transact business, and on Sundays makes a visit of a different kind. On week-days the dog gives him, quietly and in

* From some quarrelsome or rival dog.

† As indeed, during these flatteries, he occasionally did.

passing, a sufficiently amicable and tail-wagging reception—*et voila tout*. But on Sundays, shortly before the usual hour of his arrival, our canine friend stations himself in the hall, with his nose pinned to the street door. His ear recognises the knock, or his nostrils tell him who is outside ; and the moment the expected enters, he is bounced upon, and greeted with a most cordial and proportionably boisterous welcome. Why is this ? Because, on every Sunday, his biped visitor indulges him with a long walk ; an indulgence which is not extended over the week-days.—“ During the late war, when the *Leander* frigate was stationed off Halifax, in Nova Scotia, there was an old Newfoundland dog on board. He had been attached to the ship many years, and several instances were recorded of his extraordinary sagacity and sense. The sailors, one and all, declared that he understood what was said ; and the following circumstance would appear to prove it. He was a great favourite with the crew, and of course had been kindly treated. He was lying on the deck one day, when the captain, in passing by said, ‘ I shall be sorry to do it, but I must have

Neptune shot, as he is getting old and infirm.' Whether there was any thing in the tone of voice which frightened the dog, I leave my reader to judge ; but he immediately afterwards jumped overboard, and swam to a ship which was near the Leander. He was taken on board, and remained till he died. Nothing could ever induce him to return to the Leander. If the dog happened to be on shore, and any of her boats and crew came near the place where he was, he immediately made off, and nothing could make him approach his old acquaintances."*—Of Cockatoo I mean to say something, by and by.—To return to that serious course, from which a scampering impulse so often tempts me to digress. That substance which thinks (for unquestionably there is a something that *does* think,) in apes, elephants, and dogs, and horses, and cockatoos,—you ask me is it a material one ? How can I tell ? who acknowledged, when setting out upon our ramble, that I ill and scarcely knew what *matter* was.—That thought-producing substance, what becomes of it and its ideas, when the dog is killed or dies ?

* Literary Gazette, August 29, 1835.

As little can I tell. God only knows. That God, without whom not a sparrow falls, and who has disposed, and will dispose in this case, as he has done, and will do in every case, for the best. But if in dogs and horses, (and let me add ants and bees,) the intellectual substance be material, I would ask then, cannot *matter* think? Is it not able, in this department, *quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra*? And if the canine thinking substance be not matter, then what will those infer, who seem to maintain, that *mental immateriality* and *immortality* are nearly synonymes? That the terms are so far convertible, that a soul which is immaterial cannot perish, but must therefore, *i. e.* by mere force of its immateriality, be immortal?*

* The following are the words of Addison: "I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres, *much more reasonable* than one who—contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations,—thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general *testimony of mankind*, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living; and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact."—*Spectator*, No. 110. I give the above extract, as prefatory to the question, whether the spirits, of which Addison

the mean time, I cannot think ill of the “untutored” head, and still less can I scorn the affectionate and generous heart, of “the poor Indian,” who fondly and gladly thinks, that to that “humble heaven” at which his hopes aspire,—

“His faithful dog shall bear him company.”*

speaks, are human, immaterial, visible souls? *Invisible materiality* I can, of course, conceive: but *visible immateriality* is less to be comprehended.—Did not Saul see, and recognise as that of Samuel, the spirit which the witch of Endor raised?—When, after his resurrection, our Lord appeared to his Disciples, they “supposed that they had seen a spirit.” (Luke, xxiv. 37.) But, undeceiving them, he declared that he was not a spirit; but that what they saw was “himself;” and, in proof of this, desired them to “handle” him. (Luke, xxiv. 39.) From these passages it might be inferred, First, that a disembodied spirit, “not having flesh and bones,” may present itself to, and be perceptible by, the embodied spirits of living men. Secondly, that it may be visible to them, and in so far share the qualities of—and resemble what we call matter. But, Thirdly, *par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno*, that it is intangible, and cannot be “handled.”—There are material substances which cannot be handled. The word, occurring in verses 37 and 39, which our translation renders “spirit,” is—in the original—*πνευμα*,—of which at least one of the meanings designates that material substance, *a breath*; but which, by the way, whether inhaled or exhaled, is as invisible as the atmosphere by which it is supplied.

* Pope.

Such notions, simple and childish as they may be, are less removed from piety and truth, than those of the eminently clever, the keenly polished, and elegantly informed, the spiteful, superficial, and arrogant infidel, Voltaire. Nay, those Indian doctrines would be scarcely more erroneous than his,* whose heterodoxy was (perhaps inadvertently) adorned and versified by Pope.† In fact, if the verity of revelation had not assured me that my spirit will survive,—if I had been instructed merely by my reason, as Socrates and the elder Cato were by theirs,‡—that *non omnis moriar*, at my seeming death, the same arguments,§ which dissuaded me from believing, that the sword which reached the human heart, would also slay the human mind, and instantaneously annihilate those intellectual powers, which a Newton had, the moment before, been astonishingly displaying; the same argu-

* Lord Bolingbroke's.

† In his Essay on Man.

‡ See certain of the Dialogues of Plato, and Cicero de Senectute. I am attributing all the conclusions of Socrates to his Reason, and none of them to his Dæmon.

§ Or some of them at least.

ments, I say, though in a far less forcible degree, would arrest and restrain my belief, that the humbler mind—but still the mind—of the thinking elephant, dog, or horse, was doomed utterly to perish; and this even before their bodies were quite dissolved, and no longer seen. But am I comparing man to the beasts of the field? Anything but that; if the supposed comparison mean a denial of an abyss between them, impassable and immense. The Creator would not have given to man that emphatic and unqualified dominion over the rest of the animal creation, if He had not made him incalculably their superior.* The mere extent of his rational powers may make him so. SPEECH, and LANGUAGE, (the not forbidden fruit of knowledge, which speech may be said to bear,) does not the very naming of the former marvellous faculty at once suggest the measureless transcendency of man? Whether we consider its inestimable and metaphysic adjunct and effect,† a miraculous inspira-

* Homer, I think, calls the human race *μεροπεις ανθρωποι*, articulately speaking men; as if this power formed an essential difference between them and inferior animals.

† Language.

tion, or a work of human reason.* The former hypothesis would show how highly our race was distinguished by its Maker: the latter, how far, in its inventions, that reason, which He had bestowed on us, could go. Even these pages, hastily as they have been produced, and low as they must rank amongst the productions of the human mind, might perhaps suffice to show our vast mental superiority over the most seemingly rational of our animal fellow creatures. But, after all, it is man's capacity for divine worship, and innate propensity to religious feeling—his privilege, *tueri cælum*—his connexion with the Deity—his kindred with the humanity of our Redeemer—the mysterious and astonishing sacrifice, of which he was thought to be not un-

* The art (appurtenant to language) of alphabetical writing,—that art which does far more than

“Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,”^a

has, by men of singular learning, been supposed an immediate communication from the Deity. The art itself being so simple and familiar, yet the means of discovering it so extremely difficult to imagine, while its utility is so beyond all estimation,—these considerations induced them to assign to it a miraculous commencement.—*Mitford's Greece, chap. 11, sect. 3d.*

^a Pope.

worthy—his consequent bright prospects of eternal and celestial life—these relations, not his reason, are what place him

“ On the isthmus of a middle state.”*

These are what exalt him to something incomparably higher, than the mere towering head, and ruler of the animated world. God made and vivified every living thing. But how different is the description of *their* creation, from that of the human race ! Into the nostrils of none but man, did he breathe the breath (or spirit) of life : of no created being, except man, is it recorded that it became a living soul. Is it by means of this breathed spirit, that we are transcendently unlike all upon the face of the earth that live ? that we are not only the creatures, but the children of the Almighty ?—*Vires deficient* : I am exhausted by the sublimity of my worse than most imperfectly treated theme. For your sake, and my own, it is time that I should have done.

You said you had something to tell me of a Cockatoo. Rest yourself upon that anecdote,

* Pope.

whatever it may be ; and as soon as it has recruited you, have done.

Though vouched by no less authority than that of Mr. Locke, I am not about to advert to the well-known story of Prince Maurice's Brazilian parrot. Spite of his feathered garments, he appears to have been too much of the *animal bipes*, *implume*, for me to venture on incorporating with my theories, such a tale.* But, in supposing that it cannot ever, nor in any degree, link an idea with a word, I suspect that we underrate the powers of even an ordinary parrot. It certainly knows its name : which is in other words to say, that to a certain sound it attaches the idea of itself. In showing that it can thus connect *one* word with *one* idea, do we not prove that it can connect *another* sound with *another* idea ? Is any rational ground of distinction between the cases to be found ? Or can it, without absurdity,

* Yet it is taken from a writer of some celebrity ; the author of memoirs of what passed in Christendom, from 1672, to 1679 ; and if the story is devoid of foundation, Prince Maurice, who took pains not to be deceived, must have been deceived ; for there is not the least doubt, that he believed it. — *Bingley's Annual Biography*.

be maintained, that while he can annex an idea to a sound, if uttered by another, he cannot do so, if it be articulated by himself? Probably the parrot's powers of combination are inconsiderable and slow; nor are his ideas likely to be numerous or distinct; and proportioned to these defects will be his inability to make a long, idea-freighted, and coherent speech. But *est quodam prodire tenus; si non datur ultra*.—I was once acquainted with a cockatoo; who, without being a prodigy, was a very clever (as he certainly was a very amiable) creature of his kind. He never said 'good-by,' when his friend was entering, nor 'how d'you do?' when he was leaving the room; and when weary of your company, was not unlikely to hint his feeling, by a 'good by.' He never said '*I can't get out,*' when he was at liberty; and seldom omitted to say it, when impatient of restraint. My feathered friend, I must confess, was *un peu Aristocrate*; and had learned to address the *Tiers Etat* with '*get out you ragged fellows.*' On one occasion he stole a march; and got into a scrape, as truants are apt to do. He had made his way to a field of ripe corn; and in the

intricacies of this (to him) strange labyrinth, was very soon bewildered ;

And found no end, in endless mazes lost.

His situation resembled that, in which, in Brobdingnag, Gulliver had once been ; but his course was different from that which Gulliver pursued. He began to shout—if not manfully, at least parrotfully,—‘ *I can’t get out.*’ Attracted and guided by the sounds, a labouring man came up, and proceeded to extricate Cockatoo. He was at first repulsed with the usual ‘ *get out you ragged fellow !*’—but in the end his services were accepted or endured ; and our hero reconducted to his friends. On his return, he was lavish of his salutations and self-caresses. It was nothing but ‘ *how d’you do ? How d’you do ? Poor, pretty Cockatoo !*’ In short, the poor bird seemed delighted with the meeting, and conscious that it followed on a somewhat perilous separation.—I forget was it *Catullus* who addressed a poem to a parrot. Be this as it may, without meaning to disparage the *Psittacus* of ancient times, I will venture to say, that my friend Cockatoo deserved such a compliment as well ; and that

(bating the knowledge of Greek and Latin) he was in no way inferior to—for any thing we know—his forefather.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here end the rambles of poor Cockatoo, who long since winged his flight to that Elysian aviary, from which, alas !

No cockatoo returns.

Here too terminates my RAMBLE ONE. Whether it be followed by a RAMBLE ON, may depend partly on the public, and partly on myself. If *vel duo, vel nemo* of that public, read what I have already written, why should I be at the trouble of writing more, which would be sure to share the fate of the *chartæ ineptæ* that had gone before ?

But suppose these pages to find readers, still I should have to apply to my Indolence for leave

of absence, before I could venture upon RAM-
BLES FARTHER; and that

soft, salutary power*

might be, perhaps, disposed to answer my application with an ill-omened yawn.

But the sheets which are now (I just recollect in time to say) *being printed*,† how can I expect a line of them to be read? Poor *Warner Christian Search* is not one of that swarm of visitor savans, which has been so lately illustrating our shores. At home too, in vain would you seek for him, amongst the Vice-Presidents of the Dublin Society, or Royal Irish Academy, or even amongst the sage council of this latter. Yet if he had any pretensions to literature, or to science—nay, if he were endowed with propensities, which *Edie Ochiltree* could quiz, he might smuggle himself up to *some* sort of elevation;

* Gray, I think, so entitles Indolence, or Ignorance.

† Oh! the pedantic and ungrammatical coxcombray of modern phraseology! If we find a verb with both an active and a neutral meaning, (and there are many such in English, French, and Greek,) we at once, to the impoverishment of our language, abolish the latter signification. Who would now dare to say, “while the King’s speech was reading?” No; no: we must say, while it was “being read.”—*The time*

and at least be perched, if not upon a round-tower, upon some rath or barrow, kaim or cairn. But no: you may find the Provost deservedly exalted; you may find, on a literary or scientific eminence, the Chief Baron, or Baron Foster; but if you set any value on your time, do not waste it, by vainly looking there for W. C. S.

Therefore, is it not as well, that Alpha should turn Omega* with a good grace—and *ramble the first* become also, in its wisdom, *stroll the last*?

But why, in the name of Scriblerus, did I write what this is postscript or epilogue to, at all? I am sure I cannot tell. Not for the purpose of attracting notice; for the obscurity which is my lot, is also luckily my choice. I am no *professor*, unless it be of *indifference*:—indifference to scientific, literary, or antiquarian fame: indeed (with my experience) disregard of any fame.

I have satisfied myself, that neither on the side

has been, when we might say of a man, that “he reads well;” and of his speech, that it “reads well.”—By the by, until a speech is finished, is it *being read*? Is it more than on its way to *being read*?

* *O'Mega*, too, appears to be a Milesian character; and might have a chance of being promoted.

of intellect or morals, is reputation a *faithful mirror*; or one which can be safely trusted. It magnifies vain pretensions: it assists the toilet of the arrogant and self-sufficient coxcomb: * it flatters the whim of fashion: it encourages the “simular of virtue;” and recommends his hypocrisy to esteem: but seldom, if ever, does it truly, usefully, and honestly reflect desert.

NOTE A, REFERRING TO PAGES 44 AND 45.

May I tell of another of my early and notable *heureka*s,† of which I was very proud, and probably with very little reason? It was this: that the three angles of a triangle *must* be neither more nor less than equal to two right ones; and this in some degree on the principle, that a man must cut his coat according to his cloth. The materials, out of which we must form the three angles of a triangle, are two right ones. Draw a horizontal line, and let fall, upon each of its extreme points, a perpendicular one. At each junction you will have a right angle. These angles we will call A and B. Now suppose a hinge at each of these points: in short, suppose a jointed, fold-up rule; and proceed to form your triangle. You may do so, by merely bending the two perpendiculars together, until they meet. You have then your three acute angles; having borrowed part of each of your two right angles, to form a third; as a rib of Adam was lent, for the formation of his helpmeet. This is *case one*. But suppose

* Moral, literary, or scientific.

† ‘Ευρηκα.

you to bend one of your perpendiculars outwards; and thus to have enlarged the right-angle *A*, to an obtuse one. It will be found, that by exactly as much as you have made angle *A* exceed, by so much must you make angle *B* want of being a right angle; and that without doing this, you cannot join the uprights, so as to form a third angle. You must borrow an equivalent part of right-angle *B*, to pay off the exceedings of obtuse *A*:—it (*B*) must dwindle into an *acuteness*, compensatory of *A*'s *obtuseness*; for still your materials for producing the three demanded angles, are but two right ones.—This is *case two*.—But suppose the uprights to be originally, not perpendiculars, but so inclined inwards, as that the angles *A* and *B* shall be both acute. This is only *case one*,—ready made to your hand. What are your materials for forming your third angle? the deficits of *A* and *B*: the angular quantities which you have made them want of being two right-angles. Out of the difference between rectangularity, and a certain degree of acute-angularity, you manufacture your third angle. Thus still we have the full, and merely the full complement of two right-angles, whereout to form our triangle. But lastly, suppose the deviation of both your uprights, from perpendicularity, to be outwards; so as that the angles *A* and *B*, which they form, are both obtuse; and thus, that you are supplied with *more* than two right angles, as your material.—Look, in your “mind's eye,” at the diagram. You will at once perceive that no third angle can be formed. The two diverging uprights will always so diverge, and never can converge, so long as angles *A* and *B* both remain obtuse.—Thus having first shown, that you cannot form a triangle out of *less* than two right angles, I have now demonstrated that you cannot form one out of *more*. Therefore the three angles of a triangle must be always, and exactly, equal to two right ones: Q. E. D.

Numbers 1, 4, and 5 of the annexed diagrams, I conceive

to involve satisfactory proof of the allegations which they are intended to illustrate ; and to cause the truth of those allegations *sauter aux yeux*. I doubt, too, whether No. 1 does not demonstrate Nos. 2 and 3. If not, I am content to call in aid my quondam instructor, Euclid. No. 5, in fact demonstrates the same thing as No. 4, viz, that too much is as bad as too little ; and that accordingly a right and an obtuse angle, or two obtuse angles, being more than two right angles, you never can, by producing the lines which form them, mould those angles to a triangle, so long as their quantity remains what it is. Towards forming a triangle, you must get rid of their excess ; and pare them down to what is barely equivalent to two right angles.



NOTE B.

I thought the first letter of the alphabet would have sufficed to cover my supplemental annotation. But behold me at the second ; determined, however, not to push my encroachments farther. After I had concluded my “Rambles,” having procured and opened Lord Brougham’s book, I happened to light upon a passage which commences thus : “It is said that we do not see light.” From the fourteen lines that follow, unless I misinterpret them, it would seem as if the noble writer was one of those who said so. The passage proceeds to state, that “we *certainly* can directly know the existence of light by no other sense but that of sight.”—It appears to follow, that whoever adopts the above-cited opinion, must hold that we have no sensible perception of light at all ; but merely infer, by an effort of our reason, its unseen—and no otherwise perceived—existence. “Diversity of

colour," this theorist* admits to be "an object of sense :"—*i. e.* that we can see red and blue; perceiving their existence by our *senses*; not inferring it through our *reason*.—The truth of this latter position Lord Brougham seems to doubt; and to be consistent with himself, in doubting. For in noticing "white light," he attaches *whiteness* to light. Therefore must we not, alternatively, pronounce—either that colours are not seen; or that there is an exception—not in favour, but disfavour—of the compound colour, *white*; † or that in supposing I behold a sheet of white paper before me, I am mistaken? Nay, must we not pronounce, that the seven primary colours, visible in their separate state, become invisible the moment they are compounded into white? or again, that "white light," visible *quá* white, is invisible *quá* light, and thus that the one object is at once unseen and seen? *Transparency* is not visible, (it would not be transparency if it was,) any more than is the atmosphere to which it appertains. Glass is visible, and so is water, because they are but imperfectly transparent. It is not their transparency,—but its deficiency that is seen.—But transparency is not light; though it may be a consequence of light; and light be a *sine qua non* to its existence. I can better conceive our seeing light, than darkness; the seeing of which latter is perhaps mainly the *not seeing* light, or those other objects which light brings to view. Unless it may be said, that light is a sort of white, and darkness a sort of black; and thus that it is as colours, that both become objects of vision; or rather, in the case of the latter, of perception;—for, that "darkness visible" is an anomaly, we may collect from Milton. If what we take to be a perception through our senses, of light, and of various colours, is in fact a mere

* By whom "it is said that we do not see light."

† I am assuming white to be composed of the seven primary colours.

inference of reason, how, in this respect, is the rational blind man, (and blind *à nativitate*,*) differently situated from him whose visual organs are unimpaired? and what a dull, irrational blind man was he, of whom Locke records, that he compared the colour scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet! Again, if inferior animals be destitute of reason, how can they be sensible of light or colours?—and why have bulls or turkey-cocks such an aversion to red cloaks?—What we *miss*, have we not *perceived*? Now let either day—or window-shutters—be completely closed,† and do we not *miss* light? Do we not feel ourselves *deprived of* it? and does not *privation* prove antecedent *presence*? For, can that have ceased to be, which never *was*?—But perhaps the existence of darkness, like that of light, is a mere inference of Reason; and that the enthymeme is this: *I cannot see: therefore there is no light*. But might not the blind man argue in the same way, in broad day,—and could we deny the truth of his single premiss?‡ Yet in admitting it, should we not adopt the *esse*

* And why should reason be put to the expense of *inferring* (Nature is an economist) what the senses had *perceived*? What need for argument and *reasoning*, where *intuition* is *demonstration*? It is mere surplusage, and waste.

† For, those

Rich windows, that exclude the light,

and to which Gray alludes, will not shut it out sufficiently for my experiment and purpose. Be they never so “richly dight,” they will still be for “casting a dim, religious light” around.

‡ If the *effect* and essential nature of blindness (its *cause* is beside the question) be inability to *see*, those who see, by day, labour under a sort of *temporary blindness* in the dark.—When Pope wrote

On the sightless eye-ball pour the day,

he would appear to have conceived, that the existence of Light was—not inferred by the Reason; but perceived by the organ of vision.—I indeed conceive—that we not only see

The gay motes, that people the sun-beams;

but that we also, and this not in our mere *mind's*, but in our *body's eye*, behold the beam itself; the tropical country of this volatile and restless population.

is *percipi* of Berkeley?—whose arguments are, to me, at once unanswerable, and unconvincing; whose theories I find myself unable to disprove or believe. I will not say *sensus moresque repugnant*; inasmuch as the system of the learned bishop is neither impious nor immoral. But leaving out *moresque*, so refractory and restive are my *senses*, that what remains of the Horatian doctrine of repugnancy, I may apply. I have also fallen upon a passage, where, in treating of causes and effects, Lord Brougham expresses himself as follows: “Light uniformly succeeds dark: one o’clock always follows twelve: but no man ever thought of calling or of deeming night to be the cause of day, or noon of afternoon.”—In the latter case, the want of all relation is not quite clear to me; though if Lord Brougham see none, probably none is to be seen. As one of the school of Carneades,* I however might inquire, whether *noon* be not in so far a cause of *afternoon*, that if there had not been the first, there could not be the second?—See how language, in its construction, indicates and records this. If you were to ask me *why*, at one o’clock, it is afternoon,—I perhaps might answer, BE-CAUSE (*i. e.* the cause is) that noon has been, and is past. The very name, AFTER-NOON, insinuates dependency and relation. A crow sails past my window: immediately after, a magpie flies across. If any one ask me why?—I will not answer, *because* the crow had just flown by. For the magpie might have made its transit, though the rook had not passed before. Flight the first was not a necessary introduction to flight the second; nor is the name of the piebald and *accidental* follower, AFTERMAGPIE.—But afternoon *is*, because noon *hath been*, and *is not*. So that, if a *sine qua non* be a cause, noon seems, in some degree and

* Was he not founder of the Academic sect? I have not my memory in head, or my Classical Dictionary at hand.—In some discussions, not in all, I am disposed to be more or less of an Academic.

sense, a cause of afternoon. Indeed might I, without being too Academic, doubt whether in all, or most cases, where there are correlatives, something resembling cause and effect must not subsist between them? perhaps, in some instances, interchangeably subsist, so as that there shall be what the lawyers call *cause*, and *cross cause*? I say in some instances; because I would hesitate to admit a theory, which might make Monday's afternoon a cause of Tuesday's noon; and it would be preposterous to hold the *apres-midi d'aujourd'hui* a cause of that *midi*, which was no longer in existence, when it* came into being. Such doctrine would involve as bad chronology, as the Frenchman's question, "*did it rain to-morrow?*"—As for the other reciprocal successors, which are noticed by Lord Brougham, I am so dazzled by the one, and what Doctor Johnson might have called intenebrated by the other, that it is no wonder if I am blinded between both; and inclined to join in Horatio's exclamation:

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"†

But does not day, by withdrawing itself, become a sort of conniving cause of night? an accessory before the fact of its negro birth? I will not venture to affirm the *vice versâ*; that night becomes, in requital, a source of day. I will imitate the caution which I have just been showing, in the case of Afternoon. Night may, too, have been a positive existence, in those chaotic periods, before ὁ φῶς ἐγένετο, and when "darkness was" still "upon the face of the deep."‡ But, since the sun began to radiate, and earth to spin upon its axis, night has dwindled to something very like a mere privation;

* Viz. L' apres midi.

† Hamlet.

‡ Genesis, i. 2.

produced* by Day's bidding us *bon soir*, or rather *felice notte*, after we have beheld the

————— Western glories melt away :
From the fair face of heaven, its blush retire ;
And Twilight softly close the eye of Day.†

Of course the privative night, of which I speak, is not that

—— by starry escort led,
and silver'd by the Moon;‡

but that, whose Cimmerian gloom is little more than a dark negation.§—If day and night be alternations, is not each *tant soit peu* the cause of the other, while the diurnal revolution of the globe is the common cause of both?—I cannot, with Gloster's piously fraudulent conductor, say, "I'll *look* no more:"|| but I will *grope* no more, in darkness. *Je m' y perds*. I am neither enough of witch or wizard, to "fly by night;" nor cat enough to have taught my pupils¶ to see in the dark.—In short, I am fairly *benighted*; and perhaps my reader is, by this time, indulging in those slumbers which are appropriate to all that is nocturnal; and knows nothing, but of those matters, *quorum nox conscia sola est*.—For the rest, Lord Brougham's reference, in his note,** to an observation of Mr. Stewart, seems to me to hint a qualm, as to the accuracy of his own positions; and when his Lordship adds,†† that

* If it be not a bull to talk of the production of privation.

† Anonymous Versifier.

‡ Ditto.

§ *Privative* is in things, what *negative* is in propositions.—BACON.

|| Lear.

¶ My eye-pupils I mean. Yet would it seem that their discipline is sufficiently severe; for they are continually under the lash.

** P. 229.

†† In the text, p. 229.

“towards justifying us in pronouncing successive events to
 “be related, one to the other, as cause and effect,—not only
 “must the second event always have been found to follow
 “the first, but must never have been observed, without the
 “first preceding it,”—I read these positions, without feeling
 that they interfere with my conjectures; inasmuch as I have
 never seen an afternoon, that had not been preceded by a
 noon; nor a night that had not been introduced and prefaced
 by a day.

QUERY.

My gentle and tolerant Reader,—I fear he,
 Unwarn'd, might mistake for a *note*, this mere *query*.
 Will his Readership give me an answer; (much want it I;)
 Was I guilty, in page twenty-four, of false quantity?
 Be it known, I'm beginning to very much doubt it;
 And hence all this doggerel pother about it.
 With such prosody squabble, he's*—mayhap—amused;
 Such fuss, to find out—was I falsely accused.†

EXTRACT.

I not only would not violate the promise, which I made in
 note B, of not extending farther my alphabetical encroach-
 ments,—but I should scruple to trespass on my reader, by an-
 other note. Accordingly, mark the difference, what follows
 is an *extract*, not a *note*. It consists of certain stanzas, (the
 composition of an anonymous versifier,) a line and a half of
 the first of which are given in page 132.

* The Reader.

† By myself, in note, in page 24.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is Night! 'tis said : *
 Yes : when by starry escort led,
 And silver'd by the moon,
 Her solemn azure's dark serene,
 So spangled, canopies a scene,
 Immers'd in lunar noon. †

Friend to the mariner, O thou,
 Whose seven-fold lustre ‡ decks the brow,
 Dark brow of polar Night;
 Aigrette of clustering brilliants, hail !
 And beam on eyes, that never fail
 To view thee with delight.

Nor blame, if Admiration turn
 To where Orion's splendours burn,
 To light the southern sky :
 His gem-wrought belt, and sparkling sword,
 And luminous extremes afford
 Range of resplendency. §

As though reflecting Earth, I ween,
 Is the green light of Sirius seen,
 Our south horizon near : ||
 Arcturus smiles ; and planets rove :
 Earth's sister, Venus, ampler Jove
 In the bright crowd appear.

* By Southey.

† There to behold the wandering Moon, riding at her highest noon.

MILTON.

‡ Charles's Wain ; the seven stars, whose pointers show the Cygnus ; the mariner's guide ; especially before the discovery of the compass.

§ The area contained within the boundary stars of this constellation is very extensive.

|| Sirius (the dog-star) shines with a greenish light.

But chief to thee the Muse would tune
Nocturnal lyre, sweet Clair de Lune ;

O how I love that light !

Mysterious, pensive, pale, severe,*

'Tis but Light's spectre, as it were,

Haunting the shades of night.

Behold you yonder gush of light ?

How wanly splendid ! sadly bright !

How much akin to gloom !

O glimpse to share a cloister's shade,

To slumber in a cypress glade,

Or smile upon a tomb !

Is tomb an apt allusion,—say ?

And Night the shadowy death of Day,

Dark, silent, solemn, chill ?—

Than moonlight paler, not a breath,

Or sound enlivens night of Death ;

Pall-covered, cold, and still.

I spare my Reader the perusal of some stanzas which remain.

* Severe—exempt from all levity of appearance ; grave ; sober ; sedate.

MILTON.

CADUCA,

OR

GRANDEUR ET DECADENCE.*

Its morn and evening hath the Day ;
 Vast Ocean hath its ebb and flow ;
 And see the circling Year display
 Autumnal droop, and vernal blow.

Transient alike, our fading bloom
 On tide of Time is swept away :
 Our tell-tale tresses share its doom,
 And golden morn grows evening gray.†

Where is the blushing rainbow gone ?
 Absorb'd in yonder murky cloud :
 Where is Amanda's beauty flown ?
 Alas ! to wither in a shroud.

Th' Olympic Conqueror—high in air—
 On his broad shoulder lifts the bull :‡
 Stupendous strength !—behold it.—where ?
 In yonder skeleton and skull.

Was none, in arms for Greece array'd,
 So hideous as Thersites seen ;
 While, who proud Troy in ashes laid,
 Bright Helen—every heart could win.

* See Dedication.

† *Sparsis per tempora canis.* The Poet (Ovid) is speaking of Autumn, the *evening of the Year*.

‡ Historical : recorded of a Greek Athlete, MILO. See *Cicero 'de Senectute*, x. 33, and also, ix. 27 ; where the *wane* of this mighty strength, as weakly deplored by Milo, is noticed, with disapprobation of this weakness.

He—Ugliness personified ;
 She fair as Scotland's lovely queen : *
 But say, when mouldering side by side,
 In which has Death the sweetest grin ?

Imperial Ilium† had its day :
 Its castles tower'd ; its temples shone :
 Now,—more than fallen to decay,
 Its last faint vestiges are gone.‡

Thy standard,—world-commanding Rome,
 O'er subject nations wont to rear,
 Troy's offspring,||—what art thou become ?
 What, but thine own sad sepulchre !§

Thy hundred-gated city's fame,¶
 Rich Egypt,—what hath been its doom ?
 Thy Conquests, Monarchs, Learning, Name,
 Find in thy Pyramids their tomb.**

Once brilliant shores, how great ! how free !
 That Egypt colonized of yore,††
 Lo, Byron and the Turk agree,
 If Greece, are "living Greece no more."‡‡

* Mary Queen of Scots.

† Ilium, Troy.

‡ Etiam periere ruinæ.

|| The Romans claimed to derive their origin from Æneas, and the Trojan Colony which he established in Latium.

§ In Pope, if my memory serve me, is the following line :

" See Rome its own sad sepulchre appear."

¶ Thebes, the capital of Egypt, celebrated by Homer.

** Conquests, as of Sesosthis.—Egypt was eminent for its learning. The Pyramids were really the tombs of its Kings.

†† The early States of Greece were founded by Egyptian and Phœnician colonies.

‡‡ Childe Harold,

Stern Sparta, Athens eloquent,
 Or soil whence Theban Eagle soar'd,*
 Lo ! Time hath all your glories rent ;
 And chokes your voice ; and rusts your sword.

Illustrious Isle, Phœnician Crete,
 Theme of the early world's applause,
 Where be they gone—that made you great ?
 Your Fleets, your Minos, and your Laws !†

Bright reign of Incas, or Mogul,‡
 Or Erin's—whilom learned and great,§
 Your transient splendours saw their *full* ;
 Dim *wane* was also in their fate.

Palmyra *view* ; *seek* Babylon ;
 Of bygone Majesty the boast ;
This vanished ; *that* to ruin gone ;
 Of Realms the skeleton—or dust.

Fair Oxford, even thy classic bowers,
 Where brightly rose my early Day,
 Thy graceful spires, thy ponderous towers,
 Thy beauties all—must pass away.¶

* Pindar ;—called by Gray, “ The Theban Eagle.” Progress of Poesy. When Alexander the Great sacked and razed Thebes, he accepted the descendant of Pindar (τοὺς ἀπὸ Πινδαρίου γηγονότας) from the general lot of its inhabitants.—Plutarch's Life of Alexander, eleventh section.

† Crete was famous for its naval power, its Prince, and its Laws, (the model of those of Lycurgus) 1400 years before the Christian era.

‡ Peru, under its Incas, seems to have attained to a flourishing state of eminence, at the time of Pizarro's invasion. The now dwindled empire of the Great Mogul, in the East, was once of considerable magnitude and splendour.

§ See D'Alton's Essay on the Ancient History of Ireland ; Introduction (first page)—and period 1st, section 4th.

¶ Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedecyna, sub astris
 Edita, cum centum turribus, ipsa rues.

[Archbishop Markham, in *Carmina Quadragesimalia*.

Yet what thy student sons receive,
 (Scanty the share that fell to me,)
 Of mental culture—*that* can give,
 Which Man calls Immortality.

But 'tis not so: though classic name,
 On flag of fair Renown unfurled,
 Of times remote the notice claim,
 It scarcely can outlive the World.

But there is that which cannot fade:
 Yes; there is that which braves decay:
 Flee Earth! a scroll ye Heavens be made!
 God's word shall never pass away.

These Stanzas were composed by the author of those just given, entitled NIGHT. Both poems were written more than five years ago; and neither has (until now) been ever published.

In page 56, note second, Genesis, i. 7, should be, Genesis, ii. 7.

THE END.

From the Author

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES ;

STROLL THE SECOND.



RAMBLE ON;*

OR

DIALOGUE THE SECOND,

BETWEEN

WARNER SEARCH,

AND

PETER PEERADEAL.

Un pensiero
Un altro dietro, e quello un altro mena.
ORLANDO FURIOSO, c. 43. st. 64.

Necdum finitus? O rest—!
JUVENAL.

Kind *Warner* cease, ere you become a pest:
O give yourself, and yawning reader, *rest*!—
Kind reader, pause on what you thus propose:
May not my pen procure you soft repose?
From inky stream, my black-drop opiate drawn.
To slumber turn jaw-dislocating yawn?
My pages grave, with all their reasoning deep,
Grown pages of the chamber, guard your sleep?

* See page 122 of former volume.

DUBLIN.

MILLIKEN AND SON, GRAFTON-STREET,
BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

LONDON: B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

1835.

Dublin; Printed by J. S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN LOCKE,
THIS EPHEMERAL PAPER GARLAND
IS APPENDED,
BY HIM WHO WREATHED IT :
FRAIL WORK OF A SINGLE WEEK ;
AND PROBABLY DOOMED TO ENDURE
BUT FOR A DAY.

INTRODUCTION.

LATE on a summer evening, a good many years ago, I started from Gloucester in a chaise and pair, for the seat, about four miles distant, of a friend.—Although his house was perched among

“ those high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,”

which Shakspeare has represented as characteristic of portions of this shire,* our road, while steep and rugged, was—for two miles and a

* Richard the Second ; act 2, sc. 3d.

half—sufficiently plain and unperplexed. But turning suddenly to the left, and burying us

“under the shade of melancholy boughs,”*

it soon became more intricate, and we grew bewildered. In short, our drive was degenerating into a ramble; and a metaphysically obscure one.—“I say!” (cried our postillion, to a loiterer on the road side,) “do you know the way to P—— Park?”†—“Yes, sure.” “Then tell me, will you, which of these two roads I am to take?”—“I’ll be —— if I do,” was the discomfiting, but rather ludicrous reply. The punishment, droll but not excessive, inflicted on this churl,‡ by the prompt dexterity of our laughing driver, I have not at present leisure to describe. Besides, it was more comical to see, than it might be amusing, if related.

* Shakspeare.

† This estate is of such antiquity, as to be well described in Doomsday Book.

‡ Who seemed tipsy.

INTRODUCTION.

I will not imitate this perverse and dogged clown ; but on the contrary, knowing, or conceiving myself to know, a road conducting safely to that resting place, at which, no doubt, the reader is anxious to arrive, I will gladly guide him, *viâ sacrâ*,* thither : avoiding those winding, heterodox, and dangerous by-ways, in which he soon might find himself, unexpectedly, in the dark ; and his faith, his hopes, and happiness—all fatally upset.

* In Gloucestershire, it will not be difficult to find a Roman way.

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

YOUR arguments have convinced me that the soul is material.

Not *my* arguments: I never argued, or even asserted that it was.

Do you recollect our last dialogue?

Part of it.

Will you repeat, in a summary way, what you then said?

Nay, Mr. Milliken overheard us; and has published it: I beg to refer you to his report.

How much mistaken I appear to have been! So you hold the soul to be immaterial.

Pardon me: I affirm no such thing. On this

point I join the Academics ; when, by the mouth of Cicero, they say *AFFIRMARE vix possumus* : or I say, with Tacitus, *adeo diversa apud auctores reperiuntur*, that *vix quidquam firmare ausim*.

And what is it that you *do* affirm ?

That I do not know whether the soul be, or be not material.

A lame and impotent conclusion to an argument ; that we know nothing about the subject which produced it.

It certainly *is* a disappointing termination ; and for this, amongst other reasons, we should in general refrain from discussions, which are likely so to end. But, at the same time, Man's detection of his own ignorance is not without its use. By discovering this,—by discerning the bounds within which the narrowness of human knowledge is confined,—Socrates entitled himself to be described by the Delphian oracle, as the wisest of his day. And his interrogative lectures, as they may be called, seemed to aim at making his hearers as wise as he was himself. His series of questions generally ended in convincing the respondent, that he was mainly

ignorant of what he had conceived himself to know.

But tell me, (perhaps I ought to say repeat,) on the question of *material*, or *immaterial*, whence does your ignorance arise?

Yes; *repeat* is the appropriate word. Mr. Milliken will inform you, that, on the former occasion, I admitted that I do not claim to know what matter is. Now, if I cannot tell what matter is, then to say that the soul is material, would be to say that it is *I know not what*; which I conceive to be nearly equivalent to a mere confession that *I know not what it is*:—a confession, by the way, which I do not hesitate to make.

You do not know what the soul is! do you not know that it is that which *thinks* within us?

I do. But knowing what it *does*, is not knowing what it *is*. The soul is not *thought*: it is the generator of thought. It is an, I know not what, of which a power or attribute is that of thinking: a substance, of which the intellectual fruits and produce are innumerable thoughts. Take a blind-born man, and who has never felt a rose: is his perception of its fragrance, a knowledge of itself?

But you do not know what *matter* is ! Shall you be offended, if I call you back to the pocket-handkerchief ?

By no means. It answers our purpose as well as the Pitt diamond. I know that mankind have agreed to call by the common name of *matter*, those various substances, which, by means of what Locke has termed their secondary qualities, make themselves perceptible to our senses. The soul is none of these : that is to say, the soul is not perceptible to our senses.

Does not what you now say, virtually allege that the soul is immaterial ?

No : for, in supposing everything to be matter, which admits of sensual perception, we do not necessarily imply, that nothing is material which the senses cannot perceive. Such an implication would go near to deny that the atmosphere is matter ; or at least, that at all times, and under all circumstances, it is material. Again, how could those, of whom Lord Brougham appears to be one, admit light to be *material*, who pronounce, “ that we do not see “ it ; and that we certainly cannot know its “ existence by any other sense but that of

“sight?”* Yet I apprehend that his Lordship considers light to be material. Thus, in admitting that the soul is not perceptible by our senses, I do not “virtually allege that the soul is immaterial.”

Am I right then, in supposing that you do not define matter to be all that our senses can perceive?

You *are* right. All that is perceptible—all that one or more, or all of the senses grasp, I conceive to be comprised within the abstract name of *matter*. But these material perceptibles may not comprehend an intire *class*. They may form what, if I used the distributive language of botanists, I might describe as an *order*, or a *genus* of the *class*, MATTER; which class might also include substances that were not objects of sensual perception.

Either I have been unable to follow the course of your reasoning, or you have not informed me of the grounds, on which you decline positively to affirm the *immateriality* of mind.

They are not different from those on which I decline to affirm the materiality of its essence.

* Lord Brougham's Discourse.

If I do not know what matter *is*, how can I affirm of any substance, that it *is not* matter? If I do not know within what limits matter is comprehended—if I am ignorant, what and where is the ultimate periphery that circumscribes it; how can I pronounce of any substance, that it is within, or beyond, those boundaries which I cannot discern? The same uncertainty which forbids my affirming of a substance, that it is material, will equally prohibit the assertion that it is immaterial; or, in other words, not material. If indeed we should define *matter* to be only that which is visible, audible, sapid, tangible, or odorous; that which has palpable solidity, and perceptible extent; the question as to the mind's materiality would be very easily decided. We should have to say, at once, that soul is not material. But clearly this is not what we are called upon to discuss. No one requires argumentative demonstration, that the soul cannot be seen, or heard, smelled, touched, or tasted. We have not to inquire whether it has a solidity that can be felt, or an extension which may be measured. We cannot, otherwise than figuratively, say, that the length of

my soul is an inch, while that of Newton was a fathom. The *auræ particula divinæ*, whatever be its essence, and without inquiring whether this Horatian picture of it is correct, is not encumbered, and as at it were *onusta*,* with any of the gross corporeal susceptibilities above-mentioned.†

I think I now divine what your answer will be, to any who inquire of you whether mind be a material or immaterial essence.

I dare to say you do. My response, and I believe it might be classed amongst the *responsa prudentum*, would be this. Define *matter*, before you apply for an answer to the first branch of your question; and define *immateriality*, before you expect an answer to the second. If *immaterial* merely signifies *not-material*, you propound but a single question. If *immaterial* have a more positive and affirmative meaning, explain to me what it is. Even after I shall have received your definitions, my answer to

* _____ Corpus onustum

Hesternis vitis, animum quoque prægravat una;
Atque affigit humo, divinæ particulam auræ.

† Of being handled, seen, heard, & cet.

each question may be *non liquet*. But until I receive them, I must demur to the inquiry, as one too obscure and unprecise to admit of any answer.

After all, is the question, whether mind be or be not material, one of sufficient importance, to justify our entering on a discussion, thick-set with difficulties, and perhaps with dangers?

According to my views of the subject, the question is *not* of such importance, as to call for the discussion; even if the difficulties were less numerous, and more surmountable, than they are; and if it were surrounded with no perils, or with dangers of small account.

I am disposed to agree with you. We know what the mind can do. Is it more than matter for curiosity, what its essence is? Even of acknowledged matter we see no more than the secondary qualities. Beneath these the unknown and abstract substance lurks, as undiscovered as once did the sources of the Nile. And why set curiosity upon a search, which is full of difficulty, not free from danger, unlikely to be successful, and little calculated to be profitable, if it succeed?

I agree with you; but——

What is this adversative intended to introduce?

To those who hold that on its immateriality depends the immortality of soul, the inquiry becomes one of importance.

They, therefore, may inquire, if such an inquiry be practicable, whether the soul be a *they-know-not-what*. For I take immateriality to be a *we know not what*.

But you are not one of those?

Certainly not. All inquiries which corroborate the truth of revelation, are laudable; all which do not interfere with it are innocent; but those which conflict with it are culpable; and such as no Christian can consistently enter on. If he disbelieve revelation, he is not a Christian; and ought not to profess to be one. If he believe, will he contradict? Opposition and acquiescence

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur.

Though I think I see my way, and anticipate your answer, yet let me, *ex majori cautelâ*, ask, in what consists the conflict here?

In this; that the Scriptures, without inform-

ing us whether the soul be or be not immaterial, announce immortal life, as its destiny, to that soul. Now, to those who insist upon *immateriality* as a necessary *sine quâ non* to *immortality*, the question of the truth of revelation must remain undecided, until that of immateriality be determined: and if the determination be against the immateriality of the soul, by that decision the truth of revelation must be necessarily, although but impliedly, denied.

But suppose the Scriptures had asserted the immateriality of the soul.

Still the discussion would be objectionable; and this on not dissimilar, though somewhat different grounds. For to enter on an inquiry, whether the soul was immaterial, when revelation had distinctly informed us that it was, would be a questioning of the truth of Scriptures; and might terminate in a profane and infidel denial of that truth.

Suppose it doubtful, and a question of construction, whether the Scriptures had or had not asserted the immateriality of the soul; could not this question of construction be safely and innocently entered on?

Perhaps it might. But assuming, as we do,

that the Scriptures expressly announce the immortality of the human soul, I conceive that the question of construction which you have suggested, would be an unprofitable one to engage in. For when once we detach *immaterial* from *immortal*,—when once we deny that the relation of *sine-quâ-non* cause and effect, exists between them,—it appears to me, that the question of materiality or immateriality, while of infinite difficulty, is of little moment.

Have you read Mr. Wallace's Additional Observations?

I have.

And you like them?

Greatly. But at what do you smile?

At the recollection of a note in page 110.

Oh! you think my commendation of a work containing such a compliment to me, is not altogether disinterested praise; and that I ought no more to be listened to, than you should be when pronouncing an encomium on the *Peers*. But this is not the case.

Nay, I grant you that Mr. Wallace deposits you and me upon the shelf; while he puts our dialogue upon the bench; converting it to a

monologue, and assigning it to a judge; and, as some say, a not name-sake, but initial-sake of yours.”*

I do not dwell on this. He applauds a work which we know to be ours. Besides, I do not grudge the Irish judges a little praise; to qualify those indignities and vituperations, of which they are, so perniciously as well as undeservedly, the objects. But recollect that Mr. Wallace’s former work contained nothing complimentary to the Rambles. It could not; for they had not yet appeared. Yet to that first publication, those Rambles offered† the tribute which it deserved; and it is now the argument of his text, not the courtesy of his note, that has procured for Mr. Wallace (*valeat quantum*) my approbation.

Do you know that I have something to say upon the subject of the courteous note, of which you are speaking. Shall I utter it?

By all means.

Ἐξαυδα, μὴ κεῖθε νοῦ, ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω.

* The initials of Warner Christian Search happen to be W. C. S.

† Page 6.

Then, I can conceive encomium, more gratifying than any which this note contains.

So can I. But do not be too metaphysical in your appreciation of its praise.

In my opinion it

“quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.”*

It praises that “playfulness, taste, and fancy,” which, with partial kindness, it attributes to our discussion; perhaps at the expense of the more solid reasoning which is behind.

No otherwise at its expense, than as the exclusive praise of the *veranda* might imply that there was nothing praisable† within it. But not only is the veranda praised beyond its merits, but it is panegyricized with a *con amore*, which is gratifying in the extreme. At the same time, to steal into another figure, I think the note which we are discussing, might be understood to mean, that my arguments were better dressed and decorated, than they were vigorous or well-made. Now though,

* “In vain th’ observer eyes the builder’s toil;

But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.”—POPE.

† I confess I meant to coin a word; and conceived that I had done so. But, behold! Johnson has given *praisable*.

quod tetigi, I cannot object to be thought *ornasse*; yet the subject which I handle, I would rather analyze and argue, than adorn. Therefore I taste with still more relish, the compliment to be found in the University Magazine.

Revenge yourself on Mr. Wallace.

Revenge ourselves! Vengeance would be a strange return (though I fear no unprecedented one) for kindness.—Revenge ourselves on Mr. Wallace, for a kind, disinterested, spontaneous, and very honourable testimonial! For, be the *effect* of the compliment what it may, the *intention* is extremely and unquestionably obliging. Nay, the very effect must be favourable in an eminent degree.

Still however, I say revenge yourself, by publishing a syllabus of your arguments in our recent stroll.

Nay, to that proceeding, if Mr. Milliken assents, I can have no objection. The less objection, because it will give fair play to Mr. Wallace; and for example, may demonstrate, that, if he thought there was nothing behind the veranda, he was right.

Come, this is digression; into which I indeed

betrayed you; but from which it is time that we should return. Mr. Wallace objects to the introduction of the Scriptures into discussions such as those into which Lord Brougham led him. Do you subscribe to Mr. Wallace's objection?

It is perhaps expressed too briefly,* for me to know, with much exactness, how far I agree with, or differ from his views. My own I can describe. I resort to revelation, not so much for the purpose of furnishing arguments on the discussion, as of silencing inquiries, and protesting against doubts, inconsistent with our professed belief in what Scripture has revealed.

But by entering on theological discussions, which stand apart from, and independent of, revelation; and even which tacitly wave the authenticity and authority of Scripture; may we not do good, by strengthening the foundations of that natural theology, on which Christianity itself may be found in some degree to rest?

Supposing that when you use the word "*we*," you mean to designate us Christians, I doubt,

* In pages 119, 120, of Additional Observations.

perhaps more than doubt, the utility or propriety of engaging in discussions, which imply that to be undecided, on which the Bible has pronounced. No proceeding can be justifiable, which is profane; and I shrink from disquisitions which, even for argument, presume to close the sacred volume,—to hold its doctrines in abeyance,—and dispute, as if those doctrines were refutable and unauthentic.

I, for my part, am disposed to agree in your opinion. But, if we may judge from practice, there are many who dissent. There is however a concession, which, at the very least, ought to be made. If a writer be an infidel, he should be an acknowledged one. In such a case, we cannot indeed say well and good, or even *à la bonne heure*; but I, for my part, will say *soit*. He might treacherously overcome a more than Ajax, in the dark.* But,

Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat apertum :

content with being impious, he stands acquitted

* I forget in which book of the Iliad it appears, that this hero had a great objection to fighting in the dark. I believe he objected even to a fog.

of being also insidious, cowardly, and false. Putting aside his “inky cloak,” he announces himself for what he is; and if we read, and are misled, the fault is, in a great degree, our own. Give me the open enemy; as certainly the most generous; and, I believe, always the most safe.* *Catulus* urged, in the Roman senate, in reproach of *Cæsar*, that no longer merely seeking to undermine,—he now pointed his destructive batteries against the state; and assaulted the constitution, with force open and undisguised.†

* I am sorry to say how fully my personal experience justifies me in the preference which I have here announced. But without this personal experience, I should entertain it.

absentem qui rodit amicum,

Qui non defendit, alio culpante;

Fingere qui non visa potest;

Horace truly tells us, in a few lines after, *what he is*: (Sat. Book I, Sat. 4, line 85,) *hic niger est*, &c. But even black has its degrees and shades; and there is an intensity of blackness, beyond what the satirist has here described. There may be covertly and slanderously malignant enemies, as well as undefending and traducing friends; and those who, “without sneering,” &c. &c.

† Οὐκ ἔτι γὰρ ὑπονόμοις, ἔφη, Καῖσαρ, ἀλλ’ ἤδη μηχανῶν αἰρεῖ τὴν πολιτείαν.—*Plutarch's Life of Cæsar.*

Il dit que César n’attaquait plus la republique par des mines secrètes; et qu’il dressait ouvertement contre elle toutes ses batteries.—*Ricard's French Translation.*

While I resisted his latter violence, (as perhaps I might have been weak enough to do,*) I am not sure that I should not have thought it less dishonourable, than his earlier treachery, and suspected *liaisons* with Cataline had been. But I seem to have authority still higher, because sacred. St. Paul, from the time of the martyrdom of Stephen, had been the open and avowed opponent of the Christian faith. Yet was he, subsequently deemed worthy of an apostolic mission.† But the hypocrite (to return) who professing to reverence the Scriptures, silyly and indirectly impeaches what he thus affects to believe; and having allured us, by false colours, on board his pagan galley, and lubricated the sloping and slippery passage, by his pretences, launches us, unawares, on a sea of infidelity from which we never may come into port; *hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane* (or Protestant) *caveto*. If, on the other hand, a man, having begun by persuading *himself* that he was a Christian, proceeds unwittingly to inculcate doctrines which are inconsis-

* For that it is weak to attempt a resistance which must be fruitless, the Duke of Wellington will agree with me.

† Acts xxii. 20, and ix. 3, 4, 5, &c.

tent with Christian faith, he is assuredly and infinitely the less culpable; but perhaps he is not the less pernicious, of the two. He administers the dose, without knowing that it is poison; but his ignorance of its quality will not render it the less mortal. Without being a murderer, he deals around him eternal death. "If the human soul be immaterial," maintains a distinguished writer, "it will, of necessity, be immortal.* Otherwise I admit that it must perish;

* Assuming the course of argument to be warrantable, and also waving the objection to making existence depend on the inherent nature of the creature, not on the will of Him who called it into being, still I am not satisfied of the truth of the position, that to be immaterial is to be essentially immortal. I will, for argument, pretend to know what immaterial is; and I will ask, is nothing immaterial but mind? What is total, but mindless vacuum? Is it not immaterial? If *not*, it must be material. But does not *vacuum* imply the absence of matter? and can matter be absent and present, in the same place and breath? Then, if vacuum be immaterial, is it immortal? If *not*, immortality does not depend upon immateriality. But I repeat that I do not know what immateriality is; but only what it is *NOT*; viz. that it is not matter. Nay, this same I scarcely know; unacquainted as I am with the essence and boundaries of matter. Again, if there be any matter which is indestructible, unless by the will of God, and if this indestructible material form the mental essence, is mind, so constituted, less *intrinsecally* immortal,

but its immateriality. I undertake to prove." A reader, we will suppose, after diligent perusal

than if it were immaterial? To say that the soul is immortal, *because* it is immaterial, seems to me to be an assertion, that immateriality, or, if you please, immaterial mind, is *essentially* immortal. Now though the will and power of God may irresistibly ordain, that what had a beginning shall never have an end, yet of those who hold the soul to be immortal, not in conformity to, and mere consequence of, the divine will, but *vi et virtute essentiae suae*, and because immortality is an inherent and inseparable appurtenant to the immateriality of soul, I would inquire, first, whether the assertion of an intrinsic and essential eternity of this kind, does not involve a negation of *beginning*, as well as of *termination*? And secondly, I would ask, whether soul had a beginning, i. e. whether it was created? If it was, (and who shall tell me it was not?) then, for its continuance of existence, though that continuance be for everlasting, shall we look for any other cause, than that which originally called it into being? Shall we not say that the creative is also the preserving and maintaining power? That what raised the soul from nothing, is what must keep it from annihilation? In short, that it, and "all things, are upheld by the word of his power?" Of matter, we strictly speaking, witness no destruction. What we witness is decomposition: the separation of a compound into its component parts; and this dissolution immediately followed by new combinations, in which every particle of the dissolved substance is, under new forms, preserved. Now, where there is a composite, there must be a simple; for of simples is the compound formed. Therefore, in matter there must be a *quiddam simplex*: and that this is destructible, otherwise than by divine will, which may be said to identify with act, of

and consideration, thinks that the writer has failed in his endeavour at this last, and, in such a theory, most important demonstration. He thinks the soul is a material substance; or, at least, he doubts whether it is not. Of its immortality he may, therefore, be persuaded to despair, or doubt. Indeed he must despair, if he feels satisfied of its materiality; and if he acquiesce in the doctrine, that to be material is eventually to perish. A believer whispers, in the way of comfort, that for this immortality we have the word of God. But the writer exclaims, "Nay, what are you about? this is not fair or liberal: we are upon a question of Natural Theology: *à bas les Ecritures!* Mr. Wallace

annihilation, our experience does not supply us with any authority for pronouncing. Then why might not this simple, and (humanly speaking) indestructible material substance, be a substratum for everlasting life, if its creator thought fit to give it mental consciousness and being, and to continue to it this being for evermore? Do I conclude by pronouncing that mind is material? No. That it is immaterial? No. But that whether it be the one, or the other, our human knowledge cannot present to us any obstacle, arising out of mental essence, in the way of that immortality which revelation has announced. What, indeed, could stand in the way of the divine word and promise?

himself admits, that ‘it is not justice or good faith,’* to suffer them to intrude: *procul, O procul este!* though you be not *profanæ!*”

“One of the just objects of the Natural Theologist (says Mr. Wallace) is to strengthen the cause of revealed religion, amongst those who dispute its doctrines, and deny its truth.”†

But I am sure Mr. Wallace will agree, indeed he has agreed, with me, that the Natural Theologist does not ‘strengthen the cause of revealed religion,’ who when revelation has assured us, *unconditionally*, that the human soul is destined to eternal life,—tells us, that its immateriality is *a condition* precedent to its being immortal; and thus puts the truth of scriptural promise on the issue of that immateriality of soul, which he has undertaken indeed to prove; but which many think, and more may think, he has been unable to demonstrate. In all matters of religion, the confidence of philosophy, if that philosophy be Christian, will prostrate itself undoubtingly before the distinct announcements

* Additional Observations, p. 120.

† Ibid. For *is*, I perhaps would substitute *ought to be*.

of revelation. The Christian philosopher, with meekness, and with that true wisdom which cometh from above, will say—"Reason hath done its part: it has ascertained the title of the holy Scriptures to be considered as records of divine, and, therefore, unerring truth. Reason, therefore, is *functa officio*: it has conducted me to the pure and sacred sources of genuine knowledge, and eternal life; and without more analysis of these waters of Eden, I have but to drink, and to invite my brethren to do the same. Reason itself hath told me, that I have but to demean myself as a docile child; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* I speak the dictates of unperverted reason, when I say,

Hence trifler,†—————
 From faith, by empty knowledge driven;
 Go study wisdom with the babe;
 Go learn of *him*, the way to heaven.‡

* Matthew, xix. 14.

† Anonymous Versifier. The line is,

‘Hence trifler, with thine astrolabe;’

The person whom the writer supposes himself to be addressing being an astronomer.

‡ Matthew, xi. 25.

Thy wisdom is but foolishness :
He lifts his little hands in prayer ;
 And what can learned pride express,
 Useful as what is utter'd there ?

Yon orbs you reach, with aided eye ;*
 But children are brought near to Him
 Who form'd those orbs ; who hung on high ;
 Before whose light, all lights are dim."†

Thus will a Christian philosopher be likely to commune with himself.

I follow your course of argument. If a metaphysician proceed thus : "I hold the soul of man to be immortal; for Scripture has told us that it is; and, therefore, upon *this*, all controversy would be profane: but it is open to me to inquire whether its essence is material or is not." If a philosopher proceed thus, you admit that to such a discussion, no direct objection, on the score of impiety, can perhaps be made. But you add, that the immortality of the soul being asserted (i. e. *proved*‡) by reve-

* The Astronomical Observer. See note second in page 23.

† Matt. xix. 13, 14, 15. Heb. i. 10. John, i. 3, 4, 5, 9, 10; iii. 19.

‡ The assertions of authenticated revelation are equivalent to proofs. For what, in effect, is proof? an ascertainment

lation, whether the mental substance be or be not immaterial, seems to be a question, rather of curiosity than use.

Such were my positions ; or such I intended them to be.

But if the immateriality of the soul is more consonant to the doctrine of its immortality, than the holding it to be a material essence would be,—do we not corroborate revelation, by demonstrating the immateriality of mind?

Perhaps we may. But once we have ascer-

and establishment of the truth of a position. And what do we mean, when we say that revelation is authenticated? We mean that it is vouched to human reason, as being what it professes to be—the word of God. And is not the divine assertion equivalent—incomparably more than equivalent—to proof? Is the Great Being less essentially, intrinsically, and inevitably *true*, than He is wise, and powerful, and good? Could He indeed be *good*, without being *true*? Then do I say too much—do I say enough—when I describe the assertions of revelation as equivalent to proofs? I, of course, do not address this note to the deaf adder. I do not address it to those who deny the authenticity of Holy Writ. But Lord Brougham is not one of those deniers. May I terminate by a digressive statement, that I have sometimes too metaphorically and daringly asked myself—is it possible that the properties of the Deity mysteriously identify with, and form His essence? Is it possible that His adorable attributes are Himself?

tained that revelation is divine, it needs no farther corroboration. In its divinity is involved its truth. Heap proofs upon proofs of its authenticity, if you will; but this once demonstrated, do not attempt to strengthen the truth, which such authentication irrefragably vouches. Do not attach a human buttress to an edifice of divine strength; or apply the glimmerings of earthly reason, to increase the lustre of heavenly light. To offer a prop, is to insinuate a weakness. We do not prop the Andes, or illuminate the Sun.

Still, suppose it to be said,—(as I believe I before suggested,)—the gospels announce the immortality of the human soul. I will show you that the soul of man is immaterial; and that immortality *conjurat amicé* with immateriality; and, as it were, belongs to, and consequentially blends with it, as with its cause. Thus I shall be exhibiting what illustrates the truth of the scriptural announcement.

In the first place, in undertaking such supplementary demonstration, do you not in so far disparage Scripture, that you tax it with having left a something very important, unsupplied?

Do you not suggest its having suppressed a fact, (viz. the immateriality of the soul,) strongly tending to vouch that immortality which it announces? Do you not accuse it of having withheld a powerful aid, to the creature's belief in that immortality, in which it calls on him to believe? But again, suppose part of your doctrine, soi-disant illustrative, to be, that mental materiality is inconsistent with the eternity of mind; and suppose farther, that you fail in your proofs of its immateriality;—whether will you have supported, or shaken the Christian faith of those who hear you?

But assume that the writer does not insist that a material essence may not be immortal.

Then, to what purpose attempt to prove an immateriality, which is not necessary towards securing eternal life? And, *à fortiori*, why risk a mischievous failure of such attempt at demonstration? For your hearer may conceive, that you have failed to show the soul to be an *immaterial* essence; and may also conceive that a *material* essence cannot be immortal. Do you recollect too, another objection which I made, upon our former ramble, to representing

eternal life as a consequence of the immateriality of soul?

I remember two objections, on which you then relied: one, that this was to deny that God was the fountain of existence, and his Almighty will the only measure of its duration; that it was to derive the continuance of existence from the intrinsic and essential nature of the creature, and make that existence independent of the Creator's pleasure. Your second objection was, that this same doctrine, (that immateriality was cause, and immortality effect,) conflicted with our Christian belief, of the resurrection of the human body to eternal life.

By both those objections I still abide. But let me revert to one, that has been made, not by either you or me; and in which I am not prepared equally or fully to acquiesce. Against an introduction of the Scriptures into a question of what is termed Natural Theology, I find one, with whom I generally agree, entering a protest. I have already suggested, that they may be introduced, at least for the purpose of confining a theological discussion within those limits which, in a Christian country, ought not to be

transgressed. That they may be introduced, less as topics of argument, than of regulation and control; and used to hint a *hactenus*; to warn the disputants, that there are *certi denique fines*, which it would be impious to pass, as well as inconsistent with that Christian faith, which I am supposing the disputant to profess. For I do not recognize a right of slipping occasionally from under the easy yoke of Christianity, rejecting the check of revelation, and wildly hunting a dangerous question over the *champ libre* of Deism, or, it may be even of Atheism itself. But I am not sure that I might not go farther than I yet have gone. A barrister is arguing a legal question, and founding himself upon those principles of sound reason, in which, to the honour of the law, its rules have generally their foundation. Shall he protest against the fairness of an interruption, which opposes to him the distinct authority of Coke Littleton, or of the solemn determination of a court of dernier resort? Or shall he be permitted to exclaim, “talk not to me of Doomsday-book?” But the barrister, you may say, must keep his argument within the pale of English law. And

is not the English theologian to keep his discussion within the pale of British faith? And God forbid, that I should ever have to ask—whether the faith of glorious Britain be not Christian? “I will prove to you,” cries the theologian, “that your soul is immaterial.”—“Cui bono?” I will suppose to be my reply. “In order to assure you that it is immortal.”—“Spare yourself the pains: for, of this awfully splendid fact, I have already the assurance and voucher of the Son of God.” Shall the disputant be allowed to protest against this reference to Scripture, as a violation of “justice and good faith?”*—“But,” continues the theologian, “what harm can my discussion do?”—“Risk,” I again reply, “is harm; where *evil* may, and *good* cannot arise from the inquiry. Thus, if you prove the soul to be immaterial, and that such immateriality justifies an inference that it is immortal; you but offer—almost profanely offer—the fallibility of a human argument, to strengthen the infallibility, and procure credit for the promises, of God. But if, on the other

* Mr. Wallace's Additional Observations.

hand, you fail to convince your hearers, of the immateriality of soul, this failure cannot strengthen, and may shake and impair their faith in the word of revelation. Thus your success is unprofitable; your failure may be pernicious. Your rash pursuit is one, in which nothing can be gained; and in which (to some who join in it) the hope of eternity may be lost."

You have just repeated, more or less, an argument which you used before. But I do not quarrel with the repetition. The reasoning seems important: and may call for inculcation.

Our (I speak in the dual number) metaphysical excursions are characteristically *discursive*. They are genuine rambles; and *quo nos cumque rapit tempestas, deferimur hospites*. Here, then, though perhaps not exactly in its place, let me submit another doubt, which has just presented itself to my mind. When we refer to reason, using the process of induction, a question which revelation has already closed, and pronounced upon; when reason decides the point, as something obvious, and that neither admits of serious doubt, nor requires much logical effort or

mental deliberation, and decides it in affirmation of the *dictum* of Holy Writ;* do we not provoke an enquiry into the necessity for revelation on so manifest a point, and treat the Scriptures with a disparagement approaching to disrespect? For why should they superfluously point out, to human intellect, of which God knew the extent, that which, unaided, this intellect must discover, of itself? *Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora*; and does not that Divine instrument, which we call Nature, adhere economically to this rule? Nay, *how* (for I need not confine myself to *why*,) reveal that, which to human reason already lay quite open and disclosed? The veil of the temple cannot be rent, where there is no veil to rend, or to withdraw. Revelation is a supplement, or augmentation. God gives reason, to tell us much; and revelation to tell us more. What the former could not detect, the latter has

* And suppose reason, on the contrary, to doubt, or to disaffirm, what becomes of our professed acquiescence in the authority of the Scriptures? Shall we defer to human reason, or to Divine Instruction? We cannot serve two masters.

imparted. What reason must have been blind to, revelation has mercifully rendered visible to faith. But come ! shall I now prepare the syllabus ? shall I vote myself a *judicial* W. C. S. and proceed to bring together, and *sum up*, the evidence that is scattered through our former volume ?

Not yet, my good Lord Warner, if you please. To sum up, is to conclude ; and I should like, not perhaps to dispute, but, *disputare*,* a little longer, before we part.

In early youth I became acquainted with a gentleman of more than a certain age, who filled a sort of judicial situation in the sister country. He was a very intelligent, and deeply learned man ; and if not in any degree eccentric, was certainly, and at the least, in no degree common-place. While on a visit at his country-house, we had an interview with a neighbouring gentleman, of whom, when he was gone, I remarked that he appeared silent and reserved. “No, Sir,” said my venerable†

* Which I take to mean *discuss*.

† Which does not here mean decrepit ; though, except in the case of archdeacons, this be its usual signification.

host,—“not reserved: he is a wise man, Sir; a wise man of the second order: he has nothing to say; and he says nothing.” To this wisdom, of the second class, may I not be permitted to aspire? It seems to be a moderate and allowable ambition.

It does: but you *have* something to say.

Yes; I may utter what Hamlet told Polonius he was reading; “words:”* but *sermones† inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ* have no charms for me; and I will not suppose them to have any for my readers. May I report another saying of my cursitor old friend? During my visit, I one day met him, on his return from church, and, the preacher having a name, enquired after the quality of the sermon. “O, Sir, a very good sermon; as good a nonsense sermon, Sir, as you could desire to hear.” Observing me to look as if this encomium required explanation, he continued, “you have made nonsense verses, Sir: good prosody, and no meaning: the less sense, the more harmony: little

* *Polonius*—What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet—Words, words, words!

† Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.—*Hor.*

danger of false quantities, where you are not hampered by any sense." Spite of this panegyric, do you wonder if I refrain from a non-sense-lay-discourse?

Non ibis inficias: these are mere excuses. Have you any more specimens of that animal (as distinguished from human) reason, which, in our published dialogue, you are reported to have noticed?*

I believe I can muster two. A Glasgow dog, for instance; to whom if you present a penny, he trots off to the baker with whom he deals; drops the coin upon the counter, or the floor; wags his tail, in courteous intimation of his wants; rejects a halfpenny roll; accepts a penny one; and proceeds to breakfast on it, if it be the breakfast hour. How *Rollfetch* (may I call him?) would act, with regard to the money or the brick, if his appetite were already satisfied, or his palate invited him to a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, I cannot pretend to say: but I am persuaded that he would conduct himself in a very dogreasonable way. My second anecdote is

* As in pages 105, 112, 113.

from Plutarch;* and of the elephant which carried PORUS. What was the thinking essence in this *vastly* intellectual quadruped, my metaphysic knowledge does not enable me to decide; but whatever it was, it rendered *material* service to his royal master, in that action which ultimately terminated in his defeat. When the animal found his august rider so faint from repeated wounds and loss of blood, as to be in danger of falling to the ground, he bent his knees, for the purpose of enabling him to slip gradually and softly down; and then gently and carefully, with his trunk, extracted, one by one, the javelins which had pierced him.

“ Μέγιστος ἦν ὁ ελεφας· σύνεσιν δὲ θαυμαστὴν ἐπεδείξατο, καὶ κηδεμονίαν τοῦ βασιλέως, ἐρρῶμένου μὲν ἔτι θυμῷ τοὺς ποσμαχομένους ἀμυνόμενος καὶ ανακόπτων· ὡς δ’ ἦσθετο βελῶν πλήθει καὶ τραυμάτων κάμνοντα, δείσας μὴ περιρρῶνῃ, τοῖς μὲν γόνασιν εἰς γῆν ὑφῆκε πρῶως ἑαυτον, τῇ δὲ προνομαίᾳ λάμβάνων ἀτρέμα τῶν δορατίων ἕκασον, ἐξῆρε τοῦ σώματος.”

The above passage is thus translated, by *Ricard*. L'elephant qu'il montait etait le plus grand de l'armée. Cet animal fit paraitre, dans

* Life of Alexander, ch. 60.

cette occasion, une prudence étonnante, et un soin admirable pour la personne du roi. Tant que Porus conserva ses forces, il le défendit avec courage ; et repoussa tous ceux qui venaient l'attaquer. Mais lorsqu'il sentit que couvert de dards et de blessures, ce prince s'affaiblissait peu à peu, alors, dans la crainte qu'il ne tombât, il plia les genoux, se laissa aller doucement à terre, et avec sa trompe, il lui arracha les dards, l'un après l'autre.—Shall I add a third anecdote, of a dog, which, though it be an old story, has only this day reached me ?

Do you but find the anecdotes ; and I will supply the ears.

RICHARD II. AND HENRY IV.*

M. de Chateaubriand, in his *Travels in the Holy Land*, refers to the instance of a dog having abandoned his master, described as "one of the Kings of England." It may be interesting to our readers to know, that the anecdote is related by Froissart ; and as it is

* Taken from a newspaper.

curious, a correspondent has done us the favour of transcribing it. It may be recollected that Sir Walter Scott alludes to the fact, in his novel of *Woodstock*, when describing "Bevis," the dog of Sir Henry Lee.—

"I heard of a singular circumstance, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound called *Math*, beautiful beyond measure, who would not pay attention to, nor follow any one but the King. Whenever the King rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge; and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore-feet on his shoulders. It fell out, that as the King and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied; but, instead of running as usual to the King, he left him, and leaped on the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the King. The Duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the King the meaning of this fondness, saying, 'What does he mean?' 'Cousin,' replied the King, 'it means a great

deal for you, and very little for me.' 'How?' said the Duke; 'pray explain it.' 'I understand by it,' said the King, 'that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you, this day, as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed; for the natural instinct of the dog shews it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side; for he will now leave me, and follow you.'

"The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the King had said, and paid attention to the greyhound; who would never more follow Richard of Bourdeaux; but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by 30,000 men."

If, like his faithless dog, I desert the fallen fortunes of the sable warrior's famished son,* I forsake also the disloyal buddings of the Lancastrian rose; and, for my next and con-

* Richard was son to the Black Prince, called by Gray 'the sable warrior.' The deposed monarch was starved to death.

"Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and *Famine* scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."—*Gray*.

cluding anecdote, descending upon modern times, I enter the obscure interior of my own domestic recollections. A mastiff of our establishment received an injury in the jaw, from I think a bull or cow. The wound, which had been a severe one, was neglected; and when at last my father saw the dog, and was for attempting a cure, it was suggested, "that sorrow one of him would ever get over it, or do a haypurth of good; and that it would be a charity to shoot the craythur." Such was the decided opinion of Myles Beaghan, who was considered as the wise man of the neighbourhood; and so held, not more by others than by himself. My father however was uncharitable enough not to shoot the "the craythur," but to take his case in hand; and I, with childish and wincing curiosity, attended the surgical operations. The removal of the dressings used to be seemingly attended with excruciating pain; and the poor animal would occasionally make a grimace, that might be called terrific; and utter a half-shrieking, half roaring growl. But this was accompanied by complete and unresisting submission to my father's hand;

and followed by a softened whine, and gentle wagging of the tail, upon the ground on which he sat, (I appear to myself to have the scene before me,) which seemed to say, "it is the pain that forces me to growl: never fear; and don't be angry: I know you are doing all this for my good." And I am persuaded so he did. We brought him through. Myles Beaghan declared, "he never seen the like: he was full sure the d—— a good the poor brute would ever do." Without entering upon the question, whether, in this life, it be a disadvantage to be so, I do not regret that my poor father was good-natured: for, be the soul material, or immaterial, all who really, as well as professedly, respect their Bible, will agree with me, that "*there is another and a better world.*" As for our poor patient, he was neither metaphysician nor free-thinker; nor yet a Mussulman; though in name he was a—*Turk.*

I thank you for being better, by two anecdotes, than your promise. Allow me here to say, that I highly approve of some arguments which you used; and which I find set down, in pages 112 and 113 of Mr. Milliken's report.

Yes, I think I did there toss our adversaries on a three-horned dilemma:* compelling them to maintain, that no animal, beneath the human grade, possesses the faculty of thinking ; or that the substance is *material*, in which this faculty inheres ; (which is, in other words, to admit that matter thinks ;) or thirdly, that their thinking substance is *immaterial*. In which latter case I would inquire, whether our opponents continue to link *immaterial* in an indissoluble causal relation with *immortal* ; so as to make the last a consequence of the first. For if they do, then in this (in one sense empty) school, the Samian doctrines are in some degree revived ; and *morte carent animæ* will no longer apply exclusively to *human* souls. Meantime, what pity, that light and lightning are not more tractable, plastic, and manageable, than they are ! They are much too fleet and hasty, for any purposes but their own. Otherwise, their rapidities might help to mediate a compromise between our IMMATS and our MATS. Lord Brougham seems to think that light is not visible ; and if not seen, he is sure

* Or trilemma.

it is not perceptible by any sense.* Mr. O'Connell, in his Glasgow dinner speech,† avers that lightning is not palpable; nor generally visible: and we know that it is not audible; for the roar, which follows, issues from its thunder-train. Thus, these effulgent tenuityes approach the more (or less) than rarity of that Immaterial, which Lord Brougham seems so very much to admire: and if a keen particle of tamed lightning, or half-quenched atom of ethereal light, would consent to become substrata, receive the impresses of thought, and flash them forth at need,—our differences might be settled; we might come to an understanding; and dogs, elephants, and Brazilian parrots grow less enigmatic than they are.

Anné arrident tibi complimenta? as Gray once wrote, in burlesque latinity, to Mason.

* How is it perceived (it is not seen) by the plant, which, placed in a dark cellar, pursues and hunts it with such diligence,—growing actually *downwards*, instead of upwards, in this luminous pursuit?—downwards, towards a cranny through which it catches, by I know not what faculty, a gleam. I believe I borrow the fact from Linnæus. But it is a notorious one.

† Times, and Dublin Packet of 29th Sept. 1835.

By no means. Compliment is a coin, which that not silly but despised and fool-making quality, good-nature, does vehemently stimulate and dispose one to expend;—but which, with my present experience, I am not particularly desirous of either disbursing or receiving. A man will have seldom paid a compliment, (I say *seldom*, because there are gratifying exceptions,) without soon after finding reason to repent of having done so; and perhaps as seldom be supercilious, without, by a well-aimed eye-shot, bringing the pert one to; and in some instances, metamorphosing an impertinence to a fawn. But why did you ask the Latin question?

Because I thought you were growing too playful; and canvassing for a fresh compliment from Mr. Wallace. Turn to another equally laudatory critique; and propitiate the University Magazine, by sober depth.

First, let Horace answer your reproaches, for me.

ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat;

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Secondly, I assure you I can be, and have

been in this dialogue, as serious, as if my muscles were too rigid for the relaxation of a smile. But recollect our situation. Gray, in one of his letters, has gone near to describe it. "I have no liking for metaphysics: I am no cat: I cannot see in the dark."* When persons may be saying of us,

Ibant obscuri, solâ sub nocte, per umbram ;

Their path nor glittering in the beams of day,—
Nor faintly shown by glimpse of twilight grey,—
Where darkness lowers, or glimmering fancies stray,
Behold them grope their metaphysic way :†

While this may have been observed of you and me, shall we not beguile our shadowy pil-

* The passage occurs in one of the early letters of this greatly, yet not enough, distinguished man. I think the letter is to his early and interesting friend, West. I quote the words from memory ; and perhaps not exactly. In one point, I claim resemblance to the writer ; for,

no very great wit, he believed in a God.

What a pity, that the vain, gossiping, superficial, and assuming,—the not too moral, or too grateful Walpole, (I know him only in his works,) should have had pretensions to be described as the friend of Gray. He was *cleverish* : but not so *very great a wit*, but that he might have & cet.

† *Adsum qui feci.*

grimace, by a jest? To enlighten our dusky ramble, may we not kindle a cheering smile? If I have not forgotten my nursery tales, when some bold adventurer undertook to pass the night in a haunted room, he bargained for the abundant means of cracking—not jokes indeed, but nuts;—and the bright additional and lively cracklings of a ghost-dispelling fire.

I allow your plea to stand for an answer. But now,

*ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens
percurras,*

having had your joke, with my permission, bestow upon me your seriousness, in fair requital.

What you ask ought to be granted; and accordingly,

amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Turn then to the following passages in our former (now printed) dialogue; viz. the note in pages 113 and 114; the third note in page 56, the first in page 64, the single note in page 83, and the text of page 39. For, connected with, or supplementary to those, is what I am now

about, very seriously, to add. If we take the word of Addison,* the uninspired, but pious, learned, and eminently intellectual Addison,—we must hold the occasional “appearance of spirits to be neither fabulous, nor groundless.” Now *to appear* is *to be visible*; and what is visible, must be material; or what is immaterial can be seen; which last I take to be absurd, upon the very face of the proposition. For the possible visibility of a spirit, we have incomparably higher authority than that of Addison. In his communications with his disciples, (Luke xxiv. 37–39,) our Lord, by a quite, and obviously necessary implication, admits that a spirit might *be seen*; and by desiring his followers to handle him, puts the fact of his being a body, consisting of “flesh and bones,” upon this issue, or rather to this test,—that he was not only visible to them, *as a spirit might be*; but tangible, capable of being handled; which *a mere spirit could not be*. The word which we render “spirit,” is *πνευμα*: which, in one of its meanings, designates a

* Supported too, by the strong authorities on which he rests.

material substance, viz. *a breath*: but it also signifies that spirit, by which we not only breathe, but by which, in a different and larger sense, we live. Thus the death of our Saviour is recorded, by the inspired writer's stating, that He "gave up the ghost," or surrendered up his spirit; which in the original Greek is thus expressed, *παρέδωκε τὸ πνεῦμα*.* This is the *πνεῦμα*, which the disciples had erroneously supposed themselves to see. I have already observed, that *שׁוּנ* seems equivalent to *πνεῦμα*, and occurs twice in the same verse, (Gen. ii. 7,) meaning breath in the one instance, and in the other instance signifying that soul, which essentially constitutes the life of man.

* John, xix. 30. That the *πνεῦμα* which he thus "gave up," or, as St. Matthew has it, (xxvii. 50.) "yielded up," was not mere animal breath, but that spirit which survives its separation from organized matter,—that the statement is not merely that he ceased to breathe,—this not only appears from the context, in John and Matthew, but perhaps still more clearly from St. Luke, xxiii. 46. "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit*: and having said thus, *he gave up the ghost*." Therefore what he yielded up was the spirit, which he had just commended to his (and through him, blessed be his name!) to *our* Father.

In Luke ix. 55, it may not be unimportant to observe, that this latter meaning is the only one which *πνευμα* can be supposed to have. To construe it *breath*, would be to render the passage quite unmeaning. *Visible immateriality* I have confessed that I cannot understand. It seems to me to be a sort of contradiction in terms; for that whatever is visible, proves itself, by being so, to be material. *Invisible materiality* we can conceive. We have frequent experience of it. Who has ever seen oxygen? At least, who has ever recognised it? * Yet a

* I apprehend (is this too metaphysical a notion?) that no person can say that he has never seen oxygen. But if he has, so strict has been its incognito, so much is it of an exclusive, that he cannot presume to claim acquaintance with it. In the phraseology of Erin, "he never seen it, to know it." In its gaseous state, indeed, we may, without scruple, deny having ever seen it. But like the man who had been inadvertently speaking prose all his life, who knows but we have been every day beholding, unawares, in its simple form, the oxygen which is seen in rust, or water; which we smell (perhaps) in burning sulphur; and which we certainly taste in (diluted) sulphuric acid? The motes that people the sun-beams, can we say, beyond a doubt, that they are not particles of oxygen? or, if we can, yet can we say the same of every substance that we have seen? Oh! oh! as they say in the House of Commons, we are as ignorant, as we are proud.

thousand brilliant experiments demonstrate its existence; and without it, the human animal could not live. Yet so ignorant are we of its essential nature, that we are compelled to name it from one of its powers; and to call it the *acidifying substance* or principle; as we call the mind *a thinking substance*. Nay, who ever saw oxygenous gas? It is transparent and invisible, as common air. Experiment, in exhibiting its qualities, demonstrates what it is;* but we no more see it, than we see the atmosphere; and no more behold the oxygen which it contains, than we do the lump of sugar which has become dissolved in a glass of water, or a cup of tea. Thus, from acknowledging soul to be invisible, we cannot infer that it is immaterial; for it might be invisible, and yet material, as we have seen. But on the other hand, in showing the soul to be visible, we might go some way towards demonstrating it to be material. Then do I maintain that the soul is material? By no means. I adhere to my original admission;

* Not in strictness, or completely; but popularly speaking, and in some degree.

that I know not, nor discern the means of discovering, whether it be material or immaterial. But have I not been arguing for the possible visibility of spirit? I have. And have I not maintained, that to be visible, is to be material? I have. And is not this to argue that the soul must be material? No. Soul—or rather the being of which soul is the dominant and essential part—is, in life, a visible existence, by means of that material coating which we call body.

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

In like manner, spirit may perhaps be soul, occasionally, and under the special will of God, clothed with attenuated matter, too rare for being handled, though sufficiently dense for being seen. Has not *thought* the power of clothing itself in words, that attenuated materiality, which spirit (breath) supplies? Arrayed in the thin and mysterious covering of language, has it not the power of presenting itself to our senses? Of becoming audible when spoken, or when written, visible, by means of its “inky cloak ;” but incapable of being handled, though it may thus be heard, or seen? And

may not parent *mind*, when stripped of its organic raiment, be endowed with a power analogous to that of its offspring, *thought*?—The subject is an obscure one ; and must, at least as long as we are upon earth, remain so. I do not pretend to throw much, scarcely any, light upon it. But I do conceive myself to have illustrated an important question ; viz. whether any means, short of revelation, can enable us to decide, whether the human soul be material, or be not. I conceive myself to have gone some way towards proving, that without the aid of revelation, the point cannot be decided. Has that assistance been afforded ? It has not. And why has it not been afforded ? May we not conjecture that it has been withheld, on the compound ground and consideration, that the knowledge of this mystery it would be utterly beyond the grasp of human intellect, to comprehend ; and that the point was one, which it was not promotive of man's true wisdom or happiness, to know ? The wisdom of Socrates consisted mainly in his perceiving how inconsiderable was the sum of all he knew. There is another and appurtenant wisdom, which consists in this ; a sort of mental

temperance and forbearance; that does not crave greedily to discover more, than it is conducive to man's welfare, that he should know. It may help us usefully to detect our inability to decide a question which I am tired of repeating,—that of the materiality or immateriality of the soul, to recollect what I have already stated; that St. Paul almost forbids us* to infer that spirit means anything essentially different from flame; to remember, that flame may be a modification of aerial substance; that *Zaraph* is to burn, and that *Seraphim* are ardours; that the countenance of an angelic *spirit* is like *lightning*;† that there is a mysterious connexion between *light* and *life*;‡ and that God revealed himself to Moses, in a *flame*, which, while it burned, did *not consume*. To be audible, is also to be material; and if spirits have appeared, they have likewise so communicated, as to make themselves be heard. The *still small voice* must have been audible, and consequently material; yet there, we are told, was God;

* Heb. i. 7.

† Matt. xxviii. 3.

‡ See John, i. 3, 4, viii. 12, and third note in page 66 of former dialogue.

and it is Scripture that has told us so.* Nor need we be surprised at this: for the Divine Being repeatedly manifested himself *materially* to man; and most eminently so at length, in the incarnation of our Saviour. May we not indeed say, that it is through instrumental matter, that He has uniformly given us glimpses of Himself?

One word more, and (with the exception of the syllabus) I have done. In page 39 of the former dialogue, I have touched, with trembling reverence, on the Divine existence; and in page 117 I have noticed the connexion of man with his Creator; his being made in the Divine image; as the true source of his superiority over all mere animal creation. This truth too, though impaired, appears to have reached the pagan world. How does Ovid treat the subject? He insists directly on the *sacredness* of the human nature.

SANCTIUS HIS ANIMAL, mentisque capacius altæ,
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset :
NATUS HOMO EST.

* 1 Kings, xix. 12. And it was *after the fire* came the still small voice. Is it deserving of observation, that thus, in the conversion of St. Paul, first came the fire; (or light;) and after the fire came the voice?

I might perhaps add to my quotation, Virgil's

IGNEUS est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo ;

nor is even the first word of the line destitute of all title to attention. Then (may I express it unblamed?) as a minute particle of mica reflects from earth the whelming brightness of the sun, behold the mental faculties of man wanly reflecting the mighty image of creative mind. See Memory and Foresight, blending past and future with the present, in feeble miniature and remote imitation of the CELESTIAL NOW !—A miniature indeed ! Man concentrates in his earthly *present*, a minute fragment of that limited and scanty portion of the *past* and *future*, which is supplied by Time ; while the *Now* of heaven consists of all that eternally preceded, and all that for ever is to come.

For asking you to proceed, I have no better reason, than that which I submitted, in the discussion that is now in print. I called on you, in descending from sublimer topics, to stop, for the purposes of rest, on humble ones. The subject of dreams is a curious, not to say mysterious one.

I seldom dream ; or at least I do not often

recollect my dreams ; and, for this amongst other reasons, it is a subject on which I have not much to say. One circumstance respecting my visionary practice, may however be worth recording. My dreams are generally, or often, as incoherent and *decousus*, as I suppose those of others usually to be. I swallow, too, and digest incredibilities, in my sleep, with as little straining as (I presume) my neighbours do. But I have often observed, and with surprise, the skill and accuracy with which I make the conduct of my *dramatis personæ*, myself included, (in whatever extraordinary circumstances my dream may place them,) conform to what I know or believe their characters to be. The slightest *nuances* seem to me to be, in this respect, preserved. But behold an exception to this inventive or imaginative tact. I have sometimes made speeches in my sleep, much to my own satisfaction, and that of “the fickle pensioners of Morpheus’ train,” by whom I seemed surrounded. I have also been a wit and jester, with effect; and recollecting these exertions, when the dream was at an end, have been more or less disconcerted, by finding my

pleasantries *maussades*, and my orations prosing, stupid, and absurd. So that it is plain there must be flatterers at Morpheus' court. It is however but justice to sleep, and to myself, to add, that I have at other times delivered speeches, which stood the test of my judgment, when *eveillé*; and seemed to justify the nocturnal applause which they had obtained; even where this was so enthusiastically noisy as to "break my bands of sleep asunder." My nocturnal wit and humour, too, have sometimes visited my memory in the morning; and (but a cavilling reader may say that I was partial) appeared to me to have issued sparkling, *medio ex fonte leporum*. I, upon one occasion, made and versified a short riddle in my sleep. The poetry was indifferent; but the enigmatical part of the thing not bad. I also once imagined a new demonstration of a mathematical proposition. I would bore you with it; but both proof and problem have escaped my memory. My recollection however is, that the truth of the visionary demonstration was not evaporated by the morning sun. Hear another exception to my tact, and perceptions of *convenance*. I have

sometimes found myself, in sleep, arraigned for conduct of which I think I should be incapable if awake. Yet has not my slumbering conscience, in every case, quite acquitted me of the charge. Perhaps I had become infected, for the time, by the flimsy, frail, and unsteady morality of the oneiropolitan population. But, *e contra*, and in vindication of my tact, I have never detected myself in the act of perpetrating, under the veil of my bed-curtains, an ill-offence; and have sometimes been repelling, with anguish and indignation, an injurious and unfounded charge. I have frequently found myself, in sleep, in company with the dead. In these interviews, I have sometimes quite recollected that my companions were no more; yet did not consider my intercourse as had with ghosts; nor yet again, feel surprized at a post obit conference, or *συμπόσιον* of the kind. On several days, in the course of last night, I dined *en petit comité*, with the living and the dead: with the Duke of Wellington, and my late friend William Elliot, some time Chief Secretary here. I was introduced, last night, for the first time, to the Duke; on whom I

flatter myself I made impression. He certainly shook me heartily by the hand at parting; and I am not without whatever hope the interview may justify, that if His Grace again comes into power, I shall have a fair chance of promotion. In fact, Elliot recommended me warmly to his notice; and assured him, that I was a much better and cleverer fellow than the world thought me. At this compliment I modestly and dissentingly shook my head; tacitly and internally however agreeing with Elliott all the time. On one at least of the evenings, we had a party, where my friend, Mrs. ——— presided; and to the credit of my visionary portrait-painting, was almost as amiable and as pleasant as she really could be. There was an officiating chaplain in the drawingroom, (oh! the whimsical and incoherent eccentricities of sleep!) with his cassock on. But can we be said to have had prayers, when the book he read from was Rhymer's *Fœdera*? Or can you tell me what put it into *my* head to put that volume into *his* hand? I sometimes so far part with my personal identity, in a dream, as to be at once another and myself. I once prac-

ticed this Siamese, at the expense of the Duke, not *Derniermort*,* but *Dernierdit*. Do not mention the circumstance to his Grace: it might displease him; and not only mar my prospects of advancement, but turn him into a repealer of incorporate unions. At all events, if the matter should transpire, you will add, that this confusion (or *melée*) occurred since the victory at Waterloo; in which I do not claim to have participated, either “sleeping, or awake;” or to have “shot forth” either “graces,” or musket balls, on that occasion.† I have spoken of my occasional morning consciousness of having dreamed; accompanied with a total want of recollection of all the incidents and circumstances of the visionary drama. The nature of this consciousness is in so far odd, that it is usually attended by a sensation, which seems to intimate, that *there* is the entire of the dreamy plots and occurrences of the night before, preserving a muffled incognito in my brain; quizzing memory,

* See Memoirs of the Comte de Lauzun.

† Beauty, which, whether sleeping or awake,
Shot forth peculiar graces.—*Milton*.

and declining her earnest invitations to her storehouse. There is an exercise which I have occasionally taken in my sleep, and which, if dreams were volitional,* I should recommend to you, as agreeable to the last degree. I should also call it wholesome; as I have usually found myself well the morning after. But some will have it, that my being well when I get up, is not the effect of this nocturnal exercise; but that the exercise itself was a consequence of my being well when I went to bed. But I have not yet described the visionary recreation. What is the vehicle? None. The *monture*? None. I glide on, at a distance of perhaps a foot from the ground; which I but touch occasionally, as Vestris used to do, *par complaisance*. I believe the French describe this motion, by the word *planer*. Be this as it may, the sensation which it produces is extremely pleasant; and the first time I took such an airing, I was rather surprised at finding myself possess a faculty of the kind.—*Complaisance* did I say? Strange courtesy it is, to

* A good sort of word; but—as I suspect—of my own coining.

spurn the earth, as Antæus undutifully did, for the mere purpose of acquiring a fresh momentum. This once acquired, I kept floating smoothly and unresistedly* along,

par levibus ventis, volucrique simillim—

I can proceed no farther, without a falsification of my quantities, or a surrender of my sex. Suffice it then to say, that neither scates, nor those land-yachts of “the Chineses,” to which Milton has adverted, (I cannot remember where,)+ could supply a course, at all comparable to mine. Even thus, the “swift Camilla”

flies o'er th' unbending corn : ‡

Thus the widow of Anchises must have skimmed from her baffled son, when *incessu patuit Dea*, as we are told; displaying, as she

* Have I coined another word? *Irresistibly* would not convey my meaning.

† I have found the passage.

————— the barren plains

Of Sericana, where Chineses drive,

With sails and wind, their cany waggons light.

Par. Lost, Book 3, line 437.

‡ Pope.

retired, a Medicean neck, which “glowed” such “celestial rosy red;”* that if it, and her guise of huntress,† had been seen by the “Attic Boy,”‡ he scarcely could have failed to mistake her for Aurora. If I could glide thus, when awake, and teach to others the glib art, what a fortune I should make! what a favourite I should be! what a leader of both Whig and Tory followers I might become! But these are idle dreams. Besides, for some years I have been more or less out of gliding practice; not to mention that I am not without a qualmish scruple, as to letting my “Morpheus train,” interfere injuriously with those railway trains, which are at present getting on so swimmingly amongst us.—For some time of my life, as often as it pleased Dyspepsia to introduce nightmare to my chamber, the typical or emblematic vision was invariably

* Milton. *rosea cervice refulsit*—Virgil.

† ——— *humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum, Venatrix*.—Virgil.

‡ Cephalus; so called by Milton, in *Il Penseroso*. If Aurora had not a rosy neck, (concerning the beauty of which there might be a question,) we know from Homer, how “celestial rosy,” her fingers were.

the same. I used to enter jauntily an antique residence; (which I believe my fancy meant for a resemblance of my grandfather's country-house;) hum a tune as I ascended the oak staircase; enter a dark apartment on the second story; the open door of which was immediately closed, by a strange and threatening something which stood behind;—and what terrible catastrophe might have followed I cannot tell, if I had not promptly saved myself, by awaking,* *en sursaut*. For a long time I accurately remembered the dingy antiquity, and all the ins and outs of this house of dreams; and even yet, they have only faded, not altogether vanished, from my mind.—I once had an apparition dream; for I am willing to suppose it was all a dream. If it was, I dreamed that I was awake, and saw standing at the foot of my bed, in the opening between the curtains, an ill-defined and unsubstantial looking form, apparelled in filmy white, like the nebula that surrounds a comet. I rubbed my eyes; the figure still was

* Observe, grammatic dandies, that *to awake*, is a verb neuter, as well as a verb active.

there. I closed them; and on opening them anew, it was gone. *At this time*, at all events, I was awake; and experienced that creeping *frisson*, which I suppose a ghostly vision might produce. I felt too, as if the appearance was that of my mother. I say *felt*; because whatever caused the impression, it was not occasioned by any recognition of feature or of form. I am not even conscious of having thought that I discerned a face. I am disposed to say, as Æneas did, *nec sopor illud erat*. I think I was, all along, awake; and that it was—not indeed my *Lares*, but their sanctuary—the fireside, that raised the ghost, by a sudden and flickering blaze, occasioning some optical illusion, connected with the lights and shadows which this blaze produced. About a week after this, I was taken suddenly and very dangerously ill; and my situation continued precarious, for at least a day. But the startling *apparition* had warned the WARNER, of nothing worse than a successful operation.

A pleasant enough collection of old women's tales.

Those who agree with you in this description

of my legends of the land of nod, will half acquit the judges of having joined our former ramble ; and pronounce that W. C. S. is no other than *Warner Christian Search*.

And why so, comrade *Search* ?

I perhaps may tell you in a note. At present I wish to recount a dream ; which is not my own. It deserved to be recorded ; and is accordingly related by Doctor Beattie ; whose strict veracity may be inferred, on a variety of grounds ; and amongst others, upon this, that he would not violate that truth which he has written on.* “ I dreamed once,† that I was walking on the parapet of a high bridge. How I came there I did not know : but recollecting that I had never been given to pranks of that nature, I began to think it might be a dream : and, finding my situation uneasy, and desirous to get rid of so troublesome an idea, I threw myself headlong, in the belief that the shock of the fall would restore my senses ; which happened accordingly.”‡

* He wrote an essay upon truth.

† He is speaking of himself.

‡ That is to say, he awoke.—*Beattie's Dissertations ; Discourse on Dreaming*.

Jamque opus exegi.

Exegimus, if you please.

Nay, recollect the dreaming feat, which I told you of my having performed. Who knows but that throughout this dialogue, I have been “another and myself?”*

Let the hearer (I was about to say the reader) judge.

Hearer ! he is asleep.—Reader ! he will be so.

* See page 59.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

A

AFTER the whole of this volume, with the exception of the present appendix, had gone to press, its author was kindly furnished, by Mr. Milliken, with "*A View of the Christian Revelations, concerning a Future State.*"* Of this publication he has read five lectures, with considerable pleasure:—a pleasure mainly derived from their intrinsic merit; but increased by his having found in them, what he interprets into sanction and authority for some already expressed opinions of his own. Of the separate and conscious existence, after death, of the human soul, he is glad to have treated so concisely, as in the first dialogue he will be found to have done.† He there stated that he felt the subject to be an obscure one;‡ and from the second, third, and fourth of those lectures, to which he has been just adverting, he perceives that their author considers it to be so. To the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, he had, *because* it was a parable, declined referring;§ and the author of the lectures impliedly pronounces that he did right. The case of the other Lazarus, the brother of Mary, the author of *Metaphysic Rambles* also admitted to be obscure; and therefore not calculated to throw much light upon the question; and (to rid myself of the obliquity of the third

person) I rested my opinion, on the supposed case of our Lord himself; on his promise to the repentant thief; and on what seems implied in what he said to his disciples, when, after his resurrection, he appeared to them.* My implication is, that we have the authority of our Redeemer, for believing that a disembodied spirit may have a conscious existence; and may appear, i. e. be visible, to still embodied living spirits; though not capable of being handled, but only of being seen.

But on some points, I diffidently and respectfully differ from (or at least hesitate to quite agree with) the author of those lectures.† The incidents of a parable not only may, but will be imaginary and allegoric; parable being a sort of similitude, or collation. But every divine parable will have its foundations laid in truth; and will not mislead its hearers, into an erroneous opinion upon an important subject. Here, the discourse of the rich man with Abraham, and attendant circumstances, are—and may be said to profess to be—fictitious. They are the half transparent exterior curtain-work of oriental apologue. But what is the interior structure, which this penetrable veil shrouds, but not conceals? What again is the very foundation of that, which the parable seeks instructively to rear? Is it not a separate and conscious existence of spirit, in the interval, between death, resurrection, and final judgment. Does not the entire moral fable take this *postulatum* for its basis, and rest its implied arguments on its conceded truth? Does it not say to its hearers, do not place your souls in a situation resembling that in which my allegory supposes the rich man's spirit to have been? If it does not give this warning, what instruction does it give? What necessity for the apologue, if until ultimate judgment there be no consciousness after death? Of what profit is its statement, if in the situation in which the rich man is fabled to have been, no human spirit could be ever placed? What

* Luke xxiv. 37, 39.

† Lecture 3d, pages 56—58.

would become of the parable of the sower, of its intire and striking edifice of instruction, if in *rerum naturâ* there were no seed, no sowers, no agricultural scattering of vegetable germ? In like manner, what becomes of the parable of *Dives*, if there be no intermediate conscious state? no post-obit-interval, before eternity shall have swallowed time? A parable does not state that which *is*: but it states that which is possible; and *may be*. It is figurative; but for its figures, reality furnishes the foundation. Would our Saviour utter a parable, of which the foundations were untrue,—laid in fiction, and betraying the hearers into an unfounded belief? For might not the hearers of this parable consider Christ to have implied, and authorized, if not instructed them to believe, a separate and conscious posthumous existence of the soul?—Nay may it not be even questioned, whether the last verse of the chapter* does not suggest the possibility, that, as a consequence of such separate and conscious being, a human spirit might rise, before the general resurrection, from the dead? This however is no more than questionable; if *so* much. Again, when the learned, and manifestly pious and Christian, author of these lectures† says, of a certain vision in the Revelations, that “many of the circumstances are evidently such, as CAN only be understood figuratively; *such as* THE WHITE ROBES *of the martyrs*; I am not quite certain that I understand, nor consequently know whether I agree in the *extent* of his position.‡ As a test, does he conceive that Mary, or those who have spoken for her, spoke *figuratively*, when they represented her as having seen “two angels, IN WHITE, sitting within the sepulchre, and who asked her,—of course audibly,

* Luke xvi. 31.

† To whose correction of my opinions, I am unfeignedly willing to defer.

‡ If I had the honour (which I have not, and possibly may never have) of his acquaintance, I should submit this part of my MS. to him, as a precaution against my misapprehending—and inadvertently misrepresenting—his positions; or doing injustice to the arguments by which they are supported.

and in her own language,—“Why weepst thou?”* Are we to consider the language of Matthew as merely *figurative*, when he distinctly tells us, that “the countenance of the angel of the Lord, who rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, was *like lightning*, and his RAIMENT WHITE AS SNOW?”† When, “for fear of him, the keepers did shake, and became as dead men,”‡ is their alarm to be considered as equally metaphoric with its cause? When this angel is said§ to have made an audible—i. e. material—communication to the women,—is this all simple and direct truth? or if figurative, what is it a figure of?

The Creator is, as our Lord reminds us, “not a God of the dead, but of the living;” and Christ illustratively adds, that Moses accordingly calls him “the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob;|| all these being in their graves, when Moses wrote. This argument seems to imply, that the three patriarchs were all alive after their terrestrial death. But they cannot be alive in the body; the general resurrection not having yet arrived. Therefore what is living, and was living when Moses expressed himself as he did, must be their spirits, in a state of conscious and separate existence.¶

* John xx. 12, 13.

† Matthew xxviii. 2, 3, 4.

‡ v. 4.

§ In verses 5, 6, 7.

|| Luke xx. 37, 38.

¶ That this separate existence of Abraham subsisted, in our Saviour's day, is also perhaps implied in the parable of Lazarus, and the rich man. Let me here observe that the appearance of Moses and Elias, in the transfiguration, seems favourable to my theory, of posthumous, separate, and conscious spiritual existence; and is not, to me, satisfactorily explained,—so as to do away with that theory, in Lecture third, page 61.—As being but collateral to, and digressing from, what I am just now treating in my text, let me throw into this note two farther observations, on the work which, within these three days, I have been too cursorily perusing.—FIRST, I do not agree in the position, Lect. 3d, p. 58, that “the circumstance of torturing flames must imply the presence of *the body* ;” though I admit it seems to imply the presence of matter of some kind, capable of conscious suffering:—and unless spirit be more or less material, or arrayed occasionally in matter, however subtle, Addison must have been in error, when he maintained that the *appearance* of disembodied spirits was “neither fabulous nor ground-

The benignant promise of our Lord, to the thief upon the cross, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise," I cannot avoid *continuing** to consider as affording *some* ground for

less;" but the *total* disbelief of such appearances, "unreasonable" and absurd. SECONDLY, I consider the growth, from a sown acorn, of an oak bursting forth from earth, and towering to the skies, as being, after all, an image very imperfectly analogous to the resurrection of our glorified bodies. The oak, raised from the acorn, is in no degree different from, or more excellent than, its parent tree; or its predecessors, up to perhaps the first created oak: corruptible, like them; and like them, destined to shed its mast, for the generation of but similar future oaks. If indeed, God had created acorns, before He created oaks, and that, after beholding one of these germs buried in the earth, I lived long enough to witness the ascent to its maturity, of the majestic offspring tree, I might consider the corpse, interred and mouldering, as typified by the acorn sown; and our incorruptible bodies as the perfected and celestial plant. And perhaps to this extent only, is the analogy insisted on. The observations, which I have been applying to the acorn, may be extended to the grain of corn. Of course, to a certain point the latter similitude exists; for its existence is suggested by Holy Writ. The single sown grain dies; and rises again, multiplied to an ear—perhaps to many an ear—of corn. But here the likeness seems to end; and dissimilitude to begin. The grains, which this spike contains, are themselves to fall and die; and the ears which they, in their turn, produce will be as mortal, and as generative as themselves.

The reasoning in pages 65 and 66 of the third lecture (I say it respectfully) does not satisfy me. I even am not certain that I understand it. With regard to Moses too,—and with reference to the same lecture, page 61, I would observe, that I find it expressly stated, (Deuteronomy, xxxiv, 5, 6,) that Moses DIED in the land of Moab; and was there BURIED in a valley over against Beth-peor; though more exactly his place of sepulture was not known. I further find that his death was but the fulfilment of a punishment, denounced against him, (and in which Aaron was included,) for want of faith. (Numbers, xx. 11, 12, 24, 28, xxvii. 12, 13, 14.) Neither was to *enter*, and only Moses was to *see*, the land of promise. (Deuteronomy, xxxiv. 4.) It is distinctly and in terms said of *each*, that he DIED; of Aaron it is also stated, that he should be "gathered unto his people;" and to Moses it is declared, that he "shall be gathered unto his people, *as Aaron his brother was gathered.*" It is not suggested, (Lect. 3, p. 61,) that Aaron "was permitted to forestall the general resurrection;" and the doom of Moses is pronounced in the same terms as that of Aaron. Besides, the death of Moses, before the Israelites entered the land of promise, was a *punishment*; and so described. Now an immediate resurrection, which in the case of Moses, would have been a "resurrection of" one of "the just,"—would have been, *not a punishment*; but a signal and distinguished *bounty and reward*; and perhaps would have been an event conflicting with the sacred truth, that our Redeemer was the first fruits of them that slept. Elijah did not *rise*: he was *translated*; as Enoch had been before.

* See First Dialogue, p. 41.

believing in a separate and conscious existence of the spirit, after death. Indeed, the candid author of the lectures admits it to do so.* “*This Day.*” At the time when this promise would have to be fulfilled, by the penitent’s being with his Redeemer, in paradise,—the body of our Lord, inanimate, was on earth, if not in the grave. To doubt this, would be to doubt, that “*on the third day, he rose again from the dead.*” It must be then, with his Saviour’s spirit, that this interesting sufferer would be. Again, his own mutilated body—the legs broken—was on earth. Therefore it must be *his* spirit that would be with that of his forgiving Lord.

Instead of saying, how *fully* I agree with the author of the lectures, as to the eminently distinguished faith of him, to whom the promise was so mercifully made, I will here introduce some additional lines of that poem, entitled NIGHT, of which a portion was given in the notes to my first volume. From what I thus add, it will be seen—what were my sentiments upon this subject, more than *five years ago* : for in the year 1830, though not published, that poem, with some others, (a few copies of it,) was printed for the private use, and at the desire of partial friends.

* * * * *

Just† was the sinful thief, who died,
The dying Lord of life beside;
And so sublimely believed.

For, what—to gross and carnal eye—
Seem’d the meek form, suspended nigh?
Forlorn and helpless man;
Who nor his suffering self could save,
Nor from high heaven assistance have,
To stretch life’s closing span.

NOTE.

Printed in 1830, at foot of the above poem.

‘*Sublimely believed.*’ The faith of the thief does to me appear to have been sublime. He believed, in a moment, and

* Page 63.

Being, as said in a preceding stanza, “sinner justified.”

under circumstances, when to many, the truth, mission, and divinity of our Saviour, seemed disproved. Those, for example, who tauntingly observed, that he had "saved others;" but that "himself he could not save;" and who called upon him to "come down from the cross," that they might "believe." They perceived not—that it was by *not* doing so,—by not saving himself, or being saved,—he proved his title to be believed in, as the redeeming Son of God. They knew not that his principal and heavenly (and infinitely merciful) errand, was to die. The faith of the thief produced its fruit. Luke, xxiii. 39 to 43, especially 43."

The death of man is considered to be, or to be accompanied by—a departure of soul from body. At the moment of this exit, the soul is invisible; and generally, or always, continues to be so, while in a separate state: for, if spirits ever appear after death, this is a special and rare exception to a seemingly general rule. But the invisibility of soul, at its escape from body, proves the less, because thus and equally unseen would be its departure, though it issued forth in that material substance, our last breath. For breath is usually quite invisible; though susceptible of a condensation which shall cause it to be seen; as we know by breathing, in the open air, upon a frosty day; or applying a mirror to the lips of one, of whom we doubt whether he has breathed his last. That to die is to cease to breathe, (whatever more, and in addition, it may be,) will scarcely be disputed. That death is a departure of the human soul from its corporeal associate, will also be admitted; and indeed is abundantly demonstrated, by Mat. xxvii. 50; Mark xv. 37; John xix. 30, and especially Luke xxiii. 46. For be it still remembered, that Christ was perfect man. The departure of breath, (if it may be called so,) and that of soul, must be exactly simultaneous. For, as long as man breathes, or as his soul and body remain united, he must live. Soul therefore must escape, *in*, or *along with*, breath. But the

soul is unseen ; and THEREFORE, some insinuate, is immaterial. Nay, the breath is unseen ; is it therefore not material ? The infirmity of the enthymeme consists in this ; that the suppressed proposition may be successfully denied. That suppressed proposition is,—that everything which is invisible, is immaterial. Does the above reasoning prove the soul to be material ? Far from it. It merely shows the weakness of some of the arguments offered in proof of its immateriality ; and in so far tends to prove, that whether it be or be not immaterial, is beyond our knowledge, or means of knowing. That invisible soul may escape, in—or blended with—equally invisible breath, is not rendered the less conceivable by this, that in Hebrew and in Greek, the same word which designates soul, also signifies breath ;* and as *thought* clothes itself in breath, when it issues forth in words, it is conceivable, (I do not say that it is true,) that *soul*, the thought-producer, may clothe itself in breath, when it issues forth, to enter on its separate state. I have adverted to Greek and Hebrew. I might resort to Latin and English, to *spiritus* and *spirit*, with a like view. Πνεῦμα identifies with שֶׁמֶחַ, and *spirit* is made to identify with Πνεῦμα, by the English version of that remarkable text of Scripture, “ God is a Spirit.”† I do not know whether it be foreign from my purpose, to observe, that the breath which we exhale, is a different substance from that which we had inhaled. The latter was a mere compound of atmospheric ingredients. This composite undergoes a chemical process, effected by our animal organs ; (and we get so far into the flame-department, that this process is a species of combustion ;) and we return, in the way of exchange, to the air, something different from that with which it had supplied us. Part of its oxygen we have extracted and appropriated ; and with it given new qualities,

* Genesis ii. 7. Luke xxiii. 46. John iv. 24 ; xix. 30. Luke ix. 55 xxiv. 37, 39.

† John iv. 24. Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός.

and a red colour, to our blood. Another portion of this oxygen we have combined with the carbon that is within us; and breathe it forth in carbonic acid, (or dissolved diamond,) to the surrounding air. Other changes we may make, which it would be far beyond the small extent of my chemical knowledge, to enumerate. But, in short, to the atmospheric basis, whatever that may be, we attach secondary qualities, different from those which belonged to it, when inhaled; and if the soul issued in our last breath, its clothing, or vehicle, would be an attenuated portion of that corporeal substance, to which itself had been united. But the dimensions of *Révenans*; their supposable resemblance to the bodily form within which in life they had been enclosed; & cet & cet; how do I explain this? I do not make any attempt at explanation; nor venture positively to affirm the posthumous appearance of departed spirits.

With reference to the fourth lecture, and say page 75, I would offer the few following remarks.—That death has some affinity or similarity to sleep, must be admitted. *Consanguineus lethi sopor*. But that there is also much dissimilitude, is no less true. The living sleep is widely different from the *dura quiete*, the *ferreo sonno*, which poetry describes.* In ordinary sleep, we breathe, and not only live, but sleep is indispensably necessary to the preservation and continuance of life. Accordingly, when our Saviour tells his disciples, that their sick “friend Lazarus sleepeth,” they mistake his meaning; and say, “Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well:” upon which, “said Jesus unto them, PLAINLY, Lazarus is dead.”†

On another portion of the subject of this note, I have put this question: whether a certain inquiry was “foreign from my purpose.” What was that purpose? I conclude by

* *Dura quiete preme, e ferreo sonno*.—*Tasso Ger. Lib. Canto III. St. 45*.

† John, xi. 11-14.—In the 35th verse of the same chapter, is recorded most interesting, and deeply pathetic fact.

repeating what I have already said : that it was, not to pronounce that the soul's essence is material ; or is not ; but merely to suggest, that there is more than ground for doubting, whether the means of knowing which it is, are—in this life—accessible to us.

B.

Of, I fear, a character far different from that of the pious work to which I have been referring, is one published *the other day*, and bearing the odd title of *Two Words on Lord Brougham's and Doctor Paley's Natural Theology*. Its author cites *Helvetius* as authority ; * inquires “ has the universe been created ? ” informs us that, “ nearly two thousand five hundred years ago, this question was propounded ; and that he *unhesitatingly affirms, that* ” to this moment, “ *it still remains undecided* ; and that not a single argument, on either side, has been deduced from the study of facts.” So that, spite of Genesis, and the Gospels, it still remains to be proved, that “ in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ! ” As for Paley's work, “ his arguments are nothing more than one continued sophism.” “ The very idea that we form to ourselves, of a *being*, supposes the possession of organs and senses.” Whether then does this writer believe in a corporeal, organised, and senses-possessing Deity ? or does he not believe in the existence of a God ? It would seem from the following exclamation, that the former is not his creed ; and that as little shall we find it in the Gospel of St. John. † “ A God,” (he exclaims,) “ with senses, organs, brains ! a *human God* ! a

* Ἐκὰς ἑκὰς ὅστις ἀλιτρεῖς.

Callimach.

Gressus removete, profani.

Claudian.

† John i. 1, and 14.—Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.—The Word was God ; and the Word was made flesh.

monstrous God!" Surely I misapprehend this writer, or he must mistake Lord Brougham. For while he seems to consider Lord Brougham's "notions," as rather too *Paley-ish* and Theistical, and in the same proportion "obstacles to improvement, and sources of error and superstition," he at the same time makes his Lordship a theme for his encomium; and almost appears to consider him as a labourer in the same vineyard with himself. Is this, that he misconceives Lord Brougham's intentions? Or that whatever be these *intentions*, he approves the *tendencies* of his Lordship's Discourse; and looks to its *effects* as a furtherance of his own cause? Or lastly, have I misunderstood, and unintentionally misrepresented, the author of the "Two Words?" If so, let me be corrected by his brochure. Let it answer for itself. It consists of but six and thirty pages. It will, therefore, not take much money to purchase, nor much time to read it.

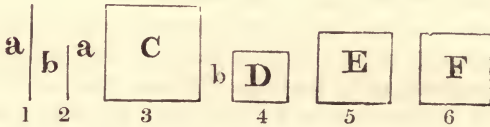
C.

Referring to pages 49, 50.

Confined in a cylinder, carbonic acid gas, in its invisible, aerial form, will raise a piston, with the expansive force of steam. By the application of a certain degree of cold, to the exterior surface of what contains it, this gas may be condensed to a colourless liquid; and the consequence of such condensation is, that the piston redescends. Again, the cold being removed, and the elastic acid having at once recovered its gaseous and expanded form, the piston is a second time forced up; and by a proper apparatus, this alternation is secured. If this principle could be brought into steadily active, and effectual operation, a vessel might perhaps be—not steam'd, but—*gas'd* to New South Wales, without having a fuel-freighted transport, or fleet of transports, in its wake. But these gaseous operatives are not easy to be dealt with. They are more or less unmanageable, and impatient of restraint. In this respect, they

resemble certain other essences, equally invisible, and—as some will have it—immaterial; and the resemblance is increased when these latter are condensed. I speak of spirits, which it is more practicable to inflame,* than to regulate or control.

D.



Referring to pages 33 and 34.

There is a mathematical proposition, which states as follows. *Similar rectilineal figures are to each other, in the duplicate, ratio of their homologous sides.*

It struck me, many years ago, that of *equal* rectilineal figures, this could not be true; and I ventured to state this, in the presence of some notable mathematicians; by whom my objection, or qualification, was overruled.

Having assumed the rectilineal figures to be squares, I asked myself, what am I to understand by duplicate ratio? Does it not mean this, for example?—that if the side (*a*) of the square C, be twice the length of the homologous side (*b*) of the square D, then square C will be four times the dimensions of square D.

And again, and consistently, does it not mean this? that if line (*a*) be four times the length of line (*b*) then square C will be eight times the size, or area of square D; and so on.

I found that such were, accordingly, the proportions, in those supposed cases; and I inferred, that I had not mistaken the meaning of “duplicate ratio.”

* Hydrogen is sufficiently inflammable; but there be invisible and active spirits, more inflammable than it.

I resorted to numbers, as a test ; and they seemed to bear me out. Thus 4 is the square of 2, and 16 is the square of 4 ; and four is *twice* two ; and sixteen *four times* four.

I proceeded to inquire of myself, whether a duplicate ratio be not, essentially, a ratio of *inequality* ; and whether such a proportion can subsist between figures which are *equal*. Now here, the squares are, *ex hypothesi*, each equal to the other.

A now right honourable friend of mine, and I, made a bet upon the subject ; for I could not get rid of the idea, that a duplicate ratio was one, incompatible with that of equality ; and therefore was one, which could not subsist between squares, (or other rectilineal figures,) between which, *ex concessis*, the ratio of equality obtained. But I lost my wager. The late Archbishop Magee, and the late Bishop Young, decided the point against me.

Though not “convinced,” either with, or “against my will,” I reluctantly continued of the same opinion still. As far as I can recollect, I considered equality as a sort of zero, in the scale of proportion ; and as not admitting the gross solidity of *plus* or *minus*, to intrude on its immaterial essence.

Be this as it may, though the episcopal arbitrators both concurred, yet they agreed to—I cannot call it the umpirage* of my cursitor friend ; who at once determined the question in my favour. I had also, in some time after, unless my memory is deceiving me, a bishop on my side ; my kind, departed friend, Bishop Elrington. His mathematical reputation, I also believe to have been high. Certain I am, that the quickness of his perception, the accuracy of his discernment, the correctness of his judgment, the logical strength of his reasoning, and limpid perspicuity of his style, made him one of a class, to which I will give the name of *Comme-il y' en a-peu*. He is gone :

* For I believe the umpirage of a third, implies a preceding difference between the other two. *Au reste*, my “nonsense sermon” friend had the reputation of being a mathematician of the very highest class.

but at an age when it may be time to go: an age far beyond that which I can expect, or ought to desire to reach. The first literary honour I ever received, was, I am proud to recollect, bestowed by him.

Leaving this *dignum laude virum*, and falling to a more trifling subject;—reader, it is well for you, that I have lost or mislaid the argument, which I addressed to the *quasi* umpire, as my case. It would have been sure to form an item in this appendix. As it is, I shall only say, that if you knew how well I still think of it, you would certainly laugh at me; and would not be unlikely to pronounce me a very coxcomb. Whether I be or not, is a question which I modestly decline submitting to arbitration.

In the above diagram, C and D are squares; of which (a) and (b) are homologous sides; (a) being twice the length of (b), and C four times the size of D.—As for E and F, they are equal squares, with equal homologous sides. Yet if the arbitrators were right, and the umpire and I be wrong, an I know not what duplicate ratio subsists between them. Is not this a match for the *materiality* and *immateriality* question? I have a notion that I demonstrated, that if the doctrine which I opposed, was admitted, it would follow, that each of the equal squares was, to itself, in the duplicate ratio of itself to itself; and that *ludere par impar* was a less childish occupation, than that of attempting to prove that two figures could at once be equal and unequal. But I have forgotten the process of this demonstration. On this memorable occasion it was, that I discovered, that in the wide world there was but a single four. See former Dialogue, page 44; and in the meantime swallow the bull of *quaternal singularity*, as you best can.

E.

Referring to the whole of Dialogue the First.

The author of this volume cannot but feel gratified in an

extremely high degree, by the favourable though hasty notice, with which its predecessor has been honoured, in the University Magazine ; a work, whose general and acknowledged merit stamps a value on its criticisms, that cannot be disputed. He has also been favoured with the sight of an additional printed work of Mr. Wallace, containing a very kind encomium on his comparatively trifling pages : an encomium, of which it would be very strange if he was not proud. That work he considered as a published one ; but has since been informed, that it has not yet seen the light. He sincerely hopes it may see it, (if light be visible,*) for the sake of the question which it treats, and of the public which it would serve : nor can he avoid wishing, that to that public there should be conveyed a compliment, so highly honorable to himself. His acknowledgments are not terminated. Two respectable Dublin papers, the *Packet* and the *Register*, have treated his first small volume, not only with perfect candour, but with extremely kind and encouraging indulgence ; a kindness, which is by them liberally extended to its *supposed* author ; and for which, be he who he may, that author must feel thankful ; or be saucily ungrateful. This, he hopes, he never will be found to be ; nor expose himself to the charge of an arrogance which would ill become him. With the exception of their initials, he supposes he must henceforth drop all the letters of his names. Poor *Warner* seems to be considered as a *nom de guerre* : a (not *magni*) *nominis*, mere *umbra*. As for the judicial W. C. S. by whom *Search's* authorship is, in public opinion, superseded ; (and with whom he fears he could not, without presumption, claim to be acquainted ;) that judge need not reject the reputation of a *Warner* ; will never, I trust, be ashamed of the character of a *Christian* ; and as for a diligent and conscientious *Search*, such aid is not unusually required, by and from the bench ; and

* See Lord Brougham's Discourse.

ought, where the question is important and recondite, minutely and cautiously to precede every determination. Addressing myself to one of my candid critics, I will add, that while with the writings of Plato I am as familiar, as paramount avocations, the occasional subtilty and mysteriousness—or mystification—of his doctrines, and my imperfect knowledge of his language will permit; of Butler's Analogy, from which I am supposed to have borrowed largely, I have never read a sentence in my life; though it should seem,* that some fortuitous coincidence may be traced, between that distinguished author's doctrines and my own. Of the "intimations given in the work," that its W. C. S. author is a Sir W. C. S. I am not aware. The author having, in page 123, named himself *Warner Christian Search*, in a few sentences after, spares his printers and his readers the trouble of going a second time through all the letters of these names, and considerably substitutes their initials, W. C. S. Again, in saying, that "to do justice, is in some degree his trade;"† does he at most imply more, than that he is a magistrate? Does he impliedly proclaim himself a judge? As to "soreness about political matters," he is not conscious of having felt, nor therefore of having manifested, any. His critic (and the criticism is an eminently kind one) describes his work as "light and playful." Mr. Wallace and the University Magazine give a similar description of it; and I would ask whether such a style resembles soreness? Can a "galled jade" at the same time "wince," and be thus playful? Be all this, however, as it may, to the Packet, and the Register, and their kind critique, the Metaphysic Rambles, and their author, and Sir William Smith, all seem to me to have every reason to feel obliged. Since the above note was written, I

* From the very obliging article in the Register.

† Cited in the Register, as an intimation . . . ho the author is.

have incurred another debt of gratitude to another respectable creditor, viz. the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*; for a very handsome and gratifying notice of my first Metaphysic Ramble. His kind praise he may have founded on a mistaken estimate of my little work; but this is not an error, to which it can be expected that I should call the attention of my readers. To his criticism I have but two *errata* to attach. In the first place, I described a metaphysical inquiry, as scarcely "a walk by moonlight;" observing that it more nearly resembles "a ramble in the dark;" and I almost dissuaded from following my example, by joining in so hazardous a stroll. Secondly, I agree with the critic, that the assigning, in common phraseology, the attributes of matter to the mind, is no more than a sort of figurative mode of expression. I merely meant (page 52) to argue or suggest, that the very necessity which we are under, of expressing ourselves thus figuratively, tends to show that our ideas are only conversant about that kind of matter which, or some of its qualities, our senses place within our observation. That there may, nay, that there must be,* other kinds of matter, not perceptible;† that there may be immateriality, (which of course is imperceptible,) I am not denying. But though we may believe in—to us—inconceivable modes of existence, (and in one stupendous instance, must do so) we cannot penetrate or entertain a conception of their essence; i. e. we can have no *idea* of them. If we had *ideas*, we could find *words* to express them. *Verba haud invita sequuntur*. But we are obliged to borrow our expressions from the perceptibly material

* Indeed, that there are.

† These are conceivable. See this, and former dialogue *passim*. See, for example, in this dialogue, the text of pages 49 and 50, and the note at foot of page 49.

If immateriality exist, (and there may be a mode of existence, for which, from want of an idea of its true nature, we can find no better name,) assuming, I say, that immateriality exists, can we be said to understand it,—when if we read it at all, we are forced to do so, in what may be called a *material translation*? See Dialogue the First, pp. 51, 52.

world. Perceptible matter seems to be the "glass," through which "we darkly see."

Acknowledgments do not necessarily, nor therefore always, imply thanks; and I learn from the *Packet*, that such are the acknowledgments due from me to the *Waterford Mail*. From the *Packet* it would appear as if the attack was on Baron Smith. What is this to me? Might I not add, what is this to him? The *book*, not the *author*, is that, with which a critic should feel that he has to deal.* If on the word of the *Waterford Mail*, any one condemn *Metaphysic Rambles*, without reading them, his judgment is not worth caring about. If he read, then the little work will either refute the censures of the *Waterford Mail*, or will prove them just. And in the latter case, Mr. Search will have only to submit.

Since writing the above, I have seen the *Waterford* animadversions; and guess their author; and thereby & cet.—"Poor Warner Search" would, as I suspect, have met a milder fate, if he had not been *initiated* as he is. For the rest, in the frivolous introduction to my dedication, the animadverter has—I cannot say detected, for I had myself already discovered the mean delinquent, but noticed—a miserable pun, or abortion of a pun; for which I ask pardon of the critic and the comet; and confess that if this be, as perhaps it may be, "a sample of my wit," this wit is not even of the *tiers état* condition. There are some, however, of the *Waterford* criticisms, in which I do not acquiesce. How, by noticing them as "deservedly exalted,"

* Pope says,

in *books*, not *authors*, curious is my Lord.

There be others, however, who point their curiosity, rather to the *author*, than to the *work*; and who, provided the treatise is supposed to have issued from a favoured quarter, will not only tolerate a linen cover, but be ready to "hang a calf's-skin on its recreant limbs."—Ay, or even the miscreant members of such a tract. Is not miscreancy unbelief?

I have disparaged the Provost, the Chief Baron, or Baron Foster, as men of science or of literature, I find it difficult to understand ;* and how, from the following passage, an attack upon Lord Plunket can be extracted,—may perhaps be explained by others ; but is inexplicable by me.—“ To get into irony, one need not step out of demonstration. Any who recollect Lord Plunket at the bar, will remember how he advanced the one, while he played and trifled with the other. All his jest was argument ; and no portion of his eloquence was declamation. He showed that reasoning and pleasantry *conjurant amicé*.” If the above be attack, the Waterford critique is panegyric. And to what but my initials, can this compliment be paid ? For from my pages, who could discover either my politics, or my religion ? Who could say that I am Protestant, Catholic, Whig, Radical, or Tory ?

Who could say but that I may be a sort of Erasmus,

In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory ?

Moderation ! One may practise it ; but where shall he find it ? “ Simpleton !” writes Gray to Mason, “ you must be meek : and see what you get by it.” For ‘ meek,’ read ‘ moderate.’ “ The gird at the British Association,” too,—where is that to be found ? As for Baron Smith, we have always understood him to deny that he “ has changed his opinions ;” or done more than stop, when he found some others going too far. He declares that he but cried, or rather whispered, “ *halt !*” to those, who seemed to be inadvertently stepping beyond the limits of law and constitution. That he said no more, and this but in the supposed exercise of his duty, than was said by the Roman

* The utmost length that one could go, towards imputing even egotism to this playful notice, would be to translate it, *sono pittore anch' io*: which a sign-painter might say to Raphael.

Centurion to his band. *Signifer, statue signum : hic manebimus optime.**

But, for argument, suppose this learned judge to have altered his opinions. It is suggested that he has done so, from some feeling (which would be a very strange and unaccountable one) of jealousy towards the Lord Chief Baron. Now the opinions of these two public men, we have long understood to coincide. And are we to suppose, that from mere spite towards his Lordship, Baron Smith has dismissed his previous opinions, and substituted those of the Chief Baron for them? A most unusual, indeed incredible, effect this would be, of jealousy and spite. Oh ! oh !

Since writing the above, I learn from the newspapers, that Mr. Wallace's 'Additional Observations' *have* seen the light ; and well calculated are they, to communicate what they thus see. It is natural that I should be gratified, and I think it is a better and more respectable feeling than vanity, that *is* gratified, by authoritative demonstration, that this able man thinks of my last volume, (I wish he may think the same of this,) that instead of being that "comical" performance, which its Waterford critic (I beg pardon, criticism) has pronounced it ; instead of being *no more* than "playfully attractive ;" its thoughts are neither superficial, shallow, nor unphilosophic. Let the reader translate this testimonial, into the more encomiastic language, which it might be arrogant for me to repeat ; but which it was only eminently kind, and over partial for him to use. If, in fact, I *have* been any where profound, it is only because I dived after him, to those depths to which he had led the way. If it be alleged that he is a prejudiced judge, deciding in favour of a respectful imitator, I do not disclaim the having

* *Livy*. These mere ordinary words of command were interpreted typically by the Roman people ; and the omen accepted and acted on. So the historian states.

followed in the wake of the inquiry, so ably conducted, in his first publication.

Whether I be right or wrong, in considering it warrantable to call in aid the Scriptures, in a discussion such as that, in which Mr. Wallace has so ably and usefully engaged, I am glad he has, by declining to do so, silenced—or rather precluded—cavil; by rendering it impossible to deny that he has *met Lord Brougham on his own ground*. Perhaps this may have been amongst his motives.

F.

SYNOPSIS OF ARGUMENTS AND POSITIONS, IN DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Sparsa coegi.

Page

A metaphysical discussion, of such subjects as the immateriality of soul, may turn out to be a groping and dangerous ramble in the dark. Immaterial is a term of denial; merely signifying not material. While of matter it negatives the existence, it does not convey to the understanding, any other distinct essence. Indeed of none other can our intellect form an idea. Such expressions as immateriality, attempt to blend positive with negative. In the deceptive use of them, NOT TO BE puts on a mask, which personates TO BE. We cannot tell whether the mind be, or be not material; for this amongst other reasons, that we cannot tell what matter is; or where the limits of material existence are to be found. Of particular substances, we can assert that they are matter: but of no multitude of substances can we pronounce, that they *alone*, to the exclusion of other, unknown substances,

	Page
of Reason to examine the evidences of the authenticity of that, which is presented to it as revelation. But when this authenticity is fully proved, it equally becomes the province, and is the dictate of Reason, sound and unperturbed, to believe; and not the less to believe, because in many instances it cannot understand. The very use and necessity for revelation arises from this; that it is conversant about matters which reason could not reach; and consequently, which human intellect cannot comprehend. But we <i>can</i> understand and ascertain, that of revelation, Divine Truth is the source; and therefore, that what is revealed, is entitled to implicit belief: that it is not more incomprehensible, than it is true. It is one thing for matters to conflict with reason; another—and a quite different thing, for them merely to lie beyond it. It is a mistake to suppose that we are taught by our experience, that all matter is destructible, by its very nature. The very property of infinite divisibility is at variance with such a doctrine. It is also a mistake to suppose that any substance, material or immaterial, continues to exist, by the mere virtue of its own essential nature; or that the will of God is not the fulcrum on which all existence is supported, and by which alone, it must ever be upheld.	18.
	18, 19.
	19.
	20.
	21, 24.
The inherent qualities of a substance, so far as we can detect them, may furnish room for rational conjecture, that it was intended by its Maker, for short, protracted, or eternal duration; but they can prove no more. The powers, qualities, and operations of the mind, we know;	21, 22, 23.
	23.

but these are not itself; and itself we do not know. There may be many substances, different from those which our senses enable us to perceive; and one of these unknown and imperceptible substances—mind may be. If by calling these immaterial, it be merely meant, that they form no part of what is subject to our senses, and usually denominated matter,—this is quite intelligible: but it is impracticable to invest *immaterial* with more than a mere negative signification. Not being sensibly material, such substances lie beyond the horizon of our faculties of recognition; and must be unknown. Mind is dominant. The organized body which it informs, and the exterior matter, which the visible and tangible world supplies, seem instruments for its use. But with that body it seems, in this life, *only not* compounded, blended, and (save by death) indissolubly intermixed.—Through body must issue every manifestation of mind.

30.

30.

56.

It cannot choose what inlet of perception it will use. It cannot see with its nostrils, or imbibe fragrance with its eyes. Even in intercourse with its God, its devotion is usually wafted on the wings of material words; its penitence flows in tears; or issues in the breathed and material sighings of a contrite heart. God has not Himself disdained to be called a spirit. *Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός*. We must either reject revelation, or be so far materialists, as to believe in the resurrection, and eternal life of a material body; and it would seem as if the material body of the first man had, previously to his fall, and until

31, 32.

“Disobedience brought death into the world,”
 been immortal. If material body may live for
 ever, why may not material mind? It cannot
 be the mind that gives the body life; for the
 mind is immortal; yet on earth the body dies. 33, 34, 46, 55.

What Socrates, through Plato, denominated
 immaterial, appears from the *Phædo*, to be but
 matter refined and subtilized. The Divine sub- 35.
 stance is not only ineffable, but inconceivable.
 Where even the attributes are incomprehensible,
 who can comprehend their source? We have
 his own Divine authority for saying that He is
 existence. He is that He is.

Past, future, present, blend for Him alone :
 He is th' eternal HATH BEEN, still TO COME.

But His substance none but Himself can 37, 8, 9.
 ever know. The soul has a separate existence 40, 41, 42, 43.
 after death. Memory seems, in its phenomena,
 the most corporeal of the mental faculties; and
 accordingly is the one which is first impaired by
 age. We sometimes experience an extraordi- 48.
 nary pseudo-sensation, which is perhaps con-
 nected with this faculty, in some way. 49.

Mental substance is a *sui generis* and peculiar
 one; widely and strikingly different from the inert
 matter with which we are surrounded; and even
 from the more active matter which forms a portion
 of ourselves. The seat of personal identity is
 mind; or at least it is seated in that compound
 existence, which consists of living body, informed
 by mind. Our very phraseology shows that 51
 perceptible matter is the medium through which
 ideas are transmitted to us; and from us to

others ; and that of immateriality we can have no notion. Language is the almost miraculous material clothing of our thoughts.

Page

52, 53.

There is a mysterious confusion between visible and invisible : thus we may be said never to have seen, though he or she be daily in our presence, the friend who is the object of our tenderest affections. The expressions *my* head, *my* hand, *my* voice, &c. show that all these are not *me* but *mine*. Man was created in the image of God ; and the likeness, though at an immeasurable distance, can be traced. The soul is not a harmony ; for it is not a result of that corporeal organization, which, on the contrary, is subservient and ministerial to it. Chemical science and its discoveries have ennobled matter. The gross material world, chemistry may be said to have subtilely spiritualized. Flame and light however, in a great degree elude its analyzing power ; especially if the prismatic colours be no decomposition of the latter. The nature and properties of flame are marvellous. If it be caloric and light, the mysterious wonders of the latter have been considered ; and the former seems an inseparable attendant on the vital principle.

53, 54, 55.

56.

57.

60, 61, 62.

Flame seems a something *sui generis*. It appears to discard that weight, with which other bodies are encumbered. While they gravitate, condense, and cling, it dilates, expands, and soars. It seems as if its centre of attraction lay in a direction opposite to that, to which matter generally tends ; and while other substances press to earth, it, on the contrary, aspires to

heaven. Reft of its caloric, the living and warbling stream is a living stream no more. It has died the watery death; and become motionless, chill and stiffened ice. Compare the animated human body with the corpse. The former was elastic, light, and warm; the latter is as heavy as it is cold. Respiration is combustion; and when the animal has breathed, or burned, his last, “sarisce poi, come ad un soffio il lume.” Mark the spiritual speed of flame; which we may consider as a modification of light. Its rapidity resembles that of thought. Is the nervous fluid an electric one? From Hebrews, i. 7, spirit does not seem essentially different from flame; which may be a modification of aerial substance. Angels are spirits; and God’s ministers a flame of fire. Accordingly Seraphim are Ardours; the raiment of the angels who stood by Mary, at the sepulchre was shining; the countenance of him who rolled back the stone was like lightning; the Lord himself had appeared to Moses in a flame of unconsuming fire; and when he brought his people out of Egypt, went before them in a pillar of *flame*. As Zoophytes connect the vegetable with the animal creation, may the pure and subtile quintessence of flame form the link between the grosser material and what we call immaterial worlds?

62 to 68.

It would be impious to deny the power of God, to confer on matter the faculty of thought, and rouse into intellectual activity, its inertness. If from nothing his fiat produced earth; if its dust at the divine bidding elevated itself to

man; why might not matter, so vivified, exalt itself to mind? Is it more conceivable that immateriality, than that materiality should think? Is it more wonderful that matter should become mind, than that Godhead should become man? 46, 71.

That matter may sublimate into something very mysterious, and very sacred, nay that it may even be immortal, must be collected to have been the opinion of Milton, from what he has written upon light. Meteoric stones may be thus far 69,

connected with lightning, that *possibly* they are a condensation, into perceptible solidity, of matters which had been expanded, scattered, and so dissolved, as to be invisible; but which fall together, when abandoned by the caloric that had held them in a sort of solution, and which deserts them, by being itself perhaps inspissated into a vast electric flash. Until 1802, the notion 73.

of the fall of meteoric stones was stigmatized as a vulgar error. We have now reason to believe, not only that the *lapidibus pluvisse*, one of Livy's standing prodigies, was a truth; but that the materials of the Palladium, Diana of Ephesus, and the Idæa Mater, may have really fallen from the sky, and been meteoric stones. Milton evidently refers mind to the spiritual class; while he treats light as a mysterious, "holy," though material substance; intermedial, and almost common to corporeal and spiritual nature. 75.

The instances are numerous and uniform, in which a dazzling splendour has connectedly accompanied a divine manifestation; insomuch that it appears as if, while the Deity shows us all other existence *by*, he reveals himself to us

in light. The transfiguration comes within the scope of these remarks ; and the typical eclipse and darkness, which, upon the death of the Redeemer, overshadowed the deserted world., 76 to 85.

The properties of light are quite astonishing ; and seem to coincide more with our notions of the power and qualities of spirit, than of those of body. The Jews, by their authentication of the prophecies, are the most cogent witnesses, in support of Christian revelation. Had they believed, there might be contrivance. But they deny, while they demonstrate, that the Son of Mary was the Messiah. They prove our religion, as they slew its founder ; because “ they know not what they do.” 82.

Paganism, in its mythological department, is little more than a wild and extravagant corruption of sacred truths. Accordingly it is not wonderful, that a notion seems to have prevailed amongst the heathens, that the Gods inhabited palaces of flame ; and that the presence of a Deity was denoted by a blaze of light. Of 89.

the prevalence of this notion, the proofs and instances are very numerous ; and even the mode of sacrifice throughout the world, sacred and profane, implied, that worshippers offered a victim to the Deity, by consuming it in the flames. 86.

Writers, Christian, though not inspired, agree in seeming to give a sacred and celestial character to light ; Gray, Spenser, Burnet, for example ; and eminently Milton, who has been already quoted ; and who calls angels “ sons ” and “ progeny of light.” His beautiful and pathetic invocation, in the third book of *Paradise Lost*, where he calls on 91.

90 to 96.

celestial light to irradiate his mind, is also of the same tendency, with regard to the character of light. Exodus, Daniel, Revelations, St. Matthew, St. Peter, and St. Paul, all furnish matter, seemingly justificatory of those, who consider light and flame as in some degree, "heavenly things." Inferior animals appear endowed with mentality and reason, differing chiefly in degree, from that possessed by man. Instances of this may be given in dogs, horses, and birds of the parrot kind. Do not these animals think? Have they not mind? Is their mind material, or immaterial? We cannot tell. But if material, then cannot matter think? And if immaterial, must not the minds of these animals be immortal? or must not the assertion be retracted, that immateriality is a cause, of which immortality is a necessary effect? Addison holds it absurd to pronounce the appearance of spirits to be groundless and fabulous tradition. To *appear*, they must *be visible*; for though there may be *invisible materiality*, yet *visible immateriality* is not to be conceived. Our Saviour in fact admitted, that though it could not be handled, a spirit might be seen.* If the verity of Revelation had not assured us that *our* spirits will survive, the same arguments (or some of them at least) which dissuaded us from believing that the sword which reached the human heart, would also slay the human mind, must, though in a less forcible degree, arrest our belief, that the humble mind—but

97 to 100.

101 to 104.

105.

106 to 112.

119 to 122.

113.

113, 114.

* The subject is resumed in page 47 to 52 of this second dialogue; and in Appendix A.

still the mind—of the thinking dog or horse, was doomed utterly to perish; and this even before their bodies were quite dissolved, and no longer seen. Man's intellectual superiority over his fellow animals is manifest, and vast. Speech with which he has been endowed,—language, which he has invented, or been miraculously taught,—these alone suffice to proclaim his great mental superiority. But it is his religious faculty, his connexion (let us humbly claim it) with his Maker,—his having that Creator's Son for his fellow-creature and Redeemer,—these are what place him at so immeasurable a distance from the beasts of the field. These are what place him "on the isthmus of a middle state." Into the nostrils of none but Man, did God breathe *emphatically* the breath of life: of no created being, except Man, is it recorded, that it became a living soul.

115, 116.

of 116, 117, 118,

and also,

52, 53.

G.

Referring to pages 65 and 66.

About twenty years ago, the W. C. S. who is by some confounded with Warner Christian Search, wrote three or four tracts, on interesting and unsettled legal questions. In this country they were approved; spoken highly of by Lord Manners, by some of the judges, and many of the profession. One of them, being "an inquiry as to the competency of witnesses, *with reference to their religious opinions*,"* attracted high compliments from the late Archbishop of Dublin. Their reception in England is, at this distance of time, less known. On the one hand, they were referred to, and extracted from, with strong encomium, by that distin-

* This is the chief bond of connexion between those tracts and the present dialogue.

guished paper, *The Standard*. On the other hand, they were roughly, and—as the Archbishop thought—impertinently handled, by one of the Reviews. This produced from the author, six letters of apology or defence, addressed to his friend, the late *Thomas Bayley Howell, Esq.**, and the whole, tracts and letters were published in a single volume, by Cadell and Davies, London. The tracts were as serious as their subjects; but some of the letters were written in a lively style; and from one of these the following extract is given; which will be found to involve the performance of a promise, contained in pages 65 and 66 of the foregoing dialogue, and relating to the words “collection of old women’s tales.”

EXTRACT.

“My dear Howell,

* * * * * The object of a law treatise must often be to evoke a particle of the legal *vous*, from those multitudinous volumes, which, while they contain, may at the same time hide it :† to disengage and extricate it from those bulky and enveloping reports, which might too frequently be well described, as

huge masses of matter, whose lumber confined
a single, half-smother’d, dim sparkle of mind.‡

But if there be not enough of *vous*, there is quite enough of

* Editor of the State Trials.

† *Multitudo librorum onerat; non instruit: et satius est paucis auctoribus te tradere, quam errare per multos.*—COKE ON SENECA; Reports, part 2d.

‡ The above lines are (with a slight alteration)^a quoted from a charming poem,^b on in some degree a legal subject; and written by a

^a The original, with “*most excellent fancy*,” describes the Titans, as being

huge masses of matter, where Heaven had confined
a single, half-smother’d, dim sparkle of mind.

^b Published in Edkins’s collection.

minuteness, in some of our reports. Of this, the following, though taken from a newspaper,* may almost serve for an example; being no very exaggerated specimen of what may be sometimes discovered in the Books.

THE KING v. MARY AND WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. Justice ***. (to the Counsel) Pray, Mr. —, do you never indict on these cases?

Counsel. No, my lord, I do not.

Mr. Justice *** SHOOK HIS HEAD.

lawyer;^a whose professional erudition (and this is very considerable) is fully equalled by his literary accomplishments; the elegance of his classical attainments; his fancy, taste, and wit; and many of whose poetical compositions are as excellent in *their* kind, as his admirable index (*raisonné*) to the statutes is in *its* way. But this union of wit and wisdom is now forbidden, or unknown; and their total want of the former—is the only proof which many vouchsafe to give, of their being in possession of the last.

Forensic Dulness! soft Lethæan power!
Prostrate with filial reverence, I adore.

* * *

If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch, forbid it to aspire;
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Gray : the first line somewhat altered.

* The *Courier* of the 16th of November. Of course my observations apply, not to anything which may have occurred in Court,—but merely to the newspaper report. This may be, unintentionally, a misrepresentation of what passed. Again, supposing it accurate, it states nothing incorrect, on the part either of advocate or judge. Indeed it records what is eminently the reverse; to wit, the expression of a constitutional sentiment by both. What I reprehend, is the statement of extreme *minutiae* : the reporting not merely the *dicta*, but the very *gestures* of the Bench. Nevertheless, I have so far deviated from the newspaper publication, as to omit the names which it has given: a suppression arising from my disinclination to bring respectable persons into the neighbourhood, even of that derision, in which I flatter myself they would join me; and of which they are not in the faintest degree, the object.

^a William Ball, Esq. M. R. I. A.

Counsel. I did not introduce the practice,* my lord.

*Mr. Justice ***.* No; I know you did not: but I think it would be a good practice to introduce.

Counsel. I think it would, my lord.

That this shaking formed part of the *res gesta*, may be allowed. But a *dictum* it could not (even in Ireland) be called; and I should doubt whether it was not of less (it could not well be of more) authority than one. But the grand point is, to interpret this dumb show. Head-shakings (as contradistinguished from nods,†) and I beg my reader to *note the difference*, may in general be safely construed to intimate dissent. But the nature, the degree, the *grounds* of this dissent, it might require more than the talents of Lord Burleigh,‡ to convey. The province of reporting, too, might be transferred to the pencil from the pen; and decisions, instead of being *demissa per aures*, be *oculis subjecta fidelibus*, in many cases. I believe Hogarth's BENCH is, at present, the only number of these reports; in which, too, one of their lordships is found *nodding*.§

If this change were to take place, still my hankering after *principle* would continue; and I should require to be furnished with a set of outlines of *quassatorial* curves; (which probably would, none of them, form the line of beauty;) in order to

* It does not distinctly appear, what practice the counsel here adverts to: whether the shaking of heads; preferring of indictments; or filing ex-officio informations; as had been done in the case of William and Mary Jones.

† Which latter we know, from Homer and Virgil, to have of old been solemnly determinative in THE COURTS ABOVE.

‘H, καὶ κυανίνῃσιν ἑπ’ ὀφρῦσιν ΝΕΤΣΕ Κρονίων.

ANNUIT; *et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

‡ In a (to me) more agreeable CRITIC, than my Reviewer.

§ Not as Homer represents Jupiter as nodding; but as Horace represents the *Trojani belli scriptorem* as himself nodding. DORMITAT *Homerus*.

translate these hieroglyphicks with correctness ; and ascertain, when the foundations of the advocate's doctrine were *shaken* by the bench ; and when the judges merely *trembled* at the extent to which it was urged ; or at the erroneous line of its direction. Again,

RENUS *quod tu, jubet alter* ;—OR,
While one judge SHAKES, behold, another NODS ;

Or if he does not nod, yet shakes his head *diverso intuitu* ; and in *alia omnia*.* The science, therefore, should be reduced to principles ; and furnished with a *sanscrit*, before we could venture to lay such stress on these *capital cases*, as to cite them : and even then, I would still protest against the authority of all *Nisi Prius* shakes. Let me add, that considering the (according to my reviewer) “to be lamented time of life, at which judges ascend the bench,”† some of them may labour under complaints of the paralytic kind. In which case, how are we to distinguish the determinative, from the merely

* According to the senatorial idiom of ancient Rome. See CICERO, *Ep. ad Fam. lib. 1, Ep. 2*, and *passim*. *Pedibus in sententiam ire* was the usage of those days ; and I doubt whether the substitution of *capite* be an improvement. *Capite in sententiam ire* seems but a topsy-turvy and antipodial sort of proceeding.

† Page 433. Number 12.—Some passages, in this page of the review, remind me of a circumstance, which occurred soon after my coming upon the bench ; and which you and I have laughed over, more than once. Happening, on circuit, to dine with the bishop of the diocese in which we were, a considerable intimacy arose, between a fine little grand-daughter of his lordship, (who made her appearance at the dessert,) and me. She sat beside me ; asked me a number of questions ; told me a variety of childish anecdotes ; and at length, (during a pause which had taken place in our very animated conversation,) after gazing alternately at her grandmamma and me, she turned to her mother ; and rather suddenly exclaimed,—“ *Mamma, I don't think B—— S—— is a VERY old woman.* ”—She had interpreted too literally, what she heard of judges : but (unlike my reviewers) seemed to think the better of me, for not being far gone in that *anility*, which (in common with her nurse or maid, and them,) she ascribed to the members of my order.—The child was right. At five and thirty, even a judge “*is not a VERY old woman.*”

morbid and extrajudicial quassation? the shake, which is a part of the decision, from that which is only a symptom of the disease? Let judgment by *nil dicit* (I make no objection) become a quite different matter from what it is: let the passing of a case *sub silentio*, cease to prove that there was not a strong difference of opinion. But, *annuente* A; *abnuente* B; *caput in hanc proximam sententiam quatiante* C; *cui vel assentiente, vel tremore paralytico agitato* D;—what is the reporter to note down *as the rule*?

It may be a pity to throw these difficulties in the way of a legal improvement, which might lead to such reports, (accompanied, each, by an appropriate engraving,) as here follows.

“*Mr. Sergeant Blackacre* contended, that, upon the face of it, this instrument was void; and cited the case of *Blot* on the demise of *Rasure*, against *Deedpoll*. But *semble* it was not in point; for the *Lord Chief Justice Fullbottom* shook his head: *Mr. Justice Withernam* leaned his left cheek on his hand; *Judge Merepoint*, closed his book; while *Mr. Justice Coifley*, lifting up his eyebrows, and laying down his pen, appeared to the reporter to take a pinch of snuff; though whether *Lundy Foot* or *Prince’s Mixture*, he cannot venture with confidence to pronounce; nor do any of the manuscripts, which he has been favoured with a sight of, ascertain. It may however be proper to observe, that one of these MSS. states the Chief Justice to have laughed; which convulsion (if this makes any difference,) might have occasioned the head-shake that I have reported. Another note, of a very accurate gentleman, represents his lordship to have coughed; and (with a *semble*,) sneezed: and it is certain, that about this time he had a cold; and, that every day, used his handkerchief, just after taking the bench.

The subject is a ludicrous one; and I have given it an appropriate treatment.* But though

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?*

and though again,

*Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;*

yet I will have done with my intended irony; inasmuch as the gravity of judges is proverbial; and consequently laughter cannot be the mode, in which they should *oftenest* shake their heads.

Meantime, what is allowable in a theological tract, may be occasionally tolerated in a legal one;† and SELDEN, advising writers of the former class,‡ (under circumstances not dissimilar from those which I am placed in,) conveys his counsel in the following familiar way. “Do as if you were going over a bridge: be sure you hold fast by the rail; and then you may dance here and there, as you please. Be sure you keep to what is settled; and then you may flourish;” etc. etc.¶

I have endeavoured to follow the directions of this learned man; and the steady rail, or less steady rail-lery, by which I hold, is—that a throng of trumpery and unprincipled § cases,

* *Cum causâ dicimus: non ut ridiculi videamur: sed ut proficiamus aliquid.*—CICERO.

† And, *â fortiori*, in familiar letters, such as these to Mr. Howell.

‡ i. e. of the theologian class.

¶ Doctor Aikin's Life of Selden, p. 170.—*Diî boni! quam ridiculum a consulem habemus!* said *Cato*, while *Cicero*, in his oration for *Murena*, was treating some ludicrous subjects with appropriate derision.—See too, Note K, at end of the volume of those tracts.

§ I mean—not resting, or at least not insisting, upon *principle*. One may “keep to what is settled,” without a superstitious devotion to printed cases. When, after looking at old authorities, which generally conduct you to solid principle, and enlighten you, though sometimes quaintly, on the way, I contrast them with blind modern cases, (to be found,) which, instead of leading to,—withdraw the reader from all principle, *nescio quo pacto, antiquus fit*

* I believe this word may be translated *pleasant*; *facetious*.

(which it was the object of my flourishes to spurn,) is amongst the juridical evils of our day:—that he who hatches these, does the mischief: not he who laughs at them, as I do;—and in short, that in the instance of a report, as of a wife, there is nothing
 ἰσθλῆς ἀμεινον, οὐδὲ ἐγγιον κατῆς. With which Greek quotation I release you for the present; subscribing myself yours faithfully.”

W. C. S.

H.

Referring to pages, in this dialogue, from 55 to 67.

Lord Brougham appears to consider Body, as at once the prison and gaoler of the Soul; and to hold, that while the former sleeps, the latter is performing its high intellectual tasks, freed—for a season—from gross material interruption and coercion: that in this, consists what we call dreaming; and that hence arise the phenomena of dreams. In short, that while matter slumbers, “wisdom wakes;”* and diligently manufactures (or mente-factures) the visions of the night.

animus: et quædam religio tenet.^a But though I be thus disposed to venerate even the ruins of an old and massive determination, yet I am not for extending this respect to a weak and flimsily constructed hovel of our day, merely because a part of its ill-assorted materials may chance to be the purloined, disfigured, and clumsily misplaced fragments of some respectable ancient case, pulled asunder, and thus abused. In short, an unenlightened and (if I may again so use the word) *unprincipled* invocation of mere cases—*will, instead of producing, destroy the uniformity of the law. One decision, while it seeks servilely to follow, will insensibly steal beyond another;^b unless a standard principle be resorted to, for the purpose of preventing this excess.* The philosophic lawyer, (such a monster sometimes is, and ought often to be found,) from a short alphabet of principles, forms all his combinations; while the case-hunter’s miscalled elements, are a bewildering throng, like the four hundred thousand characters of the Chinese; which take a life to learn; and, when they have been acquired, are still not knowledge. And from what, in both cases, does the difficulty of attainment spring? Not from the completeness, but imperfection of the system.

* Milton.

^a *Livy.* Trumpery cases, such as are deridingly noticed in the text, were too frequent at the time of the publication of these letters.

^b Nam, quod exemplo fit, id etiam jure fieri putant; sed aliquid, atque adeo multa, addunt et afferunt de suo.—CICERO, Letter to Sulpicius, a Jurisconsult.

Now, on the contrary, if I were to adopt a metaphor of the kind, I would put aside gaol and gaoler; and consider sleeping Body, as the keeper of an asylum, for almost lunatic vagaries, thoughts, and whims. So little does "the *stuff*", which dreams are made of,"—so little do the capricious fancies, the wild extravagance, and sometimes ludicrous incoherence of our sleeping notions—resemble the speculations of Intellect, serious, unmolested, and left at ease, and to itself.—Hence those anecdotes and particulars of dreams, which are to be found in the latter pages of the preceding dialogue. Lord Brougham meant to exalt, I in some degree to quiz, those lucubrations; and dispute their title to the character of pure and unsullied radiance, emanating from the intellectual brightness of unclouded and unobstructed Mind. I, of course do not (neither did Lord B.) treat of the *οὔρα*, if there be such, which *ἐκ Διοσέτιος*.

It cannot, I suppose, be demonstrated, that dogs dream; nor, until we learn their language, can we have even hearsay evidence of the fact. Yet it is one, of which, I believe, no person entertains a doubt. Now, when we hear and see the strange sounds and motions, which intimate that our spaniel is in the act of dreaming, are we to infer that the canine intellect, (immaterial, and am I to add, *therefore* immortal?) disencumbered of gross bodily influence and interference, is meditating with Cerberian or Anubis-like mentality, quite apart? That it is engaged in its own functions,—doing its own incorporeal work?—And what is this work likely to be?—hunting, or killing game: lapping milk, or gnawing bones.

Pope tells us, that the sublime Immateriality of human intellect will condescend to

eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;

and I should be glad to know, whether any one of the intellects which I am addressing, has, while comrade or gaoler body

was asleep, shared—not indeed “the feast of Reason,” or “the flow of soul,”—but a seemingly substantial dinner, and a cup of wine?

From wine to bottle, is no violent transition; and Lord Brougham has told us, what effects a bottle of hot water, applied during sleep to the feet, will have,*—I was going to say, upon the head; but I ask pardon; I should say the mind.—*Facundi calices*, we know, can bestow eloquence; and it appears as if hot *bottles* might create imagination; and that a man might in sleep be in his *bottles*, as when awake he may be in his *cups*. But my difficulty is, to know, what, in these cases, is the *principium et fons* of dreamy thought? The bottle, the water, the caloric, or the soul? Would this last (upon his lordship's theory) be so imaginative, if the bottle did not in the first instance act? Whether is the mind, which was there all along, or the bottle, which came there by a sort of chance, the imaginative source and origin of thought?—The idea, that extraordinary warmth, in the feet, may cause us to dream of walking on burning coals, did not originate with Lord Brougham. It is as old as the days of Aristotle.† But what does it demonstrate? “The mind's independence of matter? Its activity, in proportion as the influence of body “is withdrawn?”‡—To my understanding, it rather supplies an instance of the dependence of mind upon matter; and tends to show, that whether sleeping or awake, ideas may be conveyed, through the senses, and by means of matter, to the mind; and these ideas form the first links of one or more of those chains of association, so familiar, in the thinking department, to our experience.

* Discourse, p. 112.

† And see Beattie on Dreaming; head or section 4.

‡ Lord Brougham's Discourse, p. 111.

Un pensiero,
Un altro dietro, e quello un altro mena.*

But, in the very way which the Italian poet mentions, this note has extended far beyond my expectation. If I continued it much longer, I might place my readers in the situation, from which dreams arise. I shall therefore merely, with reference to my once habitual, night-mareish or dyspepsial dream,† extract a passage, which I have this moment fallen upon, by mere chance. “There are people, who observe, that one “particular dream frequently returns upon them. Socrates, in “the Phædo of Plato, says, that he had all his life been “haunted with a vision of this kind ; in which one seemed to “exhort him to study music.”‡

I.

Referring to page 23.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PERUSAL OF THE DISCOURSES OF DOCTOR CHALMERS.

Lo, countless suns their lustre shed,
Irradiating boundless space ;
While round them, circling planets spread,
Run their ordain'd ethereal race.

Each earth, upon its axis turning,
Gives to its inmates day and night ;
While the bright central sun-lamp burning,
With annual bloom adorns its flight.

* Ariosto.

† Pages 63 and 64.

‡ Beattie on Dreaming ; section 3d.

Thus myriads upon myriads rolling,
 Proclaim the greatness of the Lord;
 His will incessantly controlling
 The creatures of his fiat word.*

What mind can grasp the sum of Being,
 These heaven-suspended mansions hold?
 Yet not a life escapes Th' All-Seeing;
 The Shepherd of this mighty fold.†

“What is Man’s Earth?” cries th’ Infidel:
 “Atom minute in the creation;
 “Yet this mere speck, vain legends tell,
 “God visited—for our salvation:

“And ere our first frail father’s fall,
 “The bounteous mystery was lurking;
 “And ere Man yet was Satan’s thrall,
 “The heavenly ransom-project working.”

Ay, faithless ingrate; even so:
 Nay, long before the world’s foundation,
 That mystic blood was doom’d to flow,
 Which bathes the sinner in salvation.

Vain worldly knowledge! painted wall!
 Man’s earth a speck, its heaven a span!
 And what is *Great*? or what is *Small*?
 Creatures of Ignorance and Man!

Where be those orbs, declaimer vain,
 Whose vastness swells thy blasphemy?
 Do we not grasp them with a ken?
 And lodge in that small globe—the eye?

* Psalm xxxiii. 6.

† Isaiah xlv. 18.

Is there in Heaven—or great or small,
 By earthly ear though understood?
 Say we not rather—great is all,
 God making—saw that it was good?

Measures the dust of earth minute
 Even He whose scale the mountain weighs;
 And hears the wretch's whisper'd suit,
 While th' Empyrean shouts His praise.*

Inscrutable His ways and name;
 Who shall their mysteries rehearse?
 Unfathom'd Lord! to Him the same,
 An Atom, or a Universe.

A speck hath for that glory room,
 Too scant for which, even worlds appear:
 In darkness of a narrow tomb
 Can bide what compasseth the sphere.†

Loud howls th' infuriate whirlwind's blast,
 And thunders crash, and lightnings scare;
 But glides to pious ear at last,
 The still *small* voice; and God is *there*.‡

Talk not of swarming worlds to me:
 Can these eclipse us from th' All-Seeing?
 Or snatch from whom (deep mystery!)
 We live in, move, and have our being?

Where, from thy Spirit—can I go?
 From thy vast presence whither flee?—
 But *would* I leave Thee? ah, not so!
 Be with us, Lord, eternally.§

* Isaiah xl. 12.

† John i. 1, 3. xix. 40. 1, 2.

‡ 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, 13. Exodus iii. 6. § Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8, &c.

Those that to us, as creatures, yield,
 God feeds ;—the fowls that float in air :
 Nay, to the lilies of the field,
 Extends a richly fostering care.

Why then suppose his love engross'd
 By beings nobler far than I ?
 Need care for *them* be at *our* cost ?
 Or, if *they* flourish, must *we* die ?

Whose thoughts not your's, nor your ways his,
 Whose perfect power embraces all,
 You clothe with Man's infirmities,
 Whose grasp of *great*—lets go the *small*.*

Hence trifler, with thine astrolabe,
 From faith, by empty knowledge driven ;
 Go study wisdom with the babe ;
 Go, learn of *him* the way to heaven.†

Thy wisdom is but foolishness :
He lifts his little hands in prayer ;
 And what can learned Pride express,
 Useful as what is utter'd there ?

Yon orbs you reach, with aided eye ;
 But children are brought near to Him
 Who form'd those orbs : who hung on high ;
 Before whose light, all lights are dim.‡

If Galileo's glass to thee,
 Not kindling Faith's seraphic flame,
 False mirror grows, where Blasphemy
 Distorts God's message, word, and name ;

* Isaiah lv: 8, 9.

† Matthew xi. 25.

‡ Mat. xix. 13, 14, 15

Heb. i. 10. John i. 3, 4, 5, 9, 10. iii. 19.

Turn to that other lens I dare,
 Which bids with life each atom teem ;*
 And, while God's glory Heavens declare,†
 Thy grains, O Dust, shall tell of Him.

“ Care of this terrene speck, indeed,
 “ Engross the Godhead since its birth !
 “ While countless systems ask his heed,
 “ Toils *He* six thousand years for earth ?‡

Babbler, abuse not pious ears :
 Where this enduring toil, I pray ?
 A day shall seem a thousand years
 To heaven ; a thousand years a day.§

Our span of life we count by *Time* ;
 But not with God's confound it : He,
 Seated on living throne sublime,
 Dwells in profound Eternity.

Hear we the Burning Bush proclaim
 Him of true life the perfect sum :
 To Pharaoh Moses told his name :
 He is the *was*, that is *to come*.||

Past, present, future, eke our life ;
 Unlike to thine, intrepid Lamb,
 Who, reckless of the Slaughterer's knife,
 Cried, “ before Abraham was, I am.”¶

* The microscope.

† Psalm xix. 1.

‡ Supposed objection of the Infidel.

§ 2d Epistle general of Peter, iii: 8.

|| Exodus iii. 14. It is apprehended that the words translated (and not improperly translated) *I am that I am*, do however, according to the genius of the Hebrew Language, admit of the version given by the fourth line of this Stanza.

¶ These expressions of our Saviour. (John, viii. 58,) seem distinctly to

To you, throng'd *boundless space* would seem
 The single wonder of creation ;
 But Wisdom's sober thoughts, I deem,
 O'erlook not *infinite duration*.

Is *our earth* lost in *countless spheres*,
 As drop of water in the sea ?
 To me it not more lost appears,
 Than *Time*, in vast *Eternity*.

Then, if God loses not an hour,
 Though *He* embrace eternity,
 Shall not his all-pervading Power
 Sway countless worlds,—yet think on me ?

Hence, Infidel Philosophy !
 Flesh, World, and Evil One deceive :
 Thy word alone be guide to me ;
 Help Thou my faith ! Lord, I believe.

“ From heaven, like lightning, Satan hurl'd ! ” *
 Does this concern *our* lot alone,
 Or that of many a distant world ?
 (Maker, to thee the truth is known :)

Or in the Love-born Sacrifice,
 And in the fearful risk we ran,
 Do purer worlds but sympathize,
 And take an interest in Man ?

Yet pent within its fleshly nook, †
 Expansive is the Soul, I trow :
 From Earth to Heaven, each glancing look, ‡
 Proclaim they not, that this is so ?

proclaim him the Jehovah of Exodus iii. 14. Accordingly the Jews considered them as blasphemy. John viii. 59.

* Luke x. 18.

† Milton, *Il Penseroso*.

‡ Shakspeare.

Lo ! our ethereal nature spread,
 O'er Infinite its folds unfurl'd,
 No more by earth-wrought trammel stay'd,
 Its sphere embracing world on world !

Yea Spirit ; thou may'st yet embrace
 What whelming, now imprisons thee :
 May not the atom compass Space,
 That's doomed to fill Eternity ?*

K.

MEMORY AND FORESIGHT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE REVERY.

Referring to p. 55.

Stupendous gift ! by towering man enjoy'd,
 While to his fellow-creature, brute denied :
 Not to remove the awful veil of fate,
 But, with presaging glance, half penetrate,
 And thro' the shadowy future dimly spy
 The glare of meteor grief, or lucid beam of joy ;
 While memory's curious pencil stores the mind
 With many a lively sketch of periods left behind.
 Thus let me gild my subject with a ray
 From virtuous, pensive, philosophic Gray ;†

* *i. e.* to live for ever.—Thus the same person, who does not venture to pronounce whether the soul be or be not *immaterial*, may not the less firmly believe that it is *immortal*. The above stanzas, written five years ago, have never been published.

† The herd stood drooping by :—
Their raptures, now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis MAN alone, that joy descries,
With forward and reverted eyes.

GRAY.

Thus on that wondrous, unknown essence* pause,
 Which to its point all time, all nature draws ;
 While rapid *hope* along th' hereafter glides,
 And deep *reflection* in the past resides.
 Art thou, proud boon, a blessing, or a curse ?
 Mending the lot of *man*—or making worse ?
 Say, as thro' life's perplexing path we steal,
 Mid numerous ills, where scattered comforts dwell,
 While thronging cares press round us, and pursue,
 Must *foresight* point at distant sorrows too ?
 Or the scarce closing wounds of former pain,
 By savage *memory* open'd—bleed again ?
 But how then better'd by the adverse hour,
 Unless preserv'd in memory's ample store ?
 For there experience holds her sober school ;
 And there reflection culls each golden rule :
 On past affliction virtue loves to dwell ;
 The powerful hand that strikes—would have us feel.†
 Nay, in remember'd woes a balm is found,
 To soothe the weary spirit ; not to wound : ‡
 Fell deeds of elder time, as bards rehearse ;
 And cheer th' heroic banquet with the verse.

* The soul of man : that mysterious and sublime effect of the *breath of life, breathed into his nostrils*, by his Creator ; by the divine energy of which *man became a living soul*.—Gen. ii. 7.

† A passage, containing a sentiment resembling this, will be found at the conclusion of a letter of Mr. Gray. It is Letter 18, Section 4, of the *Memoirs*, edited by Mr. Mason, and is addressed to him.

‡ Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

VIRG.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace ;
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace.

GRAY.

But grant we that recorded grief annoys ;
 In the same archives lodged, our former joys
 Still for our pleasure (thanks to memory !) live ;
 From past, grow present ; and themselves survive.
 Nor *foresight* less—recalling us from fate,
 Points at prospective bliss,—to compensate :
 And (sooth) while life's o'ergrown with thorns of pain,
 Full many a comfort glows in hope's domain ;
 Where flourish bright, in amaranthine bowers,
 Worthy of Paradise, immortal flowers.*
 O ! from that blissful, earliest, lost abode,
 Where *man*, sublime, held converse with his God,
 From the blest tract, now barr'd with sword of flame,
 Where hope and pure fruition are the same,
 To the fallen creature, grovelling here below,
 Thy heavenly sweets let gales of Eden blow !
 And o'er the fainting care-worn heart, infuse
 Their cordial fragrance, and celestial dews !
 His weary soul with these let *man* revive ;
 Accept the *present* bliss that hope can give ;
 Nor, ingrate, then his comforter revile,
 Even tho' her path—for yet a little while—
 To disappointments lead, that in the grave
 End calmly : these a Christian mind can brave,
 And bless in hope—best gift of heavenly love,
 The foretaste of unfading joys above :
 For joys, care-stain'd, impure, and transient here,
 Take root, and brighten to immortal there.
 But doth not foresight damp—as well as cheer ?
 Now feed unreal hope, now groundless fear ?
 And oft in dreams, by timorous fancy led,
 Start from the yawning gulph,—and waken dread ?

* Flowers worthy of Paradise.

MILTON.

Then has heaven's bounty been perversely used
 And where's the blessing—may not be abused?
 Th' effect still varies with the character :
 While toss the few in storms of causeless fear,
 Brisk thousands glide in hope's enlivening gale ;
 And what but foresight crowds the swelling sail?
 True—while remote disaster aims the dart,
 Expectant fear anticipates the smart :—
 But who foresees an ill—may oft avoid ;
 And harmless view the frustrate mischief glide :
 Or hope shall seem to shield him from the blow ;
 Or resignation, gazing on the woe,
 Dispel the gloomy menace that surrounds ;
 And trace a brightness dawning on its frowns.
 As erst, mid melancholy boughs conceal'd,
 The mystic branch the Dardan chief beheld,
 'Thwart the deep horrors that encompass'd gleam ;
 And pierce the forest with a golden beam ;*
 Or quench'd in shades, as first th' unpractised eye
 Round its dim cell no guiding ray can spy ;
 But glimmering soon,—a faint uncertain light
 Lifts the imperfect objects into sight.
 Even then the gloomy mass, yet half unseen,
 Wears to the startled view a threatening mien ;
 'Till by degrees th' unfinish'd outline grows ;
 And thick contrasting shades a *form* disclose :
 The eye each moment some new shape descries ;
 Sees monstrous blots improve to symmetries ;
 And used to husband thus its scanty ray,
 Shrinks dazzled from the whelming blaze of day.†

* Æneid, Lib. 6. vv. 136, 7, 8, 9, and 204, et seq.

† Written many years ago.

L.

FRAGMENT.

The poem, of which this extract formed a part, was written twenty years ago ; and is here introduced, as indicative of its author's belief in the immortality of the soul.

Oh ! I have touch'd a thrilling chord ; and raised
 Within my soul, an image woful wan.
 Let's talk of graves and epitaphs ;* for, lo !
 On the same sofa where I now recline,
 This very couch, a sister breath'd her last.
 Her tones still seem to vibrate on my ear ;
 While she who form'd—is sleeping in the dust.
 She was a gentle spirit : held me dear :
 Nay, thought her brother a mere prodigy :
 She was a pious Christian ; and is happy :
 While, if in bliss we think of aught below,
 She knows I loved her ; and she loves me still.
 Far, far, (remorse is in the thought,) was I,
 Unconscious, when her spirit sought the skies.
 But, with her kindred, slumber her remains ;
 And mine will one day wither by her side.
 Strange ! that such thoughts should soothe ; and yet they do.
 The sofa, that she died on, now is mine ;
 The Bible, that was her's, I daily read ;
 And often kiss the silenced owner's name,
 Writ by her own poor hand, that moulders now.
 Expiring, she collected gifts for me ;
 And folded them in solemn crape ; to tell,
 She knew the offering was a legacy.
 Donation sad ! to be with pangs received ;
 Press'd to my heart ; but moistened with my tears.
 O ! we shall meet again : the bliss of heaven

* Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.

SHAKSPEARE, RICHARD II.

Will pass, not frustrate, pious hopes below :
 Not violate our reason ; but o'erwhelm ;
 So exquisite, so boundless : still the light
 That dazzles—will be light : the very beam,
 Of which a heavenly ray our path illumed,
 Ere kindred earth receiv'd us in her womb,
 To be (not of the flesh) thence born again.
 Who bid me *not forsake my father's friend*,
 Will make that friend, in paradise, my own :
 To *honour father and mother*, who enjoin'd,
 Made not his law for worlds that pass away ;
 Nor proffer'd *length of days*, on this dim spot,
 Which men call earth ;* where life is but a span ;
 But there, where now, with Christ, our life is hidden ;
 That land of promise, which is yet to come.
 He, whose commandment was, *each other love*,
 Meant not a mortal love, to moulder here :
 He was our king, commanded ; but whose realm,
 As he told Pilate, is not of this world ;
 And for his kingdom are his rescripts formed :
 A kingdom then, where each shall other find ;
 And, by *imperishable* love, obey.
 Made perfect there, his will we shall perform ;
 Friends cherish, parents honour, while we live ;
 And live for ever : live, with them to laud
 The Lord of life ; O ! may I say with tears ?—
 Be trickling anguish wiped from every eye :
 But these are tears of joy ineffable,
 From throbbing souls exhaled, to drop in dews
 Of molten gratitude ; that, as they fall,
 Freshen and gem the ecstasies of heaven.

* ————— this dim spot,
 Which men call earth.

M.

ELEGY

ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

Referring to page 132, of first dialogue.*

*Amicorum qui fuerunt retractatio, non sine accerbitate quâdam, juvat.
Sunt quædam tristes voluptates.*—SENECA.

A parting radiance gilds the village spire :
Soon shall yon western glories melt away ;
From the fair face of heaven, its blush retire ;
And Twilight softly close the eye of Day.

And now a deeper verdure shades the scene :
The distant waters pour a solemn strain ;†
While the moon, gliding through the clear serene,
Sheds a sad lustre o'er the silver plain.

Behold, where yonder reverend towers ascend,
In lonely grandeur ; pale,‡ and ivy-crown'd :
While circling forests all their shadows lend ;
And whisper to the solitudes around.

* From these lines it will appear, that their author entertained no doubt of the immortality of the human soul.

† “ In the evening, I walked alone, & cet. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time. I wished for the moon, & cet.”—*Gray*.

‡ Pale, both from antiquity, and from being seen “ in the pale moonlight.” These lines were composed in the neighbourhood of a celebrated ecclesiastical ruin.

Sad scenery ! meet to soothe a pensive soul :
 The ruin'd tower ; the mouldering abbey's gloom,
 And silent cloister dim : the time-worn scroll,
 And sculpture rude, that grace the shatter'd tomb.

Once was the pealing organ heard within ;
 Rich anthems swell'd and hallow'd every gale .
 For organ-peal, now roars the tempest-din ;
 Where anthem floated, eddying night-gusts wail :

And, as through choir and aisle those eddies sweep,
 With fitful sigh, or wild, unearthly moan,
 A shuddering whisper tells the flesh to creep,
 At thrilling touch of cold sepulchral stone.

Not thus, at eventide ; ere phantoms win
 A fabled right, from shadowy cave forlorn,
 To flit ; 'till clarion bird, of lively din,
 On scattering darkness, pour the blush of morn.*

How is it with me † who have seen the day,
 When wilder raptures all my bosom fired.
 The headlong glee, that hurries Youth away,
 The boisterous laugh, by jocund Health inspired,

I knew them once : even late, my cheek could boast
 A transient smile, to gild the social hour :
 Nor yet to every tranquil pleasure lost,
 Or numb to Friendship's animating power.

* The cock's shrill clarion.—*Gray*. In Stygian cave forlorn—the cock with lively din, scatters the rear of darkness thin.—*Milton*.

† How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?—*Macbeth*.

The author had fallen into delicate health, shortly before the writing of this elegy.

And heaven bestowed a friend : O such a one !
 So faithful, wise, and worthy : ruthless Time !
 Plunderer of human joys ! that friend is gone :
 Dead, like young Lycidas, before his prime.*

Yes, I will mourn thee, Dawson : yet ah ! why
 Grudge the fair recompense, thus early given ?
 Or who shall say, 'tis better live than die ?
 Cleave to polluted earth, than climb to heaven ?

To burst its bonds, the soaring soul aspires :†
 Each clay-wrought fetter snapt, behold it rise,
 'Mid heavenly odours, and angelic choirs,
 To purity, and peace, and paradise.

In that bright region, saith our Christian creed,
 Man's true, eternal being shall begin :
 There, his existence will be life indeed :
 'Tis here—to droop, to suffer, and to sin.

But, while I offer not the tear-dew'd sigh
 To thee, bright spirit, pure, ethereal Mind,
 Yet will I mourn thee absent ; and that I,
 Immers'd in worldly dross, am left behind.

The above lines are here introduced, partly because the poem has been quoted from, in the former dialogue ; and partly because its eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth stanzas appear

* For Lycidas is dead ; dead ere his prime ;
 Young Lycidas ! and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ?—*Milton.*

The author's lamented friend died at twenty-one. The author's own age, when he wrote this elegy, was twenty.

† Addison, in Cato's Soliloquy, notices Man's "longing after immortality."

connected with the subjects of the present volume, and its predecessor ; and to be demonstrative of the belief which the author of the elegy entertained.

N.

The following verses are similarly circumstanced with the last. That is to say, they record their author's belief in the immortality of the soul. This demonstration will especially appear in the last ten lines. The verses were written above five years ago ; and have not hitherto been published.

SUMMER NOON.

What dazzling heat ! 'tis breathless Noon,
 Glaring intensity.
 How still and motionless withal !
 " The blind mole hears not a foot fall."
 Seems as hush'd Nature, silent and attent,
 Was listening the approach of strange event ;
 Or, as surrounding stillness deep
 Were her meridian sleep.
 Thin Echo mutely pines alone ;
 For, mid o'erwhelming brightness, not a sound,
 For her to answer, breathes around ;
 Nor, for the sated eye's relief,
 Stirs there one twinkling leaf.
 With drowsy flit, lull'd zephyr gone,
 In thicket, or leaf-tangled brakes,
 A dull siesta takes ;
 Collecting, mid the general still,
 Fresh coolness from a bubbling rill ;

Or, sauntering mid the sultry groves,
 Gives, at long intervals, a sigh ;
 Faint, languid sigh, that scarcely moves
 The aspen leaf ; or lifts the Butterfly.
 Seemeth, the silence likes thee well,
 Incessant, single-noted rail :

Yet, creaker, if calm pleaseth thee,
 Why startle it so clamorously ?
 Less grating interruption bring
 Rare caws of rook upon the wing,
 Sailing the deep serene on high.

With quiet and accordant sound,
 They mark, not mar, the calm around.
 Such would I say, among the trees,
 The soothing lullaby of bees.

But brilliant heat—glad Dragon fly—
 Is your delight, I deem ;

And many a gold and azure glance
 Distinguishes your gleamy dance,
 Sparkling in bright sun-beam.

Fervours of Noon, intense as these,
 Made Cephalus too fondly court the breeze :

At hand, in leafy ambuscade,
 While Procris, panting Fair, was laid.
 From hand of him who loved her, flew,
 Too soon, the javelin that slew :

For, fatally misled,

By the slight rustling that she made,
 He deem'd some animal of chase was near

O cruel gift ! O too unerring spear !

Who would to her's—*his* lot prefer ?

Stony the heart which so could err.

No : let a better sympathy deplore

Those who survive what they adore.

From her *corporeal heart* the life-stream fled ;
 But 'twas her lover's victim-*soul* that bled.
 The wounded frame finds refuge : it can die ;
 But wounded spirit bleeds eternally.—
 But, while th' *Æolian Hunter's* fate I mourn,
 A breeze is softly whispering, to return.
 Behold it wield anew the leafy fan ;
 And wake, and flutter, breathe, and cool again ;
 Bend the ripe grass, in tree-tops wave and rustle,
 While joyous birds resume their chirrup bustle.
 And more than chirp will meet our ears ere long ;
 Orchestra groves shall soon re-echo song ;
 Recruited Nature off her slumber shake ;
 And sleeping melodies—with Nature wake.
 Is that a Lily—fluttering there,—
 Stepp'd from its stem, to take the air ?
 Attended on its roam, by truant Rose,
 Eloping too, but blushing as it goes ?
 Nay ; those are living blossoms ;—butterflies :
 No anchoring root impeding, lo ! they rise ;
 Spread the wing-sail, and navigate the skies ;
 Mingling their meteors with heaven's azure sheen ;
 Their mazy flutter in the fore-ground seen,
 And well reliev'd by mass of glossy green.

}

Which are we ? blossoms, say, or butterflies ?
 Alas ! too often, from our birth,
 Strong root, confining us to earth,
 Forbids our heaven-ward flight to rise ;
 'Till all man's lucid life, that bloom'd around,
 Falls, withers, and—corrupting—strews the ground.—
 O let it not be so ! let mortal bloom
 Be but mere *Chrysalis* ! and from the tomb,
 Perennial, pure, angelic creature rise,
 Eternal, light-robed inmate of the skies !

NOTES.

The blind mole hear not a foot fall.

Tempest.

For the story of Cephalus and Procris, see Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 7 .
Fable 13.

“ Glaring intensity.”

Glaring an active participle, governing *intensity* as its accusative case.

“ Cruel gift.”

The unerring javelin, with which Cephalus unintentionally slew Procris, had been a gift from her to him.

“ Æolian Hunter.”

Come gentle air, the Æolian Shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade.

Pope.

“ Stepp'd from its stem, & cet.”

Stepp'd from its pedestal, to take the air.

Pope.—(He applies it to a statue.)

ΨΥΧΗ means the breath ; the breath of life ; the soul. It also means a butterfly ; and which latter was considered, by the Ancients, as an image or emblem of the soul ; on account of the transformation alluded to in the three last lines of the above poem.—*Illiad* 22, 325. *Sophoc. Elect.* 775.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE.

The Editor of the Evening Post has added his testimony in favour of the first small volume of these Rambles ; and this with a kindness, for which its author cannot but feel grateful.

Dublin : Printed by J. S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's-Walk.

ANOTHER STROLL,

BEING THE THIRD,

OF

W. C. S.

AND HIS ALTER IDEM FRIEND,

P. P.

WHO IS NOT CLERK OF THIS, OR ANY OTHER PARISH.*

Κικέρων δὲ ἐνιότῃ πράγματι σπουδῆς
ἄξια γέλωτι καὶ παιδιᾷ κατειρωγευμενος
ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΧΡΕΙΩΔΕΣ, δοκεῖ καὶ γέλωτος οικειῶς
γεγονέναι, καὶ φιλοσκόπτῃς.

Plutarchi Comparatio Demosthenis cum Cicerone.

Haec ego non rideo, quamvis tu
rideas; sed de re severissimâ, tecum,†
ut soleo, jocos,

Cicero, Epist. ad Familiar, Lib. vii. Epist. 11.

* *Swift (Sir W. Scott's) vol. 13, p. 163.*

† *Lector benevole.*

DUBLIN.

MILLIKEN AND SON, GRAFTON-STREET,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

LONDON: B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

1836.

Dublin : Printed by J. S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.

SUPERNUMERARY MOTTOS.

TRES HOSCE LIBELLOS ALLOQUITUR, GRAVITER COMMOTUS, LECTOR.

*Thou art too like the spirit of B——n : * down !*
—————*—and thy air,*
Thou other cloth bound Tract, † is like the first :
A third is like the former : —————
Why do you shew me this ?

MACBETH.

TER Conatus ibi, collo dare brachia circum,
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago.

VIRGIL.

Firm solid form *thrice* seeking to embrace,
Thrice was I tangled in a phantom chase :
Reader, your kind instructions I await.—
“ *Thrice* baffled do you say ?—then *ter*-minate :
“ Yes ; never stare : my counsel is, *have done* :
“ 'Tis brief, and sound, and better than my pun.”

“ Since it is reasonable to doubt of most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of our's, which would demonstrate all things.”—
Thoughts on various subjects, by Mr. Pope. Swift's Works by Sir W. Scott, vol. 13, p. 260.

* Banquo in the original.

+ Gold-bound brow, in the original.

DEDICATION.

TO
ZERO,
THE NEAR RELATIVE OF IMMATERIAL,
AND ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED
M. T. FAMILY,
WHO HAVE MADE,
AND ARE DOOMED TO MAKE,
SO MUCH NOISE IN THIS WORLD OF OUR'S,
TO ZERO,
WHO, A NEUTRAL, LIKE MYSELF,
KEEPS EQUALLY ALOOF,
FROM THE PLUS AND MINUS PARTIES
OF THE ALGEBRAIC STATE,
THE FOLLOWING—SOME OF THEM AT LEAST
APPROPRIATELY M. T. PAGES—
ARE INSCRIBED ;
NOT BY NUMBER ONE,
NOR EVEN BY NUMBER TWO,
BUT, TO THE READER'S DISCOMFITURE,
BY NUMBER THREE.
O ! O !

CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Introduction</i>	
<i>Dialogue</i>	1
<i>Postscript</i>	66

APPENDIX.

A. <i>A Supplemental Talk</i>	69
B. <i>Immateriality and Zero</i>	71
C. <i>Il y a des W. C. S. et des W. C. S.</i>	76
D. <i>SEARCH is neither analogist, anatomist, nor humourist</i>	77
E. <i>Rights of Waters ; an allegory, or fable</i> . . .	78
F. <i>The Hill of Government ; a vision</i>	81
G. <i>Letter from Peter Parallel, on governments, domestic and convivial</i>	89

CONTENTS.

	Page
H. <i>Extracts from Essays written years ago, and most of them published in 1793</i>	100
I. <i>Archbishop Laud's speech upon the scaffold</i>	138
K. <i>Montesquieu on the House of Lords</i>	140
L. <i>CRITICE pelluces^a; or Quid fles^b etcetera?</i>	142
M. <i>Extracts from a letter to Warner Search, and from his answer.—ΠΝΕΤΜΑ, ΨΤΧΗ</i>	146
N. <i>Athenæum. Who entered on this "profitless question"? Lord Brougham. Who dissuaded from the pursuit? Warner Search</i>	149
O. <i>Vaticinatio Corvina; from Plutarch</i>	151
P. <i>"Art is Man's nature"</i>	152
Q. <i>Adolescentuli</i>	156
R. <i>Lepores, Facetiæ, &c.</i>	156
S. <i>Goblin Advertisement; and conclusion</i>	157

^a JUVENAL. *Cretice* in the original. *Pelluces* may be translated *I know who you are*.

^b Horace, Book 3, Ode 7. Perhaps *fles* should be rendered *snarl*.

INTRODUCTION.

“ To be, *or* not to be,” exclaimed the Dane :
To be *is* not to be, we now maintain :
Is not means *is* ; and *immaterial*
Imports far more than *not material* :
Nay, as—how pleasantly !—Addresses sing,—
Wrongly *rejected*,—“ nought is every thing.”*

PROBABLY my readers have seen a picture, by the justly celebrated Hogarth, in which a professor is engaged in lecturing a crowded audience of Caps and Gowns. The theme is—*Datur Vacuum* ? and none, who “ look upon this picture,” can hesitate to give the question an

* And every thing is nought ; and nought is every thing.
Rejected Addresses.

INTRODUCTION.

affirmative decision. The lecturer, too, points very significantly at his own head ; as much as to say,—“ what I am treating of, is there.”

In contemplating such a group (of Metaphysicians, let us suppose,) I cannot avoid asking myself the following questions.—Is a head, *full of immateriality*, distinguishable from an *empty* one ?—Can a pate, filled with emptiness, be other than a *mortal* dull one ?—Or is it desirable that such immaterial mentality should be immortal ?

*Sumite MATERIAM,—vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus.*

Such is the advice of Horace ; and his prescription much resembles the proverbial one, of “ cut your coat according to your cloth.”—Where a man has *no* cloth, his case appears to come within the equity of the adage ; and he must borrow from others, instead of vainly trying to manufacture for himself. For, humanly speaking, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*. Such, at least beyond the pale of Metaphysics, is the sublunary rule.—But again I proceed to ask myself a

INTRODUCTION.

question.—Can a man more easily provide a coat out of *no cloth*, than out of *some*? Or does he stock an empty wareroom, by boasting that it is amply stored with immaterial broad cloth; an article of superior quality, and which never can wear out?—Prove to me, I might say to him, that *immaterial tissue* is something different from *no tissue*, and I may contract with you for my clothing. But in the meantime, I exclaim with Lear,

“nothing can come of nothing; speak again.”

If indeed I were told, that an extraordinary and admirable tissue had fallen, i' th' olden time, like meteoric stone, from heaven; that the substance, of which it was formed, was utterly unknown; but that, by infallible authority it had been proclaimed, that it could not be destroyed: that it produced, and seemed to generate from itself, successions of gems, spangles, and embroidery, which illuminated and adorned whatever they came near; and that with this weft (of what made, they could not tell,) none pro-

INTRODUCTION.

duced from earthly looms, or merinos, could compare,—I might doubt for a while, the correctness of so wonderful a tale ; until exact experience, or unquestionable authority, had vouched it : but, in the mean time, what I deferred believing, I should perfectly understand ; and would permit the narrator to give whatever name he pleased to the marvellous texture which he so extolled. To call it, for example, *material*, or *immaterial* ; provided he considered the title thus given, as but conventional ; and involving no definition of the essence named. Though, if the naming were left to me, I might call the substance *athanasial* ; for there would be something equivocal in the title Athanasian.

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

THAT substance, which is endowed with the power of thinking, you call *mind*?

I do ; and Lord Brougham does the same.

Do any animals, below the human grade, possess this power?

It must, I apprehend, be conceded that they do.

Then these have *mind*?

It follows that they have.

And this mentality must, in the alternative, be material, or immaterial?

Of course it must.

If we assume it to be material?

Then we assign to matter—the faculty of thinking.

If immaterial?

Then we imply that the brute soul is immortal.

Yes; if we subscribe to the doctrine of Lord Brougham, that of immaterial mind—immortality is an inseparably inherent attribute.

Exactly so.

Does an oyster think?

Nay, I can scarcely tell whether it even feels. For the intellects of Tilburina were more or less unsettled, when she ventured to pronounce that “an oyster may be crossed in love;” and I have heard Naturalists declare, that be this testacious paramour ever so erotic, his passion could not be thwarted in such a way.*

But *if* the oyster thinks, it must have mind; and if mind must be immaterial, and immateriality must be immortal,—this marine intelligence may think, if not say, with Cato, “I shall never die.”

I can more easily swallow the oyster, than the hypothesis of its being immortal.

* Quippe quum sit Οστρεον ἑρμαφροδιτῆν.

Yet, you must swallow and digest the latter ; or throw Lord Brougham up.—You smile.

I smile to think, that if the precious surviving portion of oysters were a pearl, its elysium might be the necklace of Maria.

Who, in that case, should change her name to Margaret, or Marguerite.—In the mean time, and as a general and prudent rule, do not cast your pearls before a rabble that may rend you.

You would have me then withdraw the union,* if not repeal it.

Its shells survive the oyster ; and these have had power to accomplish the banishment of an Aristides.

But, as Aristotle says,† that *le feu brûle, sans savoir qu'il brûle*, so these shells ostracise, without knowing that they do so.

Have spiders mind ?

The poet furnishes me with an answer ;‡ for

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply.

* Which in the days of Shakspeare, meant a pearl.

† In Victor Cousin's Translation.

‡ Gray.

(I mean the tribe of flies,) that spiders are a thoughtful, contriving, plotting, sanguinary race.*

The *Lychnis*, then, which lays a snare for, and devours an incautious fly, does it merely inwrap insects, or does it also envelope mind?

I beg to refer the answer to this question, to yourself.

* I take the course and sequence of the *sorites* to be this.—Spiders think; they therefore must have mind: but mind is immaterial; and being immaterial, must therefore be immortal. Therefore spiders, so far as regards their mentality, are immortal.—Do flies think? They certainly appear to me to be a thoughtless race. But if really, though giddily, they think, and accordingly have mind,—which, it is said, *cannot* be material, and being immaterial, must *therefore* be immortal,—if all this be so, it is to be hoped, that in the muscarian paradise, not a cobweb will be found. That the sanguinary and devouring “creature,” whose terrestrial life is spent in ensnaring and taking theirs, will not, in elysium, be “at its dirty work again;” but that, imitating the liberality of the Lion, every spider there, will

in his claw,
Dandle the fly.

O! what a pile of delightful children’s stories can be reared upon this broad foundation, that as thought is exclusively the offspring of mind, every thinking creature must have mind;—and that as mind must be immaterial, and mental immateriality

Well; at least *if* it think, its intellectual substance must be as immortal as that of the fly which it feeds upon: while, as to ants and bees,——

O! I grant you, that if immortality admitted of degrees, these would be ten times as immortal as the vegetable-spider, the polypus, or mimosa.*

Then the mandrake.

Pooh! pooh!

Be it so. I echo your pooh! pooh! and apprehend, that if I attempted to raise the mandrake, the groan, or outcry, would proceed from *you*. Therefore, nor poppy, nor mandragora shall medicine you to rest. The privilege of putting you to sleep, I reserve exclusively to myself.

I wish too, that you would give over the comparing of vegetables to the human race.

be immortal, no insect, that knows how to think, can ever die!

O genus attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis,
Arancum, quid tenebras, quid nomina vana timetis?
 Morte carent animæ.

* Sensitive plant.

Yet are there many points of mutual resemblance. Do not men occasionally, and even periodically, sleep?

They do : especially when of the reader class.

Vegetables also do the same.

I have heard that they do.

Linnæus gives numerous instances of this curious fact. The sleep of plants forms one of the most interesting items of his *philosophia botanica*. One plant droops its head ; another folds its petals : they assume various languid postures ; but one and all go sleep ; and make choice of night, as we do, for taking their repose.

And I dare say their somnolency provokes no harsh criticism from you.

No : I like the bed myself. I come with appetite and relish, to

great Nature's second course ;

and so, they tell me, does Lord Melbourne. So, I know, did the late Lord Londonderry ; and so, in his day, (as well as night,) did Alexander.

On whose authority do you state this?

On that of Plutarch; who assures us that he often slept till noon; and sometimes passed the entire day in bed.* Yet who more alert and active, on occasion, than “Philip’s warlike son?” Brutus too, probably, was not “early to rise;” for we know he was not “early to bed.”

And he paid dearly for not going to rest in better time. It was after midnight, while he was unseasonably vigilant, and his lamp expiring, and only not extinguished, that his Evil Genius appeared, at Abydos, within his tent; and uttered the terrific promise, of repeating his visit at Philippi.†

This strange occurrence, I admit, must be considered as vouched by the steady Brutus; for if he had not disclosed it, the fact could not

* Life of Alexander, ch. 23. Ἐκάθειδε πολλάκις μέχρι μέσης ἡμέρας· ἔσι δ’ ὅτε καὶ διημέρευεν ἐν τῷ καθεύδειν.—Thus translated by *Ricard*—Après le souper, il prenait un second bain, et se couchait: il dormait souvent jusqu’à midi, quelquefois tout le jour. The Duke of Wellington, too, I am proud to say, once took an heroic nap, in the very sight of Soult, whilst this latter was meditating a prompt attack.

† Plutarch, Life of Cæsar, ch. 69. “Ὁ σος, ὃ βροῦτε, δαίμων κακός.” The phantom (φάσμα) thus described itself.

have been known ; inasmuch as the scaring apparition and he were tête à tête.

But the anecdote is a serious one : what induces you to smile ?

I was thinking whether I should be frightened, if I were to see the ghost of an Ogre Lychnis, which had died of the indigestion of an overgrown bluebottle ; or been mortally stung by a wasp, which he had been gulping down.

Nay, the pallid lily would make a better apparition. I once, by the way, addressed a few verses to this flower. Could you endure to hear them, do you think ?

Endure ! I shall be too happy to hear you recite them. But stop ; provided they be not am-a-tory. No politics, if you love me.

I love you as I do myself ; and as for politics, I detest them. Yet, all whig though he may be, Tom Moore has not refrained from writing am-a-tory verses. But to my Blondes.

TO THE WHITE LILY.

Fair, spotless flower, reflecting every ray,
That joins to form bright effluence of Day,*

* The colour, *white*, is said to be the result of a reflection of *all* the solar rays.

Uncrimson'd may thy purity remain !
 Nor sanguinary blot its lustre stain !
 " Dabbled in blood,"* shall Faction's Fury soil
 Th' angelic robe,† that clothes thee without toil ? ‡
 Or wounds of civil war—shall blossom deal,
 Blossom of plant, whose province is to heal ? §

No ; fair one, no :

The rose of snow

Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread,
 To form a thorny and conflicting shade : ||
 But towering Lily, pure, immaculate,
 O'ertopping Faction, keep thy glittering state.

You cannot, yourself, think more favourably of those lines, than I do. But how much you have been mistaken ! I have heard you called an Orange Bigot ; a violent party man ; what not ?

Whatever may be my ignorance of the nature and qualities of mind, I am disposed to hope that calumny is often not material ; and that it seldom is immortal. Such, at least, I firmly believe to be the case of panegyric. A man bepraised may strut, and perhaps fret, his hour upon the stage ;

* Shakspeare.

† John, xx. 12. Matt. xxviii. 2, 3.

‡ Matt. vi. 28, 29.

§ The root of the white lily is vulnerary, or styptic.

|| See the Bard, of Gray.

but ought to reckon upon soon being nothing. For a few months he may play LION, as *Bottom* wished to do;* but the caprice of public opinion will soon decorate him with an ass's head; and he may find no Titania to fall in love with a reputation thus travestied.—But I think I could still farther refute the slanders (some few of the many slanders) of which I have been the object. *I* could do so, if *you* could have patience with a few more lilies.

Patience! I would say to you, and your flowery Muse,

manibus date lilia plenis.

* Lion, however, is a part which *I* have never been desirous of performing. It is contemptible to be made a show of; (if the creature exhibited can help it;) and a Lion *fêté* is only more respectable than a dancing bear. Fed for a season, upon beef-steak, toast, and hips (not haws,) the Royal Beast is then sent to the De—n or forest,—or, for want of one,—the bog; until called upon anew, to “ramp;” or “dandle” a favourite opinion;^a and “roar you as gently,” (for fear of frightening

^a Sporting, the lion ramp'd; and in his paw,
Dandled the kid.

Milton.

I suspect that he who performs Lion, instead of—or while—faring as I have above supposed, may be found to have been feeding upon Moonshine; of which probably *Bottom* was not aware, when he was so desirous of monopolizing both parts. *Moonshine*, if my memory serve me, was one of the characters in that drama.

Then take, and *agreez* what follows

TO THE LILIES.

Rich emblem of a Royal Friend
To genuine tolerance, I ween,*
Mark how thy warning colours blend :
Orange thou art, I grant ; but also green.†

Fair, milk-white flower, who softly shine,
In wedding garment, quite unspotted,
Be milk of human kindness thine,
By Faction's drug uncurdled, and unblotted.—
Let a bland spirit be thy gentle lure ;
Sweet as thy breath, and as thy blossom pure.

Above, below, the silver flower,
Twined with its golden foe be spread ;
And furnish, to the festal hour,
A chaplet for the Patriot's head.

the ladies,) “as a sucking dove.”—Which is the least alluring,—the *den-ing* or the *di-ning* portion of such a life?—What lion of good taste could wish to be ever called upon to “roar again?” Would he not be rather tempted to say, *a bas La Renommée*?

* William the Third was, in his dispositions, a tolerant Prince. The first of these stanzas is addressed to the Orange Lily ; the second to the white one.

† All but the flower.

If your's be not "the golden mean," it is a mean, between the golden and the silver flower. Do you recollect your lines, entitled COUNTRY ?

Les voici.

COUNTRY.

Eirinn go brah !

Dear *Erin*, my Country, I love thee well ;
 Better, oh better than words can tell !
 Ere civil gore moisten, or tyrant enslave,
 May the verdure that brightens thee, cover my grave !
 To your gales may the breath they have lent me, be given !
 And Death, for your rights, waft my spirit to heaven !

We have unfortunately seen "civil gore moisten :"* the question is, whether we have seen "tyrant enslave."

Be this as it may, I feel tempted, by your encouragement, to extend to greater length, the refutation of certain slanders, to which I have been adverting.

Yield at once to the temptation. You will be sure to have done so, before the conclusion

* In 1798.

of our appendix ; and why prorogue the vindicatory recital until then ?

I yield to your desire, in all the facility of authorship.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

A cheer for the banner of green,
By exuberant Nature outspread !
In our every field it is seen : *
What assassin would change it to red ?

Hence, herald of woe ! civil war !
Nor to ruby our emerald turn :
All, all, thy grim aspect abhor,
With a true love for country, who burn.

No ! *quarter* our standard of green :
Let the hues of rich orange be there ;
And the colours of Derry be seen,
Where the verdures of Erin appear.

We would ask you to be our Ally ;
Be generous, brave Orange, and dare :
For freedom you fought, and would die :
What you value thus, will you not share ?

To a brother, for kindness we flee ;
A mere brotherly feeling we crave :
When an Irishman sues to be free,
Shall an Irishman spurn and enslave ?

* In allusion to the verdure of Ireland.

Tydeus, falling at Thebes, long of yore,
 Gnaw'd in death, the dead poll of his foe : *
 They had striven the moment before ;
 Yet such fury revolts, even so.

Have ages been rolling in vain ?
 Five races of men ceased to live ?
 And shall rage unextinguished remain ?
 Must antipathies only survive ?

My ancestor fought at the Boyne,
 At Aughrim, and Derry, 'tis true :
 Against him, it may be, fought thine ;
 Both bravely and loyally too. †

Your's conquered ; ‡ 'tis yours to forgive :
 Nor remembrance ought either to have
 Of the past, but that those, who now live,
 Are sprung from the loyal and brave.

I believe in one God ; so do you :
 Both on the same Saviour depend :
 Shall Christian join hands with the Jew,
 And not make of a Brother a Friend ?

* Recorded by Statius, (I think :) perhaps elsewhere.

† According to their respective opinions.

‡ This statement, of the Versifier, is more or less incorrect. Two of his lineal and paternal ancestors were officers in William's army, and fought and fell upon his side. *Audi alteram partem* : his maternal family, a very amiable one, was Catholic : their politics were Jacobite ; and a distinguished member of that family followed, with the Duke of Ormonde, the fortunes of the Pretender.

Of that Shepherd, both claim to be sheep ;
 And shall we, like wolves fierce and grim,
 Our fangs in each other's blood steep,
 On our way to salvation, and Him ?

Shall the pious and meek-purposed bell,
 That summons our Protestant crowd,
 Of Charity ringing the knell,
 Say to Christians, "be selfish and proud ?"

At the Curfew's now innocent toll,
 What Norman would swell with proud ire,
 That a Saxon may comfort his soul,
 With the brightness and warmth of his fire ?

Dissension and feud at an end,
 Dagger-drawing, and enmity sore,
 To *English* they've learned to blend ;
 And are *Saxon* and *Norman* no more.

Our Pedigrees mingle in vain :
 Still Prejudice, towering sublime,
 Disperses ; and Bigotry's reign
 Tyrannises o'er Nature and Time.

Can England, of Europe the gem,
 Longer bear our abasement to see ?
 Union tells us we're one and the same :
 Then while Erin's a Slave—so is She.

When did these stanzas first appear ?
 This is their first appearance. They were
 written about a year before the passing of the

Relief Bill; but never published, or even printed. They were, however circulated in manuscript, amongst friends; some of whom strongly urged a more extensive circulation. One, at least, of these was then, and is still a judge.

O! then you have friends upon the bench.

I hope I have, a few. But the one to whom I have alluded, is only in the loose and popular sense of the word, a friend.—If we speak “by the card,”* though “friend, world-yclept,” he is but a slight and common acquaintance at the most. We are a sort of “intimate strangers;” as I have seen such relations comically enough described; and I am now resigned to our being no more.

This is exactly as it should be.

How do you mean?

Malé verum examinât omnis—corruptus judex. But here your discussions are not pursued *inter lances, mensasque nitentes*: on the contrary, *impransi disquiritis*; or at least not feasting at the same convivial board; nor exposed to the dis-

* Hamlet.

tractions of turbot and venison ; or of a bottle, containing matter more imaginative than hot water.*

Your rule will only apply to cases, where the question for decision is a temperance one.—Have not Ministers their cabinet dinners, and their white bait ?

I am too little of a politician, to take a cabinet for my model.

You will admit, however, the alluring qualities of bait of every kind ; and that ministers, if they would have supporters, must even distribute, and not keep it to themselves.

I will admit that you are much too fond of quibble.

So have been my betters. Shakspeare was so in his day ; of whom I need not say *quantâ vi TORQUEAT HASTAM*.

Nay, you are quite incorrigible. To present me with a pun, in the very face of my expostulation !

Then do not throw away your reprimands. Besides I may frequently say, with Cicero, *hæc*

* Lord Brougham's Discourse, p. 112.

*ego non rideo, quamvis tu rideas; sed de re severissimâ tecum, ut soleo, jocor.**

But I have heard men call you venerable; and as for t'other W. C. S. (your *alter idem*,) he has, in print, dwindled into a Venerable, of (shall I say the highest, or the lowest?) class. He has shrunk into such a venerably grasshopperish tenuity,† that I should not wonder if he evaporated into absolute Immaterial.

That perhaps is his affair. I, for my part, am quite as venerable as I wish to be, either in reputation or in fact. Especially because I told you, in our second dialogue, what venerable often means.‡

Senile decrepitude?

Even so. But allow me to propose a question. Do you consider me as fixed and serious, in my religious opinions?

I do.

* Letter to Trebatius, *Epist. ad Famil, Lib. 7, Epist. 11*. To deride is not—or is not merely—to laugh; and derision may be argument.

† See Homer's account of Priam, and his aged companions, at the Scœan gate, in the third book of the *Iliad*.

‡ Page 33, Note.

I hope you but do me justice. I trust, that *spiritus intus alit*; and that those opinions *manent altâ mente repostæ*; as little affected, by a curl upon my lip, as the depths of Ocean are by the ripple, that may play upon its surface. Now, this being the case, is there harm in letting it be seen, that a religious Mind can be cheerful, even to playfulness, instead of being repulsively gloomy and morose?

Provided no viciously incongruous levity intrude, I see no objection, (but the contrary,) to rendering the aspect of Religion winning to gaiety and youth. What has Milton said?

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.*

Less than he has said of Philosophy, I would not, nor would he, say of Religion. But let us remember, that *sunt certi fines*: that where *facetiae* too much abound, the seasoning is too high. *Verb: sap.*

Nay, in my character of *Sapiens*, I recoil from *Verb*. It might steal us into politics.

Where lurks the danger? What do you smile at? and what are you about?

Possibly about provoking you again. But does not a verb supply the politician's every mood?—Are not the *Ins*, for example, imperative and potential? The *Outs* optative and indicative of every error of their rivals? The inferior adherents, are they not subjunctive?

You will have your way. But what do you do with the Infinitive?

Leave it to inordinate Demagogues, and the exorbitance of their mob-suite.

And what do you say to Dandy Statesmen?

I wish to have nothing to say to such popinjays, at all.* Their superficial flippancy does mischief. I am no friend to party-men, even where party means *soirée*; nor am I, in every case, an admirer of club-law.

But to return to your *Fleur d' Orange*.—Alas! what a commentary upon its poetical text, the last few years have been supplying!

* See first part of Henry IV. Act 1, Sc. 3.

But the principles which I there asserted, if conciliatory, were also sound ; and if they have not been permitted beneficially to apply, I cast the responsibility upon those, whoever they may be, that have impeded this salutary application : that have ungratefully traduced, and endeavoured (and almost successfully endeavoured) to destroy those who supported, through evil report, and to the injury of their own prospects, those principles, that conferred upon their traducers a power and influence, which they have abused.

You were lately avoiding the Scylla of politics, with great care ; but now appear to me to be approaching their Charybdis. Beware, and tack in time. This length, however, I am prepared to go. I will admit that a defamatory is the worst species of amatory course. And, à propos of defamation, have you arraigned the motive of Lord Brougham, for inquiring as to, and maintaining the immateriality of soul ?

On the contrary, I have assumed his motive to be a good one. I but suggested that his argument seems divisible into branches ; of which one maintains the immateriality of Mind,

and the other insists upon immortality, as a mere consequence of its being thus immaterial; as a consequence, which the premiss, of immateriality, is indispensably necessary to produce. The force, or at least the object, of my suggestion, was this:—that if his lordship's arguments for immateriality failed to convince, and if he succeeded in persuading his readers that *material* could not be immortal, such failure, and such success, between them, might lay the axe to the root of our hopes of eternal life. But why did you ask the question which I have just answered?

With reference to a criticism in the Freeman's Journal of the 18th of November, which is eminently kind to us, Metaphysic Ramblers, and our promenades.

Yes; the article is what you have called it, "eminently kind;" and withal, contains matter, perhaps corrective matter, well deserving of our attention. For example, the parallel between the attempts of Paley and Lord Brougham, is argumentative and just, and arrested my attention. But has the success of the former writer been unqualified and universal? On the con-

trary, Jobert, in his "two words," assures us, that—*ab ovo usque ad mala*—the attempt is a weak and empty sophism; that the old story told in Genesis, of Creation, is not yet proved to be more authentic than a nursery tale. That, accordingly, whether there be a Creator, we can by no means tell. That the carnal Deity, announced by Revelation, is a monstrous One. And it further seems contended, unless I misinterpret, that the being of a God, if indeed a God exist, it remains for some member of the British Association to detect; while there does not appear to be ground for sanguine hope, that Lord Brougham will accomplish that, which Doctor Paley and the Bible have so miserably failed to do.

The Critic asserts truly, that to be audible is to be material; but conceives that something different has been affirmed by me. But, on the contrary, I shall be found to have repeatedly declared, that to be perceptible to any sense, is to be material. Neither have I, on the other hand, presumptuously insinuated that the Divine Substance is perceptibly material. On the contrary, my intimation was,

that in perceptible materiality he had manifested himself, to our sight, in the burning bush ; to hearing, in the still small voice ; and to all our senses, by means of the Incarnation. Thus, by the test of touch, our Lord, after his Resurrection, convinced the incredulity of Thomas ; who, being permitted to thrust his hand into his wounds, exclaimed in admiration, “ My Lord, and my God ! ”

It is observed, that Archbishop Tillotson has said, that where religion ends, metaphysics begin. If by religion we are to understand revelation, and if the metaphysics here intended are conversant about the same subject, and meant to be supplemental to revelation, I doubt whether this be not an appendix, with which we might very well dispense.

If the Scriptures have not disclosed to us *less* than enough, why need metaphysics curiously seek to discover more ? I should fear that wanderings, so discursive and abstruse, might stray into inquiries too much resembling those which Milton supposes to have engrossed the revolted angels, in their confinement.

“ Others apart, sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
 Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil, much they argued then ;
 Of happiness, and final misery :

* * * * *

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”*

What do you think of the Lectures of a
 Country Pastor ?

That they seem to be the work of an able, a
 pious, and a learned man. But I have not
 read them all.

I suppose you know to whom they are attri-
 buted, by Rumour.

I do.

What do you think of him ?

I have not seen enough, for enabling me to
 form an opinion.

And what does he think of you ?

I would repeat my last answer. I have
 indeed a surmise ; but I hope, or at least wish,
 as much for his sake as for mine, that it may be

* Paradise Lost.

an unfounded one ; and therefore, instead of stating it, I will say *nous verrons*.

Do you subscribe to his hypothesis, that when body dies, soul falls into a kind of trance, from which it is roused by the last trumpet, unconscious of the lapse of ages, if ages have intervened, and seeming to itself to have terminated, but the moment before, its terrestrial career ?

No ; to this hypothesis I have two objections : first, I seem to have something resembling warrant of Holy Writ, for believing the soul to have a conscious and separate existence, in the interval between death and the general resurrection ; secondly, the stowing of thousands of years in the twinkling of an eye, is a compendiousness which exceeds my faculties of conception.

The Pastor himself admits this to be so ; but you have yourself said, that what we are incapable of conceiving, we frequently must believe.

I say so still. When God commands our faith, we are bound implicitly to believe. Nor is there blind or weak credulity in this submission. We merely assume that to be the word

of Truth, which we have ascertained to be the word of God. Thus, though we are required to believe more than we understand, we are not called upon to believe more than we *know* to be strictly true. But where the commands of Deity have not interposed, I am free to regulate myself by sublunary rules; and to shrink from believing what I am unable to comprehend.

The Pastor, accordingly, admits that belief to be quite optional, which you decline to form.

Yes; the work is a liberal and candid one: it contains nothing peremptory or dogmatic. To opinions so advanced, I am the more disposed to defer; and if the Author be not more self-sufficient than his book, I would on this score extend a portion of my respect to him. But you sigh and laugh. Why this is a match for Andromache's *δακρυοεν γελασασα*.

I sighed after a ghost story; and laughed at myself for such a childish longing. But there is a little spice of superstition about yourself: you, therefore, will not join me in this laugh at my expense.

No: like my Brother Rambler, Doctor Johnson, I take a keen delight, in glimpses however transient, of the spiritual world; and grasp at vouchers of its near neighbourhood; and of the mysterious activity of its intangible existence. Neither do I dislike that slight creeping of the flesh, which a recital of supernaturals is calculated to produce. It seems to revive the simple and primitive sensations, of innocent, inexperienced, and story-craving Childhood. But the scene of these charmingly frightful narratives should be an appropriate one. The apartment ought to be *rambling*, and undefined; its outline broken by dim recesses, and light-absorbing nooks.—From an adjoining landing-place, the loud ticking of an ancient house-clock might be heard; and hoarse growl with which it preludes a tedious striking of the hour. If the wind, too, chose to pipe, though I might prefer a sob, I should not make objection: I have not forgotten Ossian.

Ghosts ride on the tempest to night;
Sweet is their voice, between the gusts of wind:
Their songs are of other worlds.

A passing shower too, if it list, may make its sprinklings audible, against the window-panes.—No candles, I insist upon it; and the fire—one of those, which

teach light to counterfeit a gloom :

While the features of a few old portraits alternately vanish and reappear, as a scanty, faint, and intermitting blaze directs; and the phantom shadows, or apparitions, of the lumbering furniture, are “solemnly tripping,”* or dancing up and down the walls, at the fitful pleasure of this dubious light.

The *Æolian Harp*?—

No: I am all for originals; and will admit no copies. The *Æolian Harp* (which is not Gray’s “*Æolian Lyre*,”) but sets to music, and accompanies, the shriek and sob, the long-drawn moan, and plaintive wailings of the wind; together with those “songs of other worlds,” which, according to Ossian, are wafted on its wings. Now I prefer the vocal, to the

* See Catherine’s Vision, in Henry the Eighth.

instrumental strain.—The mournful bay, if not too near, of a disconsolate and moon-struck dog, I have too great mythological respect for *Hecate*, to prohibit. The Irish cry too—

What! that barbarous howl?

Wild and dismal, if you please; but do not stigmatize it with the epithet of howl. When its roughnesses, and chromatic or other discords, are softened by distance, and as it were diluted in the open air, it comes, with “a dying fall,”* of inexpressible plaintiveness, upon the ear. It is, I confess, an echo, or paraphrase of the wind’s lament; but I admit it, on the score of sweetness, as an exception to my dislike of copies. Is it a song of this world, sadly floating to another? Or a song of other worlds, addressed, by Grief, to this?—Some of its cadences resemble those of a nurse’s drowsy lullaby: and thus we may be said, in Ireland, to enter—and retire from—life, upon a song.

What an admirable introduction, to the ghost story which you are about to tell!

Nay, I have no ghost story: Nothing, *tanto*

* Shakspeare.

dignum hiatu, to append. I can substitute, if you will accept of anything so tame and meagre, what Rambler Samuel* would be apt to call a moribund divination.

Proceed; $\mu\eta\ \kappa\epsilon\upsilon\theta\epsilon\ \nu\omicron\upsilon\omega$, *si non datur ultra*.

I once attended a near and dearly beloved relative, and friend, on his sick—and as it eventually turned out—his death bed. A small chamber-clock, not an alarm one, ran down suddenly and unexpectedly, with considerable noise. The sick man started at the sound; and having learned its cause, proceeded to inquire at what hour the clock went down. Then calling me to his bed-side, he said, “W—, at that hour I shall die.” His final expiration was so tranquil, that it would be difficult to fix, with exactness, the moment when it occurred. But so far as this could be ascertained, his foreboding was fulfilled.—He was not superstitious: very much the contrary: though what I have stated, and am about to mention, may smack strongly of superstition.—The house-dog being enlarged, stationed himself under the window,

* Johnson.

and began to howl. “Ah! Welbore!” said the dying man, “I thought none but myself knew what was coming.”—It is to be observed, that while others considered his case as but precarious, he himself pronounced it, from the first, to be quite hopeless.

Do you know that I connect his last ominous exclamation, with a previous dog-anecdote of your family; which you have already told me, but which I wish you would repeat.

So do I thus connect it.—In the last illness of my paternal grandfather, and almost at the moment of dissolution, a favourite and faithful dog crept under the bed; and would not be removed. When the remains were being transferred to the coffin, he came forth, and howl’d for a short time, by this chest of death. He afterwards accompanied the funeral; and in the confusion and sad preoccupation of the day, it was not observed that he had not returned. But next morning came a message from the Glebe, two miles distant, that in the course of the night, mournful sounds had been heard from the neighbouring Church-yard, which turned out to be the cries of this affectionately

attached creature; and at an early hour of the morning, he was found, lying and whining near the entrance of the vault. He caressed the finder; and seemed to be soliciting and expecting, that the door would be opened, which shut him out from remains, still held by him so dear. Food was offered him; which he received, but did not quit his post. The remainder of the story I have forgotten; with this exception, that poor Oliver became even a greater favorite than before, with the orphans of his beloved master; and that his likeness was admitted, amongst the few family portraits of the house.

Do you recollect the Aid-de-camps of Evander, as described by Virgil?

Yes; and greatly admire the primitive simplicity of the scene:

Gresumque canes comitantur herilem.

Do you remember Auld lang syne?

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot?”— Besides, what poet, genuine or would-be, ever forgot a composition of his own? I do recollect, and can repeat what relates to the dog *Oliver*.

What better could he do, than fly
 To the cold flinty refuge nigh,
 Bless his young Destitutes,—and die? *
 He did so, lang, lang syne.

His faithful mastiff could not save,
 But follow'd, moaning, to the grave ;
 And, by Death's dark and lonely cave,
 Lay down to starve and whine :

But those who loved the dust within,
 Loved, for its sake, its friend—I ween ;
 And, hardly, to return they win
 This dog of auld lang syne. †

I have another, not very dissimilar, canine story, (in verse too,) at your service. The anecdote however, while some insist upon its truth, is pronounced by others to be nearly, if not altogether, a fictitious one. As for the Versifier, *audita loquitur*.

* In a preceding stanza it had been stated, that

———— seldom had he raised his head,
 Since his loved—lovely wife was dead ;
 Or had done aught but pine.

† ANONYMOUS VERSIFIER.—A well authenticated family tradition. The poem, from which the above stanzas are extracted, has not, (nor have the verses entitled *Prince Pensive*) been ever published

PRINCE PENSIVE.

Ay, stop, and welcome, handsome stranger,
 Till to your home restored :
 What is your name ? Prince, Sancho, Ranger ?
 Welcome to bed and board.

Prince moved his tail, and raised his eyes ;
 His thanks seem'd aught but glad :
 They even struck one with surprise ;
 So kind at once, and sad.

The children challenged him to join
 Their sport, the following day :
 The dog caress'd them with a whine,
 And sadly slunk away.

Yet soon their melancholy guest
 Great favourite became :
 To call him *Pensive*, they request ;
 He answer'd to that name.

One gloomy day a dismal toll
 From neighbouring church was heard :
 Prince started up ; gave one short howl ;
 Rush'd forth, and disappear'd.

Soon after, vows my funeral Verse,
 (*Audita loqui fas ;**)
 With drooping mien, beside a hearse,
 Poor Prince was seen to pass.

* It is permitted to relate what one has heard.

Sought for, and strictly, but in vain,
 For Prince the children cry :
 But the poor dog return'd again ;
 Return'd, alas ! to die.

Differing from mine, some versions have,
 That Prince no more return'd ;
 But moaning died, upon the grave
 Of him, whose loss he mourn'd.

And who was this ?—his former Lord :
 Why leave whom loved he so ?
 Rumour replied, “ by ingrate word
 “ Incensed, and filthy blow.”*

Man's loyal friends, the race canine,
 If this be true, we see,
 A feeling nice of honour join
 To stanch fidelity.†

While upon the subject of animal (brute-animal) sentiment and mind, may I, with reference to pages 36 and 37 of the second dialogue, soar (parenthetically) from dog to elephant, as shortly follows ?—Cicero,‡ in noticing the com-

* So called by Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*,

“ Forgive the *filthy* blow, my passion dealt thee.”

† See first dialogue, pages 111, 112.—*Anonymous Versifier*.

‡ *Epist. ad Familiar, Lib. vii. Epist. 1.*

passion excited by the massacre of elephants, (and their mournful and expostulatory cries and lamentations,) at the celebrated games exhibited by Pompey,* expresses himself thus—*Extremus elephantorum dies fuit ; in quo, admiratio magna vulgi atque turbæ, delectatio nulla exstitit : quin etiam misericordia quædam consecuta est,* ATQUE OPINIO EJUSMODI, ESSE QUAMDAM ILLI BELLUÆ CUM GENERE HUMANO SOCIETATEM. The last sentence of the above passage, *Melmoth* translates thus—"It is a prevailing notion, "that *these creatures, in some degree, participate "in our rational faculties ;"* and, in a note, he adds, "this was not merely a vulgar opinion ; "but entertained by some of the learned among "the ancients ; as appears from the last cited "historian, *Dion.*"

Do you remember the oatmeal prodigy ?

Pretty well. I have heard it told of many : but my great-grand-mother was the original and real heroine of the tale. She was the Lady Bountiful of her district ; and, in a season of much distress, more than approaching to

* Upon the dedication of his theatre.

actual famine, she distributed food and other necessities to her almost famished neighbours. Under these circumstances, Widow Flanagan made application for relief. But the meal was out; and she was put off with milk and money; a flannel petticoat, and a loaf of bread. But whatever cannot be had, a poor Irishwoman often supposes to be the very thing of which she stood in need. So the meal-suit was pressed, and the housekeeper was summoned.—“No more meal?”—“Not a grain!”—“A very little will serve poor Jenny’s purpose: do scrape the losset with a wing.”* “Ma’am it’s no use; I scraped it for Darby Forrestal’s children, two days ago.” “Now don’t be contradictory: it will not take a minute to try again.”—Under this injunction, the house-

* The Irish practice, of using the *wing* of a fowl, for such purposes as are mentioned in the text, was already obsolete, or nearly so, (unless amongst the lower orders,) while the author was yet a child. As for *losset*, he can find it in no dictionary; and, therefore, does not know how to spell it. He doubts whether he ever heard its name, except as one of the personages of this *Meal-o-drame*. That it was a measure, however, or vessel containing oatmeal, he can, on the traditional authority of his respectable grandmother, assert.

keeper flounced out; in the humour in which, under such circumstances, a housekeeper would be apt to be. But after a few minutes, a faint scream of astonishment was heard; and *Mrs. Bunchokeys* reentered, in glad consternation, to announce that the meal-tub was quite full. It is probable that she had erred in her chronology; that the wing affair was an older story than she supposed; that the losset had been filled by her since it occurred; and this last replenishment been forgotten; or perhaps some *locum tenens* had recently replenished it, in her absence, and without her knowledge. But these probabilities and perhapses I would not venture to suggest, if my poor grandmother were still alive. For the Honour of God, and Charity, the Nugents, and the D'Arcys, a miracle she would have it; and nothing less.

And a miracle perhaps it was. You are too incredulous; or you are afraid to let your credulity transpire, and expose itself in print.

You are sagacious. A miracle then, on the word and belief of my late excellent grandmother, let it have been. I forgot to tell you,

that *John Sneerabit*, a pert footman, when Jenny was importuning for the meal, suggested her going to a miller in the next village, and prevailing on him to shake the powdering of his coat and waistcoat, into her apron. As he had delivered the bread and milk to Jenny, John the less pitied her. But the wag paid for his facetiousness. In some days after, he fell awkwardly from behind the carriage, and had his arm in a sling for a week. The neighbours pronounced it a clear judgment. What better could happen him? said they.

But how comes it, that you are so destitute of ghost adventures? I thought that preternaturals were "as plenty as blackberries," in the hills and forests of Villanueva; where the plough turns up cannon-shot, as if they were potatoes; where in trenching for a plantation, you may come upon a charnel-house; and disinter Phenician scimitars, in searching for bog deal: a neighbourhood, in which if you ask your road, the odds are, that you will be told to turn to the right, or left, at *the war bush*. Here Heremon and Heber fought; here Cromwell beleaguered; and here William skir-

mished.* Here banditti, consisting not of Whigs and Radicals, but of Tories and Rapparees, “gleaned the refuse of that sword,” which more legitimate and public warfare had unsheathed.—Destitute of legendary tales!—Knocknashee, the Fairy Hurlers, Downie’s Pass, the Headless Horses, Modda Doov, the Croghan Giant, the Ash-Park Phantom, and the White Lady, or as you are in the habit of calling her, the Lady Blanche! What do you call these?—Why if you starve, it is in the midst of plenty; as the Irish peasant is said to do.

I addressed some verses to the White Lady, about seven years ago. Should you like to read them?

Yes: put them into the appendix-box, when we return.

Nay, knowing the voracity of your ghostly appetite, I brought them with me in my pocket-book, for your luncheon. But, suitably to my name, I must forewarn you, that you will not relish them. For, in her ladyship’s formation,

* All this is true.

I believe I have insinuated, that there is less of *mystery* than *mist*.

Fy! Fy! you are not rightly superstitious, after all.—Nay, you are no better than a shower-bath; throwing cold water on every thing within your reach.—But give me the verses: I will read them.—Oh! I find I saw them before; and, just as I expected, I do not like either of your White Ladies. The verses are all *persifflage*. One would be less likely to believe in phantoms, after having read them, than before.—You may put them into the Appendix however.*

I have some other versified legends in my pocket-book, which you may like better.

Exile them to the Appendix also. The narrative of an apparition, seen by the lady of Sir Tristram Beresford, has always struck me as being a curious and interesting one.

Upon me too, it has always made the same impression.

You once told it to me.

* See Appendix; where perhaps they may be found; perhaps not. I have not made up my mind.

I would not venture to tell it to you again. I had then come fresh from hearing it related, with his usual and admirable accuracy, by ***** ; from an authentic and detailed account, which he had lately read;—if I may apply the epithet ‘authentic,’ to a narrative of the kind.—Four circumstances, attending the supposed occurrence, arrest attention.—FIRST, the phantom visit is represented to have been the performance of a promise, made by a living friend, who, in common with her ladyship, had been incredulous on some matters of religion. The undertaking was, that if he found himself existing after death, and that his spirit was permitted to revisit earth, he would appear to her, and correct any dangerous opinions, which she and he might have erroneously entertained. SECONDLY, the statement is, that he foretold many circumstances of her ladyship’s future life; together with the time appointed for its termination: that these communications she next day imparted in confidence, to a friend;* and that the subsequent occurrences were in

* The Narrator.

strict accordance with these predictions.—
 THIRDLY, that he appeared under the figure of the friend, who in his lifetime had made the promise; or in some way enabled her to recognize him as that friend; and FOURTHLY, that the spirit not only spoke, audibly, and in a language which she could understand; but that it was tangible; and of a temperature so high and ardent, as to communicate caloric with a rapidity and in an abundance, sufficient to burn the wrist of the lady, which, at her desire, it touched. By appearing, and by vanishing, it also indicated a power, of making itself visible, and invisible, at will.—Some circumstances of the transaction might be explained, by supposing it to have been a singularly impressive dream. But others of its appurtenants will not admit of this explanation: and on the whole, we must pronounce the narrative to be false; or a preternatural occurrence to have taken place.—But again you smile; and for the third time since our dialogue began.

I smile to think, that we may be touching upon Irish politics, unawares.

Upon politics! How so?

By making one of the Beresford family our theme.

True. The times are out of joint ; and as we cannot reduce the dislocation,—in the name of common Prudence, let us retire, and have done.

Agreed ; so far as politics are concerned.—That “the better part of valour is discretion,” has been pronounced by a *greater* man,* than either of us, I hope, will ever be.—But dreams are not politics.

No ; though political speculations may often be mere dreams ; or “such stuff as dreams are made of.” I see what you are about. Next to your appetite for phantoms, is your hankering after dreams ; and abandoning imputed politics, you would have us escape from them to these. Well ! if an allegory and a vision will content you, these shall form our appendix ; buttressed by an appurtenant essay, or selected extracts from one.

Nothing political in their nature, I presume ?

Certainly not. An essay is not political,

* Falstaff.

which merely asserts and comments on the undisputed principles of the Constitution. Blackstone, in his commentaries, has treated of the Constitution of England. But I have never heard any portion of these commentaries described as a political or party tract; nor the treatise of De Lolme, whatever be its merits, stigmatized as a work of Faction.—The same observations I would apply to whatever has been written by Montesquieu upon the subject.—As for what you may find in my appendix, it is impossible that it should, with reference to present political differences, be of a party character; for this amongst other reasons; that essays which appeared in print, in 1792, could not have been written with a prospective view to the parties of 1835.—I say could not: for though I hope I am a *sooth-sayer*, I do not claim to be a prophet.

Under these circumstances, I accept your promise of an allegory and a vision. At the same time, I confess, that the dreams which I was in search of, were such as you, and Beattie, and Lord Brougham had been treating of.

Anything concerning these, we must postpone to some future ramble.

But shall we ever have another?

This will depend, partly on our own leisure; partly on our reader's will. A brisk purchase of the present dialogue will be a *Le Lecteur le veut*. On the contrary, a banishment of our lucubrations, to that quarter of the town, in which *quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis* is for sale,—this, I fear, will be a *Le Lecteur s'avisera*.

But lest this *Readerian assent* and sanction should be withheld,—and thus, that (although your occupations should permit) you and I might never have another stroll,—I would ask, in rather pedantic language, for a synopsial epitome, not so much of your arguments, as of your views.

If it can be given, by my answering your inquiries, you shall have it.

It can: but you must submit to my repeating questions, which have been already put, and to which answers have been returned.—Do you assert that the human soul is immaterial?

No.

That it is material?

No.

And why do you decline asserting that it is immaterial?

1st. Because Revelation has not declared that it is so; 2dly. Because it has not hitherto been proved to be so; and 3dly. Because I do not think that such proof can, to merely human understanding, be supplied.

The first of the above three grounds stands equally in the way of your pronouncing the soul to be material.

It does.

On what *additional* grounds do you decline to assert its materiality?

On the second and third ground, by me above suggested: viz. that the materiality of soul has not hitherto been demonstrated; and that I deem it unlikely that proof of this kind will be (to sublunary intellect) supplied.

But, in the course of our dialogues, you stated farther grounds for a denial of the materiality of soul.

Yes: I admitted that I did not know what matter was.

Readers will be startled by such an admission.

Only those who confound a class, with the orders, genera, and species which it contains. Those, for example, who confound *matter*, in general, with *perceptible matter*.—What *this latter* is, I do not admit myself not to know.

But perhaps *perceptible matter* includes *all matter*.

Nay, if this were proved, I should at once pronounce the soul, (for it is imperceptible,) to be immaterial.—But there exists matter which escapes the ken of human sense.

For example ?

Oxygen, for example. I might perhaps add hydrogen and nitrogen ; and I would add light, if I agreed with those who hold it to be invisible. For, I *do* agree, that if not perceived by the eye, light is not perceptible by any human sense. As for heat, this is not light ; but only a usual attendant upon it ; and therefore if *it* be really, or *quasi* felt,—this does not prove that its luminous comrade is palpable.—Again, the experiments of such chemists as Sir Humphry Davy, have rendered that percep-

tible, which, until their scientific skill operated upon it, had not been so.—Had it not been *matter*, before it endured those operations?

Of course it had. Otherwise Chemistry could turn immaterial into material; (which would be an approach to creative power,) and if the human soul got into its clutches, could convert, or pervert it into matter.

Here, if you be serious, you go too far. Though perhaps the will of God is, after all, the only barrier which I could, on such an hypothesis, set up against the Chemist's theoretic power. But in the meantime I seem to have proved my point; viz. that there is such a substance as *imperceptible matter*.*

You do appear to have established this.

Then it must be bad logic, to pronounce, that because the soul is imperceptible, it therefore is immaterial.

I agree; nor am I surprised to find the *perceptient* to be *imperceptible*. If the case were otherwise, we should encounter an incongruous

* And see on,—a quotation from Milton, in pages 52, 53.

confusion of the active with the passive.*—But the qualities of (say) oxygen are perceptible, though it be not perceivable itself.

And are none of the qualities of Mind alike perceptible? Is any power of oxygen more clearly perceptible, than is the *thinking* power or faculty of the Soul? Who fails to perceive that his neighbour thinks? Who is unconscious that he thinks himself?—Have we forgotten the celebrated enthymeme,—I think; therefore I am?

Your reasoning appears, to my understanding, to proceed fairly.

But what does the above logical deduction show?—Not *what* the soul is; but *that* it is. A consciousness of its *existence* is not a knowledge of its *nature*. The reasoning of the Mind appears, when we complete the syllogism, to be this: What *acts*, must *be*: I *act*;† therefore I *am*.

Then your argument seems to be,—that as matter is a class, which possibly includes various orders, genera, and species; and as the

* Of that which perceives, with that which is perceived.

† Mens loquitur.

only kind of matter with which we are—or can be—acquainted, is perceptible matter,—all that we can decidedly conclude, from the imperceptibility of mind, is—that *perceptible* matter is not its substance. But we know that matters *imperceptible* exist; and cannot say positively that *some one*, or some one and more, of these (with the nature, powers and qualities of which we are unacquainted,) may not have been selected by the Almighty Creator, to form that thinking substance, which we call Mind.

You are right: this *is* my argument. By what process is it, that human intellect can pretend to have discovered, that matter *cannot* think, and that what it has been pleased to call immateriality *can*? And this, where immateriality we cannot even conceive; (though we may believe;) and where even with *matter*, I mean its essential nature, we are, and must remain unacquainted. How does Milton quaintly record the imperceptibility of the material essence? He represents ENS as thus addressing his eldest son, SUBSTANCE.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth,
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth:

Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie ;

* * * * *

And heard them give thee this, *that thou shouldst still*
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.

* * * * *

O'er all his brethren * he shall reign as king ;

Yet every one shall make him underling ;

And those that cannot live from him asunder,

Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under :

In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;

Yet, being above them, he shall be below them :

From others he shall stand in need of nothing ;

Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing, &c. &c.

I do not see what more the above lines teach us, concerning matter, (the material essence,) than this, that we do not, and cannot understand it.

Then to those who ask you—"is the Soul material?" your answer is, "I cannot tell:" And to those who inquire of you, "is the Soul immaterial?" you return the same answer ; "I cannot tell."

Yes. But I go farther. I doubt whether you have not split into two questions, what properly is but one. For example : if I answer your first question in the affirmative, and

* The other nine predicaments, Quantity, Quality, &c.

say that the Soul *is* material,—shall I not have, by anticipation, answered your second,—and said that it is not immaterial? And again, if, answering in the negative, I say that the Soul *is not* material, shall I not have answered your second and superfluous question, and virtually pronounced it to be immaterial?

It appears to be as you say.

Thus, by dividing the question, we produce an illusion. *Immaterial* is in fact only *not material*. But, by this mode of expression, we clothe *negation* in the deceptive and counterfeit garb of *affirmation*; and give “to airy nothing,” if not “a local habitation,”* yet “a name,” to which nothingness, or zero is not entitled.

Still I follow, not to arrest, but to accompany your progress.

We thus fancy that we have acquired some knowledge of what the soul *is*, when (even if

* Nay, when we call the soul immaterial, we give to immateriality a local habitation, viz. the human body. And perhaps, in the case of soul, that mystery, and seeming contradiction, of immateriality, like matter, occupying space, does really exist. All I contend for is, that in this there is an abstruseness beyond human comprehension.

justified in negating its materiality) we have only at most discovered what *it is not*. When we say, "it is not material, but immaterial," we in fact commit the mere tautology of saying, "it is not material; but not-material."

This, I admit, is illusory.

If I tell a man who has never seen a tree, that it *is not* a rock, do I thereby furnish to his mind an idea of what it *is*?

Certainly not. To discover what a substance *is not*, is but a step in the investigation of what it *is*.

In like manner, if I say to a blind man that the sky is not earth, I make but a very scanty addition to his knowledge. Now, if wrapping my ignorance up in words, I prefer asserting, that earth is *terrene*, and sky *interrene*, or interrestrial, have I done more than translate into different language, my assertion that sky is not earth? Have I told what sky *is*? Nay, have I even told what it *is not*? Have I done more than said, that there is one thing (*viz.* earth) which it is not?

I begin to trust to your forebodings. At the very outset of our first excursion, you

observed, that we were but “entering a labyrinth ; and might, after some unprofitable wandering, have to find ourselves at, or near, the point from which we started.”*

Accordingly, what was our starting point?—A question as to the immateriality of Soul. And where are we now? Still surrounded by the doubts which we sought to solve ; and groping and stumbling through the very porch and vestibule of our inquiry. Yet I would not pronounce that wandering to have been unprofitable, which ended in the sometimes valuable discovery, that ignorant we were, and that ignorant we must remain. But had Pope in no degree prepared you for the fulfilment of my prediction?

Set on metaphysic ground to prance ;
Show all his paces ; *not a step advance.*†

Of the same warning character seem the following lines :

Mad Mathesis, at large, and unconfined,
Too mad for mere *material chains* to bind,
Now to *pure space* lifts her exstatic stare.‡

* First Dialogue, page 7. † Dunciad, Book iv. ‡ Ibid.

Yes: that celebrated poet goes some way to support the adage, that there is nothing new under the sun; and to show, that, accordingly, 1727 may find a mirror in 1835. If,

Physic of Metaphysic beg defence,

he suggests,

that Metaphysic call for aid, on sense.

Above all, he seems to complain, that the Scriptures are laid aside, and

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinking to second causes, is no more;
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires;
And unawares Morality expires.*

But while I am thus seconding so much of what you urge, let me confess that some portion of your reasoning appears to me to tend (though not at the expense of Religion,) to the side of materialism.

Then my arguments do injustice to the opinions which they are intended to support. According to me, those who dogmatically pro-

* Dunciad, Book iv.

nounce of the human soul, that it is material, or who peremptorily insist upon its immateriality, are both wrong.

*Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit : unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.**

Both confidently affirm that, which neither is demonstrated, nor perhaps is capable of demonstration. But what portion of my argument appears to have the tendency which you describe ?

You profess to believe, or half to believe, in the occasional appearance of disembodied spirits.

I go, in this respect, the length to which Addison, in common with many of the pious, wise, and learned, has gone ;† a length to which Holy Writ has commanded, and profane history and tradition have encouraged us to go. But how does such a belief favour the system of materialism ? You admit that it does not favour it at the expense of revealed Religion.

* Horace.

† Addison censures those, who “think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless.”—*Spectator*, No. 110. First Dialogue, page 113.

Such a belief gives countenance to the doctrine of materiality, in this way. An apparition is a something which appears. To appear is to be visible. Matter, and nothing but matter, is the object of sight. Therefore, to be visible is to be material. Again, Tradition represents these apparitions, in some instances, to have spoken; i. e. to have given utterance to audible and articulate sounds. Now such utterance is an act of matter. To be audible is to be material.

I concede all this; but without joining in your conclusion. During life, the soul is arrayed in matter, viz. that which constitutes the body; yet may itself be (I do not say that it is, or that it is not,) immaterial. After death, might not the soul be clothed with matter, of a more attenuated nature? Nay, of such extreme tenuity, as in general to elude mere human vision; but capable, by God's permission, of being occasionally so condensed as to become visible, and of being rarified into invisibility, (if I may so express myself,) again. Might not this thin garment be either the permanent envelope of even immaterial

soul, or a covering which it was allowed, when expedient, to assume? Then such an aerial body, sufficiently material to make itself seen, might be so constituted, and have such powers, as should enable it to be heard; why should such spiritual substance be supposed fitted for communication with the human eye, yet wholly incapable of holding intercourse with the human ear?

And the representation, by disembodied spirit, of the dimensions, form and features of the deceased man; what have you to say, in explanation of this?

Nothing; beyond what may be collected from what I have said already. There are difficulties and objections in the way of believing in apparitions.

Then why do you believe in them?

Because there seem to me to be obstacles more insuperable, in the way of disbelief.

Will you suggest them?

Is not God a Spirit? Yet was He not seen and heard by Adam? Was He not visible and audible to Moses, in the burning bush? Did He not *call unto him*, out of the midst of the

cloud, with which Mount Sinai was covered? Out of the throne which was set in heaven, did not *voices*, as well as lightnings and thunderings, proceed? * Was not the still small voice audible? and whence did it proceed? Did not a voice, uttering intelligible words, issue from amidst the brightness that struck Paul, dazzled, to the ground? Who will deny all this? Yet who will affect, presumptuously and profanely, to comprehend the nature of the Divine Substance, or pronounce it to be material?—Again, are not angels spirits? And have they not been seen and heard? Have they not questioned, instructed, commanded, and been understood? † To descend to human apparitions, was not Samuel seen, and heard, and conversed with, by the troubled Saul? ‡ Did not “*two men*,” one of whom was “*Moses*,” appear, and “*talk with*” Christ at His transfiguration? § Was not Moses dead and buried long before our Saviour’s birth? Have we heard from Scripture of the special resurrection

* Revelations. † John, xx. 12, 13. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6, 7.

‡ 1 Samuel, xxviii.

§ Luke, ix. 30.

of the keeper of Jethro's flock? Or have we yet arrived at the general resurrection of the dead.* Lastly, did not our Lord admit to his disciples, that the spirit of a dead man might be seen by his surviving friends?

I admit, that if your belief in the possibility of apparitions expose you to the charge of a leaning towards materialism, Addison's concurrence in this belief must expose him to a like charge.

I am glad you have made the observation; for it gives me an opportunity for reminding, or apprizing you, that Addison inclined to believe in the immateriality of soul; and, therefore, would not have admitted the possible existence of apparitions, if this admission were repugnant to such belief.

Then Addison considers the immateriality of the human soul as proved.

No: he does not go this length. He merely says, that "it has, he thinks, been evinced to *almost* a demonstration."†

* See Appendix to Second Dialogue, A, page 73. Note.

† Spectator, No. III.

But this is no small length.

I agree with you, that it is not. But it is not unimportant to my purposes, to bear in mind what he has added. He distinctly lays it down, that "the immateriality of the soul is not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration."* Then extricating ourselves from entangling and unprofitable doubts and questions, let us pass to momentous and indisputable truths ; and reflectingly pronounce that the soul is responsible and immortal.

Responsible ! a consideration, as awful as it is true.

But for the Christian Dispensation, it would be worse than awful. It would conduct man to despair. But we have more than an Advocate, with God. We have a mediating advocacy, which Divine Mercy has created ; and to which Divine Justice, appeased and satisfied, must yield. Utterly destitute of any merits of our own, we are permitted to appropriate the merits of our Redeemer. Between innume-

* Spectator, No: III.

rable and deadly sins, and the punishment which they would call for, we raise the shield of an ineffably benignant, and abundantly adequate atonement. That death unto sin, which we had to suffer, the Son of God has, in bitterness and ignominy, suffered for us. He has not only died for our sins; but he has risen for our justification. By the same mysterious power which lifted up himself, he at the same time raised his depraved and fallen servants; and has declared to them, that "*because* he *lives*, they, through him, shall also live." And for that overwhelming weight, with which we had been so heavily laden, and beneath the pressure of which we must have inevitably sunk, what is the light burthen, substituted by that (not the less free) gift, which the All-benevolent Donor sealed, in torture, with his blood? This easy, this alluring yoke consists of Faith, piously endeavouring to vouch its own existence, by bringing forth, however imperfectly, the fruit of works; Meekness, conscious of Man's unprofitableness, and total and necessary want of all righteousness, beyond that which is imputed; but at the same time,

exulting joyfully in the full and divine sufficiency of this; Charity, towards those, our fellow-creatures, “whom God so loved;” Hope, confident as humble, and fixing its “affections upon things above;” Love and Gratitude, deeply seated, unspeakable and pure; and as imperishable as the happiness which they aspire to; and for which both are more than due;—in these consists that heavenly yoke, which, properly viewed, forms a part of the mighty benefit that we have received.—Responsibility! —the word involves no menace to the faithful Christian. Awe puts off terrific, in the blest abodes.

There, in wise rapture whelm'd, we shall admire
 The good sincere; the beautiful sublime,
 That hath its awe, to elevate the soul;
 But awe from terror free, and full of love.*

* ANONYMOUS VERSIFIER.

POSTSCRIPT.

I looked into the Hebrew Bible, a few days ago, for the purpose of observing whether in Genesis ii. 7, in the second of the *supposed* instances in which נפש occurred, the *points* were different from what they were in the first. The consequence of this examination was my accidentally discovering that I had fallen into a mistake; and that the word which I supposed that I had met with twice in that verse, occurs but once.—The other word, which my Memory had confounded with it, was נשמה;—and to this extent I have to qualify and correct passages which will be found in Dialogue the First, page 56, (a note,) and Dialogue the Second, page 48 (the text.)—But I neither have to retract my assertion, that נפש seems equivalent to πνευμα, —nor have I fallen into any error which affects my arguments; or is in any way substantial. From Winer's Hebrew Lexicon, it appears—that נפש means, 1. *Spiratio, flatus, halitus*: 2. *anima*, quâ efficitur ut animantes vivant, cujusque indicium est halitus et spi-

ratio: hinc *vita*: 3. *animus*, quo sentiunt et appetunt homines: 4. *animans*: hinc *homo*.—*נשמה* means *halitus, spiritus* hominis, quo efficitur ut vivit; also *animus*.—Thus the affinity between *נפש* and *נשמה* is so close, that the meaning and interpretation of Genesis ii. 7, is not substantially different from what it would have been, if I had been right in supposing that *נפש* twice occurred.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

A.

A SUPPLEMENTAL TALK,

BETWEEN P. P. AND W. C. S. *

Referring to page 2.

P.—(musing.) It can open and shut its shell at will; and where there is volition, it would seem that there is thought. But an oyster can have very little mind, if it has any. It is shockingly stupid: a monstrous dull animal.

S.—I have had but little intercourse with this house of *Ostrea*; but as far as my experience goes, I am not disposed to differ from your estimate of their understanding. But Lord Botherton, Sir Foolery Fadaise, and Colonel Drowsypate, are not they “monstrous dull creatures?” They talk too; whereas the oyster is at least a wise-one of the second class.—“It has nothing to say; and it says nothing.”†

P.—I grant you all this: but what then?

* *Puto fore*, (I address myself to the reader,) *ut, quum legeris, mirere, nos id locutos esse inter nos, quod numquam locuti sumus: sed nosti morem dialogorum.*—CICERO VARRONI.

† Dialogue the Second, page 34.

S.—I merely meant to introduce a question, whether it is upon the quantity of intellect, that the quality of mind depends? Whether, while the big and bright mind is immaterial, the little dim one is made of matter? Whether stupidity congeals and petrifies the soul to material grossness?—Descend from the dullest and least mental of your acquaintance, to the case of an absolute and admitted idiot; the descent may not be great, and yet may bring you to the intellectual level of the oyster. Then reascend, from idiocy or oystership, to the highest intellect that you have met with, and after this inspection of your psychometer, tell me what *degree* of intellect is to confer immateriality upon soul.

P.—I see your drift. You would bring the horse-tail argument to bear upon this subject: *demo unum: demo item unum*. I do not object to the proceeding; it is a fair one.

S.—I am sure you remember our poor friend *Conn*;* both when he was an intelligent and far-famed huntsman, and when, after his fall and fracture,† he had become a moping and wandering idiot. Was his mind immaterial until his fall—and did it thicken to material, then? Nay, depend upon it, those who hold that nothing but immateriality can think, must bestow upon every thinking animal, an immaterial soul; and (if they add the belief, that immaterial must be immortal,) an immortal one:—and, accordingly, if they concede to an oyster, the faculty of thought, they must, to be consistent, hold, that

“ its single, half-smother’d, dim sparkle of mind,”

* A fool so called. I suppose the name was an abridgement of Constantine, or Cornelius.

† Of the skull.

(to steal a line from a beautiful Poem of the late William Ball,)

is of a fabric, to which eternal life essentially belongs.

P.—Do you remember (this is not quite *à propos*,) what you said of Memory, in our first dialogue?

S.—I recollect that we spoke of Memory.

P.—In page 48, you will meet with the discussion.—On that subject I wish to ask you, have you ever, in rummaging your memory for a name, felt quite conscious that it consisted of (say) two syllables; and when afterwards, the object of this at first ineffectual search was found, have you always, or most generally, discovered—that the name did in fact consist of the number of syllables which you had supposed?

S.—I *have* experienced this. But what do you conclude?

P.—Nay, I come to no conclusion. I merely, in connexion with our former dialogue, wish to commemorate a fact; and in doing so, to contribute a mite of material, for future possible induction.

B.

I have so nearly forgotten the very little algebra which I ever knew, that I cannot tell whether the following be a substantially legitimate equation, or even *quasi* equation. A regular and formal one—I believe it certainly is not.

Material—Matter=Immaterial.

If so,—then

Immaterial=Material—Matter.

Again, if so, Immaterial is absolute and mere negation; and though a negative *must* be contradictory, and *may* be

obstinate and perverse, I apprehend it cannot be positive. We might as well talk of material immateriality, as of positive negation.—Now of negative we have no *direct* idea. We see it (if we can be said to discern it) only through that, which it vanishes out of, and denies itself to be. It is the mere disappearance of something, which, in our mind's eye, we had seen. It is no otherwise than through matter, that we arrive at our obscure and dim notion of immaterial. We no otherwise perceive immaterial than by ceasing (or conceiving that we cease) to see matter; as, we perceive darkness, by ceasing to see light.*—Let us catch another analogous glimpse of the subject.

$$1-1=0$$

Or

$$0=1-1.$$

What is this, but to say, that in the numeral department, no such existence as zero is to be found? Who shall tell me what zero *is*? or more than what it *is not*? It is a general and abstract disclaimer of numerical existence. We but say to ourselves, in pronouncing it, “no imaginable number *is* zero;” or in other words, “zero *is not* any imaginable number.” Strike out the words “any imaginable number,”—and what does the assertion come to be? That zero *is not*.—Zero is the *vacuum* of numerical, as Immateriality is the vacuum of material existence.

First. Twice nought is nothing :†

Second. One and nought is one :

Third. Take nought from one, and one remains.

* Which I am assuming to be (as I think it is,) visible.

† Twice nought is nothing—means nothing different from twice nought is nought.

What do these three propositions resolve themselves into and mean?

- First. That there is no such existence as a multiple of zero: no such thing as twice nought. That zero is not susceptible of multiplication; which is, in fact, but abridged or summary addition.
- Secondly. That we have no conception of one AND nought, as distinguished from our idea of one. That the conjunction, AND, is out of its place; for that we can form no notion of a *junction* of any thing with nothing. In short, this proposition but denies that zero possesses the property or susceptibility of being added. It but denies that (humanly speaking) this, or any property, can inhere in nothing. If it could, creation would have been something different from what it was. It would not have been the making something out of nothing: * it would have been investing nothing with various qualities; and making NIHL the interior and central *ens, per se subsistens*, of the world.
- Thirdly. In like manner, the third proposition but strips zero of the usurped capability of being subtracted. It but asserts, that the active and transitive verb, TAKE, must have *something* to act upon; and that zero, on the contrary, is numerically *nothing*.

In the above propositions, too, it will be observed, that the limited nature of our comprehension forces us upon some inaccuracy of expression. Thus we seem, by them, to admit, that zero may be multiplied, added to, or subtracted from, a number; and we merely allege, that such addition, multipli-

* Indeed everything, out of nothing.

cation, or subtraction will be unavailing, and of no effect. But what we *may*, substantially and with truth, deny,—is this; that zero is a subject, which can undergo the process of being added, multiplied, or subtracted.

Substitute *immateriality* for *zero*, and the above reasoning, if at all applicable, will apply to the *subject* (I dare not say *matter*) more immediately before us.

Still, let me be understood. That beyond the precincts of what I have called *perceivable* matter, there may be—nay, that there is, and must be—created substance, I do not deny. Again, that beyond the precincts of matter, whether perceivable or not, there may be created substance, of a nature so different from matter, that when we become acquainted with its essence, we shall at once deny it to be material; and accompany this perception of what it *is not*, with a knowledge and assertion of what it *is*, and what powers and faculties it is capable of supporting,—this I do not controvert. That amongst substances of this class, may be found that wonderful and intelligent one, which constitutes human mind, I do not deny. I but seek to distinguish *MAY BE* from *IS*. I but try to define and insist upon the limits between affirmation and negation; and as words should represent ideas, and ideas can but be the produce of Understanding, I call on men to confine their assertions within the sphere of their understanding. I but guard them against supposing that they inform us what a substance is, (or even that it *is*,) by explaining to us what *it is not*. I but protest against its being held, that we can even pronounce an imagined subject *not to be* another, until we know precisely what that other *is*. For example, that we cannot affirm that *x* (the unknown algebraic subject of inquiry) is not matter, so long as we are ignorant what matter is; and that in this ignorance we must remain involved, until we are able to trace the limits of material existence; and to say what is, and what is not, within that (to us yet unexplored and inexplorable)

boundary line.—If we say that a flower is red, we imply a knowledge of the colour, *red*. In like manner, if we say that it is *not* blue, do we not thereby claim to be acquainted with the colour *blue*?—For *blue* substitute *matter*, in order that my reasoning may apply.

In sensation and reflection, originate our ideas; and the knowledge which they combine and associate, to form.

But is not sensation the grand source of reflection? Exclusively of Divine impressions and Revelation, may it not be the ultimate and primary source of human knowledge? supplying the crude materials, on which digestive Reflection has to act?—The blood, the nervous fluid, the brain,—these are all widely different from our—or our parents'—food; that daily bread, which we owe to the same paternal bounty, to which we are indebted for mind and body,—life and thought. But yet is it not of this daily bread, that the blood, (“which is the life,”) the nervous fluid, and—that tool and instrument of thought—the brain, were formed, and are repaired?—Reflection! What is reflection, but a sort of spiritual rumination? And what but our senses, operated upon by matter, supply the mental cud? I think it was Me. de Maintenon who, when dying, said—“how much I am about to learn!”* But we are not only impatient, but presumptuous. We affect to read, while yet alive, a book of knowledge, the very alphabet of which we have to learn from “The Great Teacher.”† Man not only “cannot see God, and live;” but there is much which he cannot know, until he has ceased to live.—A part of this *much*—seems to be the essence of the human mind. With this, upon our death, we *perhaps* may become acquainted. But in the mean time, from *Itself* I learn, that I am not yet acquainted with it.

* Que de choses,—or combien de choses,—je vais apprendre!

† Death.

C.

W. C. Search presumes, that the publication in this small volume, of certain rhymes, (they do not deserve the name of poems,) written by its author, will put an end to the rumour, that this author is a *judicial* W. C. S.—Can it be supposed, that such sentiments as are to be found in ‘*Orange and Green,*’ ‘*Country,*’ the lines ‘*to the White Lily,*’ and those ‘*to the Lilies,*’ were deliberately expressed by one, of whom it has been said, that “his object,” even when at the Bar, “had been “to halloo on, those who joined with him in the fiendish cry “of religious intolerance, and excitement of one class of religious professors against another? * What could be worse, than “to prevent a reconciliation between different classes of Christians?”—One of whom it has been said, that “his perverse “and mischievous object was, to rouse the very worst passions “of the people. That he ought to be, not upon the bench, “but in the dock. That he never was admitted, by the “person who thus drew his character, to be a man of “integrity, an impartial judge, a learned judge, a good lawyer, “a man of enlarged views, or who understood the law of “the land. That he prejudged every case; was a professed “partisan; and that any military officer, under the coercion “bill, would make a better judge.”—It is true, that I cannot go the length of saying, that the Public do not entertain a widely different opinion of this judicial W. C. S.; or that the addresses to him did not give him a widely different character,

* Quære, Whether the above sentence, and most of what follows, under inverted commas, have no tendency to *halloo on* some thousands, or hundred thousands, of the millions, of whose force and excitation we hear so much, against the character and life of a public man, *so described*; and the description coming from one whose influence with those millions is unbounded?

on an experience of thirty years. It is true, that this "intolerant hallooer" against Catholics, as soon as the relief bill passed, returned Catholics in four counties, out of the five of which the circuit consisted, the first in his list, to serve the office of Sheriff;—and it is also true, that the Judge, of whom the above not too complimentary description was given, is said, upon another occasion, and, as is commonly supposed, by the same person, to have "filled the bench, as it ought to be filled; "to be a truly learned judge; one of dignified impartiality; "and this impartiality graced," (*c' est un peu fort,*) "by almost "superhuman talent; his great mind being brilliant, precious, "inestimable, as the diamond."—If both those characters were true, I should say, that never was there so extraordinary a personage, as he to whom they appertained. But I am disposed to say, with little hesitation, that neither character is a just one. That one is much too high; the other quite unfounded, and too bad. I farther hope and think, that neither W. C. S. the Judge, nor W. C. S. the Rambler, is less than an honest, rational, well-intentioned man.—As to conjecturing that the W. C. S. in the title-pages, is not, with the aid of his friend P. P., the author of these Rambles, there is no limit, once we get into them, to surmises. There be those who will have it, that the writer of the Waterford critique, (noticed in p. 86, & seq. of *Second Dialogue*,) bears a name, or names, of which the initials are D. O. C.

D.

I have already noticed a criticism which appeared in an Irish journal, and which represented me as having borrowed largely from Butler's *Analogy*; a work of which I had not ever, nor yet have, read a line.—I find the *Athenæum* describing me as of the *Burton School*. I may not be able to tell precisely,

whether the article (which was of Irish parentage, or extraction,) meant the Judge, or the Anatomist.* With the former, though my opinion of his knowledge and understanding must be high, my intercourse is so *slight* and *rare*, that ours may be said to approach to the very *immateriality* of acquaintance. Of the Anatomist, I have no more read the work, (though I believe it to be in my collection,) than I have that of the Analogist; and, in not reading it, am assured that I have lost or postponed some entertainment. The contributor to the Athenæum proceeds to describe me as “a quaint humourist.” If this mean a priggish and queerly tempered oddity, my friends do not think me so, in the social intercourse of private life. Whether I appear so, in these Rambles, it will be for their readers to pronounce. At all events, I would rather be priggish, than profane; and prefer the unmerited character of a quaint humourist, to the earned one of a flippant Infidel, ostentatious of unbelief.

E.

THE RIGHTS OF WATERS,

A FABLE.

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO PAINE’S FABLE OF

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.†

*Flumina—quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.* HOR.

From that famed well, my watery precepts glide,
Where Naiad Truth is stated to reside.
Laugh not, ye wild Reformists;‡ those who view,
My streams with care, will see, reflected, *you*.

In I know not what century after the flood, (the reader can look into Blair’s chronology,) a spirit of tumult and philosophy

* Of melancholy.

† See page 45, of this Dialogue. The Rights of Waters form the allegory there promised.

‡ This translation of the motto, stands exactly as it appeared in print, in 1792.

is said to have moved upon the face of the waters. Rivers, which, and this could not be from want of reflection,* had been quietly advancing within their banks for ages, now discovered themselves to be in such a state of depravity, as required a recurrence to first principles, for its cure; and Rights of Waters were making a rapid progress through the globe.† It was argued, that this confinement within banks, was a restraint which they had heedlessly imposed upon themselves, contrary to the liberal intentions of Nature. They were created fountains; with equal natural rights; and deemed it expedient to go back to their sources, as the only means of accurate investigation. They could not see why some particles of water should be thrust down by others, no better than themselves. Their forerunners, it was true, had been submitting to this coercion, time out of mind. But what was this to them? The rights of living waters must not be thus controlled and sported away.‡ Divisions of water, into lakes and rivers, springs and puddles, they unanimously decried, as mere civil, artificial, and fantastical distinctions; and pushed their researches to that early period, when water came from the hands of its maker. What was it then? Water.—Water was its high and only title.§

Now a rumour went, that, in the time of Noah, a great aquatic revolution had taken place; when all things were reduced to a philosophic level. Beneath the sanction of which precedent, it was agreed on by the rivers, that they would not

* For rivers can reflect; and so can wells; as Narcissus, and neglected Echo, knew.

† When he wrote this fable, the Author did not foresee, that the *Rights of Rivers* would be so strenuously asserted in the political world, as they since have been. Not many months ago, with reference to the opening of the Scheldt, the expression of *Rights of Rivers* was familiar to every ear.—*Note to Second Edition, published in 1793.*

‡ See Paine's Fable of the Rights of Man.

§ "If we proceed on, we shall at last come out right. We shall come to the time, when Man came from the hands of his Maker. What was he then? Man.—Man was his high and only title."—*Paine's Rights of Man.*

be imprisoned within banks any longer ; nor driven headlong in one direction, at the arbitrary will of fountains ; but would shed their last drop, in asserting the rights of waters.

Obscure as to his origin,* ungovernable in his temper, and a leveller in principles, Nilus led the way, and Egypt was covered with an inundation. Every cultivated inequality was overwhelmed ; and all distinction levelled to uniformity. Nature was supposed to have resumed her rights ; and Philosophy admired the grand simplicity of ruin. When lo ! the tide of tumult ebbed ; and eminences were seen to get their heads above water. The party was daily continuing to gain ground ; and all things tended to a counter-revolution. What had first been deemed the effort of enlightened virtue, was now looked on as the rush of inconsiderate violence. What originally seemed calculated to further the views of Nature, was now seen to be directed in opposition to her will. While events had, in the meantime, been suggesting her omnipotence :—that to combat her was dangerous ; and to conquer her impossible.

Such was the result, and the moral of this enterprise.—His forces all subdued, impoverished and languid,—the baffled Nile retreated to his channel : after having, by his hostile descent, reluctantly served and strengthened the landed interests of Egypt ; though, like the commotions of the Seine, this also produced monsters.†

* *Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli ;
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.*

LUCAN.

† The mud, deposited by the Nile, was supposed to engender monsters.

F.

THE HILL OF GOVERNMENT,

A VISION.*

*This is a strange repose ! to be asleep,
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep !*

TEMPEST.

Since the first introduction of periodical writings, it has been the constant and undisputed privilege of their authors, to dream with a degree of method, unknown to all but themselves. Indeed this literary franchise could be traced still higher ; for the dozings of Homer have been long upon record ;† and his celestial visions are noticed by Longinus.‡

I therefore claim to sleep with my fathers : to dream with no less accuracy than they have done ; and to inherit those air-built castles, which make so principal a part of an author's patrimony. Nor should modern Reformists contest my right to this incorporeal hereditament ; since, who more visionary than themselves ?§

Overlooking actual good, they contemplate "air-drawn" mischief ; and fall on real evils, in shunning illusive forms, which a factious second-sight enables them to discern.

As I was lately thinking on a subject for my next paper, my meditations strayed insensibly to a revery ; which latter conducting to a slumber, I seemed suddenly to hear the striking of oars upon water ; and raising my head, found myself in a spacious bay, on board a boat, which was making for the nearest

* This is the vision promised in page 45.

† *Dormitat Homerus.*—HOR.

‡ *Του Διο; ενυπνια.*—LONGINUS.

§ This was published in 1792.

point of land. The shores on either side were picturesque, and cultivated; and at the extremity of the harbour lay a town,* which, reflecting the rays of the sun as it rose, was gradually lighted up to a most dazzling brightness. While I was admiring this natural fire-work, we disembarked; when, as surprise is an emotion, rarely excited by the occurrences (however uncommon) of a dream, I calmly inquired of the mariners, upon what coast they had landed us; and had scarcely been informed that this was the land of Liberty, before I saw the Goddess descending from an adjacent hill. She was habited like a mountain Nymph;† and in her look there was an expression, of blended modesty and spirit, the most attractive that can be conceived. In her right hand she held a wand, from whose point there issued a bright and steady flame; while her left grasped a scroll, which, as she came nearer, I perceived to consist of the Great Charter, and the Bill of Rights. She was accompanied by the Genius Rekub;‡ and attended by a troop of Africans, who wore upon their heads the symbols of acquired freedom.§

She welcomed me to the island, with acknowledgments of my zeal; lamented that Faction was not yet suppressed within her territories; and having recommended me to the care of the Genius, left us.—Rekub, turning upon me a countenance, that beamed with the most intelligent benignity, offered to be my guide, whilst I should ascend the heights of Government, and reconnoitre the motions of the domestic Foe.||

Within view of where we stood, several highways, leading from different quarters of the island, terminated in a common

* Dublin.

† The Mountain Nymph—sweet Liberty.

MILTON.

‡ Burke.

§ Pilei.

|| Faction.

point, at the Hill of Government; and were thronged with passengers, on their way thither: concerning whom I remarked, that whilst upon some of the roads they were habited in black, those on others being in arms, and military array, made an extremely brilliant and lively appearance:

The country which lay between, filled the eye very agreeably. Broken into inequalities, sheltered with trees, and glittering with streams of water,—intersected by inclosures, and scattered over with buildings, it exhibited all the comfortable gradations, between competence and grandeur.

Shunning therefore the bustle of a public road, we sought, amongst these retreats, a passage to the hill; pursuing our way along by-paths, from which, as they lay amongst groves, and on the banks of rivers, by castles and cottages, through scenes of rich cultivation, or elegant retirement, the eye unwillingly endured those glimpses of the mount, and the highways, which broke transiently in upon this rural scene.

During our journey, we sometimes met the emissaries of Faction; who, preaching insurrection to such groups as they could collect, assured their audience, that notwithstanding the wealth, freedom, and security, with which they suffered themselves to be deluded, they were in fact the most miserably oppressed wretches in existence; and must so continue, unless they would desert their tillage, and, going upon the highway, assist some patriotic citizens, who were employed in levelling the Hill of Government; which they asserted not to be a natural excrescence; but a mound, thrown up by some tyrant invaders, to awe the people.

I could not observe that those preachers were successful. The country-folk seemed to listen with astonishment and contempt; and except a few stragglers, who, averse from industry, and in want of occupation, went with them upon the high-road, they made no proselytes.

One indeed there was, who by a simplicity of expression

that resembled truth, and a sharpness of style which might be mistaken for eloquence, had not only attracted a numerous audience, but was listened to with uncommon, and dangerous attention. This man, as we drew near, betrayed symptoms of embarrassment; and after making a sudden pause in his discourse, to my great surprise, resumed it to the following effect.

[*P. S.—The reader will take notice that I am still asleep ; and shall dream through another paper, for his edification and amusement.*]

DREAM CONTINUED.

*You do yet taste
Some subtleties O' TH' ISLE, that will not let you
Believe things certain.*

TEMPEST.

“Are you then the dupes of such sophistry as mine? Is not the boldness, with which *I* defame your constitution, a striking proof of the free principles which pervade it? In such incendiaries as myself, behold the symptoms of excessive freedom! Yet it is the supineness of your government, which permits us to scatter flames. We are *answered* from the press, when we should be *silenced* by the law: your rulers seek to *convince*, where they ought to *coerce*: to persuade men through their reason, whom they should control through their fears.”

His audience having listened to this strange clause in his harangue, long enough to satisfy the wonder it excited, were now dispersed; when turning to Rekub, to inquire the meaning of such extraordinary candour, I observed his arm extended; and saw something in his air and manner, which explained to me, that by means of a preternatural ascendant, he had compelled the agitator to utter truths, which it was his interest to conceal.

We were now drawing near the Hill of Government; and as we approached the junction of the great roads, our landscape, though enriched with structures of more splendour, had proportionally lost of the elegant privacy, which charmed us at our outset; being intersected by cross-ways, and exposed to interruption, from the clamorous and bustling neighbourhood of Ambition. To our left, however, we perceived a wood;* to which, besides its promising a renewal of that retirement, from which we had emerged, and affording a passage of sufficiently gradual access to the hill, we were attracted by a soft and harmonious sound;† which, issuing from thence, was borne to us upon the same winds, that shook the trees with a gentle agitation. Thither we directed our steps; and ascended the hill through the consecrated Groves of Science. Rekub was known and honoured in these retreats:‡ but Curiosity forbad our stay,—and we issued forth upon the mount; which, thrown up by Nature, and improved by Art, combined the appearances of a fortress, and a hill.

It was thronged with people, richly drest, and all in motion: some ascending the summits with rapidity and ease,—others climbing slowly, and with seeming toil; and others, again, tumbling, amidst the scorn of such as had kept their footing better: the whole forming a scene, which, for airiness and bustle, I do not think could be easily exceeded.

We now directed our eyes to the right, and overlooked the plains of *Faction*; which were covered with noisome vapours,

* *Spissæ nemorum comæ.*

HOR.

† ————— *testudinis auræ*

Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas.

HOR.

‡ The University.

exhaled from the fens of Ignorance. But the darkness was from time to time interrupted, by meteors which started from the soil, and glaring through the mist, moved towards the most dangerous parts of the morass; where, after hovering for a time, they vanished with a loud explosion; leaving their deluded followers plunged in an abyss of error. Beyond this region lay the shores of Anarchy; a dreary tract, heaving with incessant earthquakes, and exposed to inundation, from the Ocean of Barbarism, which roared in the limits of our horizon.

On the nearest spot of the plains of Faction, at the base of the hill, the Levellers had pitched their camp; upon ground so disadvantageous, that from no part was the ascent more difficult or abrupt: a circumstance arising not from imprudent choice of position; but from this, that the more accessible approaches to the mount were fortified and strictly guarded; and admission refused to all who had not passports, from Genius, Industry, or Knowledge.

Their camp was a scene of restlessness and intoxication; produced by frequent draughts of an eager poison, with which they were supplied from its adjacent sources; and which, though I readily knew to be licentiousness, they swallowed greedily for public spirit. Of the victims who perished in consequence of its venom, their leaders formed heaps, that should facilitate their own ascent: a practice, however, studiously concealed from the survivors. Amongst those leaders there was one, whom Rekub called *Imposture*,—who fixed me by a smile, the most treacherous I have ever seen; and which petrified every sentiment of confidence within me. It was the repose of muscle, in which Mischief rests from toil; and basks in emanations of intense malevolence: the same malignant brightness, which may be supposed to have lighted up the features of the Arch-foe, when our first parents fell from their obedience. From the painful fascination which this smile produced, I was roused by a bustle in the Camp, announcing the

arrival of the Genius *Ainep* ;* in whom I quickly recognised my rustic orator, the line of whose eloquence had been so refracted by the influence of Rekub ; and whose present reception marked him for a Chief of note amongst the Factionous. From their camp my attention was now however drawn, to a group of men upon the hill ; who had ascended by the legitimate roads, but being unable to keep pace with their fellows, or by means of some false step, having fallen behind, seceded in disgust, and formed a party on the rocks which overhung the Rebel camp. From thence they held communication with those below ; lending the hand to some, to assist them in scaling ; and encouraging all with the language of approbation. Nay, some amongst them leaped, in a seeming frenzy, from the precipice ; and were received by those beneath, with shouts of triumph and exultation.

Time not permitting to dwell longer on this scene, we turned to ascend the hill ; and advanced towards an edifice, situated mid-way between its base and summit. It was raised upon a level spot ; and the façade of the building, with its dome and colonnade, reminded me of something I had seen elsewhere.†

As we approached it, Rekub thus addressed me.—“ To level this hill would be fruitless toil ; if such were, indeed, the intention of the Factionous. The soil we tread, is pregnant with an active principle, which would speedily throw up another eminence, in its stead. But much skill has been successfully employ’d, to adapt the present mound to the purposes of society, and security of national happiness and freedom. I should therefore regret its destruction. I should grieve to lose those improvements, which must perish in its

* Paine.

† The Parliament House.

“fall ; and should mourn the precariousness of human provisions, when I beheld inequality restored, by a rude and monstrous heap, thrust forth by Nature, to supply its place ;—but destitute of those social ornaments, and accommodations, which the gradual art of ages had produced.

“The heights on which we stand, are of volcanic origin. They were raised in the struggles, and heated expansion of human violence ; and, in early times, were alternately the seat of conflicting Force, and arbitrary Power. But the explosions are no more ; and nothing can now be seen, but verdure and fertility. Nay, those desolating floods, which overran its sides, have ultimately, perhaps, served to connect the hill with the adjoining country ; and break the inaccessible abruptness of its precipices, to acclivities of easier ascent, for those who approach it from the territories that lie beneath.

“Look round upon the island. Except those tedious and pestilential flats, which are ranged by the tumultuous clans of Faction, how gradual is the descent from its summit to its sides ! What easy access can Freedom have, to every, the remotest corner of her dominions, along the gently sloping paths of gradual subordination !

“But let us not be deceived in the objects of the Factionous. They do not wish to demolish ; but to occupy : not to dismantle the fortress ; but to garrison it themselves : not to level the hill of government ; but to hurl Freedom from her throne ; and exalt Despotism in her stead. I speak of the leaders. The thoughtless multitude is guiltless of design. Their crime extends not beyond the savageness of the moment. They are frequently as innocent of the ends they bring about, as the instrument which is used to perpetrate a murder. The explosion of their violence does but carry home the mischief, which engineers of faction point against the state.”

Whilst he spoke, we had arrived ; and, on entering the

temple, were again cheered with the presence of Liberty. She was occupied in superintending the affairs of the island; which were administered by three delegates, who sat beneath; and whose countenances were contrasted, with singular variety.*

These three having debated every measure, the decree when agreed on, was executed by the first; who was distinguished from the others by a crown. But I could not observe, that, with the Goddess who presided, any one of these deputies was a greater favourite than the rest.

I cannot say how much farther my slumbering observations might have proceeded, if I had not been startled by what seemed a cry of "the dome is on fire!"† when, raising my head, I found that my hair, as I nodded, had caught fire at a candle; and my servant (though a Frenchman,) was extinguishing the flames.

G.

TO THE PATRIOT.‡

*Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti,
Sufficit una domus.*

JUVENAL, SAT. 13.

Would you the manners of your species know?
To any neighbouring mansion let us go:
The baby scenes of passion, acted there,
Of Earth's vast drama just abridgements are.

ANON.

March 2d, 1793.

SIR,

To the pleasure which I have derived from the perusal of your essays, you must attribute the trouble of my present letter.

* Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy.

† This paper was written, not very long after the dome of the Irish Parliament House had taken (or was set on) fire.

‡ This is one of the Essays, promised in page 45.

I would lay before you the result of some observations, to which the purport of those essays led.

The mass of Society, I apprehend to be formed by the insensible growth of families to tribes; and gradual accumulation of these latter into nations. From whence it would follow, that public government is a multiple of private sway; and thus the topics, on which I write, will become altogether pertinent.

For as small states have been held the fittest for the instruction of politicians, may not the petty arrangements of domestic regulation, and miniature control which presides in private companies, also furnish principles of wider application? I have, therefore, assumed the task of suggesting those analogies, and enabling you to publish my discoveries.

I shall first bring before you, my friend *Mr. Tamely*, in his capacity of *Paterfamilias*; and sketch the constitution of his household.

During the commencement of a reign which lasted somewhat longer than that of Edward the Fifth, his efforts were directed to the population of his empire; and these have finally been crowned with tolerable success. But, strange as it will appear, his authority diminished, in proportion as he became the father of his people. The family constitution was insensibly deranged; and the government, lodged seemingly in the hands of two, might be thought, by a hasty observer, to be consular. But, at best, it was the Consulate of Cæsar and of Bibulus; and, as the Romans recorded the usurpation which occurred in their time, by dating from the consulate of Julius and Cæsar,* so the household authority, which I am describing, might be termed the reign of *Henrietta* and of *Love-rule*; this being *Mrs. Tamely's* maiden name.

* Suetonius, Jul. Cæs. c. 20.

Affairs being thus circumstanced, you will anticipate the conclusion. He has long since named *Her Effeminacy* Dictatress ; a step which I will confess myself to have advised ; and for which the tumults of the marriage *State* very loudly called. The event has in some sort justified my counsels ; for matters now proceed with sufficient smoothness ; insomuch that, unless the Lady should herself abdicate, I apprehend the dignity will be perpetual.* So long as the power was apparently divided, the family quiet was continually disturbed, by the lady's jealousy of her yokemate's claims, and stratagems to exalt her own ascendancy ;—and the subject groaned beneath that suspicious harshness, which arises from the, fearfulness of Precarious Authority. But now that her supremacy is fixed and recognised, she can exercise all the clemency of secure and satisfied ambition. Yet, as if the more effectually to verify my system, she sometimes regrets her former indirect control ; and, waving the exertion of her acknowledged privilege, disclaims “having any will but that of Mr. Tamely ; or wish beyond the freedom that every woman ought to have :” a claim of dominion, by the way, which is thoroughly *à la Française*.—Power, she knows, is bounded, by being constituted and recognised ; and she broods upon a sentiment which fell from me ;—that “the authority of Magistrates is better than that of Demagogues ; and the majesty of a King than the terrors of a Lord Protector ; or lurking despotism of a National Convention.”†

Do not hastily accuse me, then, of abetting tyranny—though

* As it became, in the case of Julius Cæsar.

† I suspect that those are mistaken, who suppose the Convention to be the seat of that power, which now rules France with such despotic rigour. The supreme power I take to be lodged, for the present, with the Mob ; (I ask pardon, I mean the People.) Or, if a portion of it be vested in any members of the Convention, it is only because these same persons happen to be mob-leaders. Their power does not flow from their constitutional situation of legislators.—See the last mandate, issued to them, by the Federates, to forbear prosecuting the assassins of the Second of September.

I should have contributed to Mrs. Tamely's greatness ; but, now that the facts which form my premises are stated, hearken patiently to my conclusions.—That, as of Power, it is the substance which is formidable, not the name,—and as Despotism is usually aggravated by being latent, (the unacknowledged Tyrant being instigated to cruelty by his jealousies, while he is exempted from the check of shame by his concealment ;) the title should therefore follow the reality of Power. Its rigour should be softened, by exposure to public notice. In a word, it is desirable that Despotism should project a shadow, which may warn the Inadvertent, when they come within its reach.

Let us now, Sir, enlarge the field of observation ; and, extending our inquiries beyond a single family, contemplate the more spacious circles of society : examine that federative system, which forms a neighbourhood ; and investigate those governments, which may be termed convivial. Or, appropriating a more technical dialect to my art, let us say, that, having considered the *thoral* system, we shall now proceed to study the *mensal* constitutions.

At dinner lately, with my old acquaintance, Mildworth, my new theory floating in my brain, and converting into proofs all the objects that lay round me, I assumed the following principles for a foundation. That the government, which regulates convivial meetings, is not tinctured with any properties of feodality ; but may be fairly classed amongst the democratic forms. The guests enjoy equal rights and privileges in conversation : while, in the capacity of Stadtholder to these united families, the Entertainer upholds their federative connexion ; and clothes and keeps on foot a standing army, for the public service.* As for those Inquisitors, who went round

* The servants or footmen attending at table.

the table, and detected and betrayed the secrets of the company,* I thought them as consistent with a republican form, as the Committee of Research, established amongst the French ; and with respect to the despotic character of such establishments, your seventh number had already taught me, that Democracy and Despotism are in no sort incompatible.

In this theory, perhaps, I was not much mistaken. Perhaps those parlour usurpations, which I am about to state, are the natural produce of a too popular constitution ; and that the arbitrary conduct of *Sir Blatero Rumbledon*, a Mensagogue who sat beside me, was no more than an epitome of that which Demagogues exert, in their wider sphere of action.

Let this be as it may, I soon perceived that he was the ruler of the table : that his word was the law ; and that no man's property in conversation was secure, from the effects of his extortion, and extravagance. Modest Knowledge faltered in his presence : Contradiction fell before him ; and Truth was overwhelmed in the tempest of his assertions. A monopolist of uproar, his avarice grasped at syllables ; while stunning with interruption, and burglariously entering the precincts of your discourse, he wrung your story from your mouth, to the last sentence ; and disembogued it on his hearers, with the most vociferous profusion. Nay, however small your means in conversation,—though you were but provided with a dozen sentences, for chequering the dull solemnity of your silence, and scantily supplying the wants of the afternoon, he had no compassion,—no discrimination ;—but with fiscal barbarity, levied your little all.

" Nil habuit Codrus : quis enim negat ? at tamen illud
" Perdidit Infelix totum nihil."†

* The Decanters. *Aperit præcordia Liber.*—Hor. *Vino tortus.*—Ibid.

† Juvenal, Sat. 3.

Having ascertained the exorbitance of this usurper's power, I began to consider what the means were, that upheld it; and was about to raise my voice, in the cause of liberty of speech, and equality of audience, when the Mensagogue took his hat, and left the room. He was followed by *Mr. Hangeron*; whose attempted assumptions of the talkative sceptre I have forborne to notice;—because, when he seemed to wrest it from the hand of Rumbledon, he in fact meant to fix it more firmly in his grasp: his interruptions resembling those of a tragedy confidante; or the blows which a boy gives the hoop that he is chasing, when he perceives it slackening in its career.

The Tyrant was removed, but the tyranny continued; and was exercised less terribly by his successor, *Vanalltalk*; who now ascended the vocal throne, and governed the table with the proudest suavity of manner.

I did not survive his reign; but seeing no chance of obtaining the ear of the assembly, (for I, too, was desirous to usurp attention,) I left him discoursing, and wearily took my leave.

In addition to the reflections supplied me by the *Tamelys*, (as that despotism is aggravated by concealment,) and which were also in some sort applicable here, I could not help observing, as I returned home, on the abuses to which popular governments are exposed.—I felt that the oppressions of Sir Blatero, and Vanalltalk, were the natural consequences of that Democratic principle, which too eminently distinguishing the mensal constitutions, gives no check to the usurping inclinations of some men; but leaves their tyrannic humour an unbounded range. Besides, as I have said, the table despotism is too concealed.—The Mensagogue will play the tyrant, and engross the whole discourse, in asserting the rights of guests, and the freedom of conversation.

On the whole, Sir, I not only subscribed to the definition, which, in your eighth number, you give of Government, that

"it is a mound, which the Divinity of human Reason, has flung on the enormity of human Violence,"—but, persuaded that a lofty, and firm-set throne—is the best security for public freedom, I heartily wished Mildworth had been King, instead of Stadtholder; and entrusted with that social sceptre called the hammer,—so conducive to good order, in some convivial meetings.

The next day Mildworth called upon me, bringing a pamphlet in his pocket, which he recommended to my attention. Occupied at the moment, in writing you this letter, I hastened to communicate my system to my friend; who, though he smiled at its singularity, did not controvert its truth; but even furnished me with means of rendering the theory more complete. Your analogies, said he, will bear to be detailed, without the slightest deviation from the truth. These latent tyrannies pervade familiar life; and are continually found lurking, beneath every surface of equality. What is the Valetudinarian, who terms peevishness ill health, and subdues us to his whims, with the aid of our own pity? What the forward infant, that squalls us into compliance with its helpless commands? or the mother, who, declaring herself a slave to her children, lashes them into silence, without investigating their wants? What is Bess Flippant, when checking the remark that has half issued from your lips, she raises a sneer against your knowledge, by avowing her own ignorance? These are all equals, or inferiors, in appearance; tyrants in substance and effect: the more completely rulers, for seeming it the less.

What is the lively Dunce, who having heard that simplicity attends on talent, and that learning is incompatible with knowledge of the world,—who knowing himself to be ignorant, concludes he must be shrewd, and presumes, from your acuteness, that you want common discernment,—and who, building his conduct on this vulgar basis, seeks to dupe you, in the

civilest, and grossest manner possible? regarding you, in the ordinary intercourse of life, as a mass of brilliant incapacity, and harmless infatuation? Will such a man set up for more than being your equal? or will he be found to be less than your oppressor?

Trust me, continued Mildworth, this calumnious maxim, which Dulness first invented, and the modest indolence of talent has let grow, (that Wisdom is not dexterous in the common business of life, but that this, to go on smoothly, should be left to Cunning,) besides helping to substantiate your ironical analogies, has been productive of serious and extensive evil. By lifting arrogant Stupidity to the elevated ranks of life, appointing it to preside over the interests of nations, and regulate the practical concerns of Government, (while Genius is left to pine and speculate in obscurity,) we have inverted the wholesome progress of our nature, towards that glorious inequality, which is the perfection of the species; and have prepared the minds of many to receive the nonsense of Thomas Paine,—who, under other circumstances, and surrounded with other prospects, would have instantly shrunk from its mischievous absurdity.

I was about, interrupted I, taking advantage of a pause, to proceed regularly in that system, which strikes you as ludicrous; and having traced domestic sway, from the interior of a house, to the wider circle of a neighbourhood, I meant next to detect the latent despotism of acquaintanceship; and examine that modification of it, which modern Irony terms friendship. I could shew it to be a tyranny, the more oppressive in its nature, because in governing you, this Patron* affects to be your equal: a circumstance, favourable still to my analogies;

* A Patron and a gaol.

and consistent with the reflections which I made at Castle Tamely.

Severe and parsimonious economists of kindness, of counsel these friends are indeed liberal to profusion.* This they oftentimes enclose in sarcasm, and bestow in public. It seems, said Mildworth, from your account, that the amical domination resembles that which was exercised at Rome, by virtue of a particular decree of the Senate. *Ne quid detrimenti capias*, appears to be the object of this friendly control. But it is their vanity, replied I, which invests them with their command; and the character of their criminal system is most despotic. They will sentence you to infamy, by a slander de cachet. Besides, they plunder you of your confidence; and repay it with reserve: acknowledge your good sense, without attending to your opinion: confess their own infirmities; and dictate their advice. If a charge be made against you, which their own conduct has encouraged, they will treacherously enter on your defence; in order to terminate their degrading vindication, with a *sed tamen* which shall subvert it all.† Meantime, they have entangled you in a mesh of petty obligations: have confined you to their empire, by the magic of long habit: have encircled you, so as to debar others from your access. Whatever ill they report of you—obtains credit, as coming from persons whose partialities are in your favour.—Come,

* De tous les services, que l'Homme peut rendre au prochain, il n'en est point, ou il se porte avec plus de plaisir, et de satisfaction, qu' à donner un conseil: car, outre que cela ne lui coûte rien, il donne encore par là, de l'ençens à son propre esprit. Certainement la promptitude qu' on temoigne à conseiller les autres, est une marque de la presumption qu' on a de sa propre capacité; et une sincere amitié y a souvent la moindre part: car le conseil en bien des rencontres est le fruit d' une amitié tiede, et tient lieu de bonne volonté à celui qui n'a pas envie de nous rendre d' autre service.—*Pensées d' Oxenstirn*.

† Vide Hor. lib. 1, Sat. 4, l. 96, &c.

said *Mildworth*, you shall take a walk.—We will finish these discussions in the open air. By the time we reached the banks of the canal, I had run through my syllabus; and found my companion holding the following discourse.

In stating the abuses, which pervade the various domestic establishments, you appear to insinuate what I take to be true;—that we are apt to attribute to the defects of our constitution, evils which, in fact, have their origin in our nature. When Official Dulness stalks scornfully by my side, or affable Folly insults with condescension, my love for the constitution loses somewhat of its strength. It fades, for a moment, in the heat of my resentment. But this is pride; not conviction. When I behold the contumelies, which Virtue must endure from Power; when I see timid Merit justled, by the stupid Effrontery which pushes forward in its place,—or ruined by mean slanders, of that conscious Folly, which dreads an open conflict with a rival of such prowess;—when I observe it patiently retiring from the dignities of the State,—I mistake the faults of our nature, for the defects of our government; and my Impatience would draw conclusions, if my reason would permit. When I see the levity of folly soaring into rank, and the gravity of wisdom pressing to obscurity,—I waste those groans upon establishments, which should be treasured up for Man. I grow a democrat, when I think of some leaders of administration; but a glance at the chieftains of sedition effects my cure.

But as Governments, where they do not contain some radical defect, are to be judged of by their general operation, let us turn from abuses which prejudice our judgment, and fall so obviously beneath our notice, here at home; and contemplate England, which is placed at a convenient distance, for enabling our observation to grasp the whole. In the state of the nation, let us seek the character of its Government. Let us consider the situation of that wonderful country: for wonderful in

truth appears to me, a machine consisting of so beautiful, and just a gradation of parts; each adapted to its proper purpose, and promoting the progress of the whole. Much evil and misery, no doubt, are to be found: but are there not both in the lot of every individual? Are they not interwoven in our nature? and must not a considerable part of our best exertions be employed in preventing them? or in curing, or palliating their unhappy effects?—In a word, I conceive the Genius of the British Constitution addressing thus a generous and enlightened people,—who not blind to its faults, but even solicitous to correct them, yet confess that these are nobly redeemed by its perfections:

“Sanus ab illis,
 “Perniciem quæcunque ferunt, mediocribus, et queis
 “Ignoscas, vitiis teneor. Fortassis et istinc
 “Largiter abstulerit longa ætas; *liber amicus*; *
 “Consilium proprium.”†

This was a part of my friend's discourse; which, at my return, I thought proper to transcribe; together with the particulars of that conversation which preceded it. I shall now conclude my tedious letter, (which if it have no better effect, may again set you dreaming for your readers,) by hoping that the sensible remarks of Mildworth—may atone for the rhapsodies and follies of

PETER PARALLEL.‡

* A Patriot.

† Horace.

‡ Mr. Burke (Edmund) writes thus to the author of these essays.—“My Dear Sir, I have taken possession of one of your packets; and will forward the other as you desire. *Peter Parallel* is a very pleasant fellow; and tells serious truths, with considerable humour. I need not tell you how much my son admires *The Vision*; for I know that he has told you this, himself. But though I too thought highly of it from the first, you either must have improved it, or I appear to have done it scanty justice. But the

H.

EXTRACTS.*

Οὐδὲ ἀσαφῆ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν νομίζω ἐπιφέρειν, εἰ,
 ΤΟ ΠΑΤΡΙΟΝ ΠΑΡΕΙΣ, τὸ πλεόν τοῖς ὀλίγοις, ἢ ΤΟ
 ΕΛΑΣΣΟΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΠΑΣΙ δουλῶσαιμι.

THUCYDIDES, BOOK 4, CHAP. 86.

Nor should I consider genuine and equal liberty as introduced by those, who, instead of adhering to the institutions of our forefathers, subjected *the few to the many*; or the many to the few.

ANON.

If my readers would see the spirit of liberty, embodied in practice, and animating the machine of government, I refer

“fable of *The Rights of Waters* continues to be my favourite; and this you “certainly have retouched, and to good effect, &c. &c.—E. B.”—*Prior's Life of Burke*.

Mr. Burke's son (Richard) writes thus:—“I have read the whole of it,” (the volume of *Essays*), “with pleasure; and shall you think me too complimentary, if I add—parts of it with admiration. The *Vision* and the “*Fable* rival each other with me; and if it were not for the reception given “to *Rckub*, in the former, I do not well know which I should prefer. The “controlling effect, which you suppose his ascendant to produce on his opponent, is very happily imagined, and executed with great skill. I may—indeed I must—be partial, where my father is concerned. But I will, notwithstanding, venture to say, that I do not think him undeserving of the “praise, which you have bestowed with so much cordiality and good taste.—“Numbers 7 and 15 are also very good. In parts of the former, there is a “felicity of expression, which I have seldom seen surpassed, &c.”—R. B.—*Ibid*.

* What is here praised so much beyond its merits—forms a part of the present appendix. Extracts from Number 7 will be found in pages 100 & seq., and Number 15 is the letter of Peter Parallel.

* These are the extracts promised in page 45.—They are all taken from essays written years ago; and which, unless where the contrary is noticed, may be considered to have been written in 1792, or 1793.

them to the constitution of our country. If they would contemplate it in a theoretic state, it must be soared for, through the subtilties of analysis and abstraction.

Ascending from the solidity of practical reason, to the airiness of metaphysical inquiry, they will find, that it is not the liberty of doing what we will, which is desirable: but that the freedom which should be cherished, must be circumscribed; and the bounds be sought for, not in wishes, but in duties. That absolute freedom is hardly to be distinguished from arbitrary power; and that this latter is a curse; unless accompanied by the purest benevolence and wisdom: perfections, which must not be looked for amongst men.

That, therefore, the supreme authority, in a State, should be an energy, extracted from conflicting powers: something extrinsic to the vice and follies of our nature.

In such an overruling supremacy alone, as thus hovers above the State, without mingling in its parts, should the freedom which identifies with arbitrary power,—the volatile essence of liberty—be lodged. For, take away the harmony of control, and mutual compromise;—place in one body of the state, that freedom which means sovereignty, and which therefore ought to be extrinsic to them all; the active spirit bursts in mischievous explosions: it evaporates in their follies; or is polluted by their crimes.

By shifting the place of despotism, you do not change its nature: lodge it with the prince; or lodge it with the people; it still retains its character, unimpaired. Tyranny is *arbitrary power, placed in men*. Placed as it were beyond them, and consisting in *the energy resulting from balanced powers*, the same dominion will become good government; and form the British Constitution.

Those, therefore, who would abolish all mixture in civil sway, and deposit the supreme authority with the multitude, are

advocates for tyranny, properly understood : And in fact, the "Rights of Man," and "Sacred Will of the People," interpreted as they are, by those who write upon them, mean little more than that *right of strength*, the most savage and rudimental authority, set up by nature ; and which is the origin, and foundation of despotic rule. Yet before these magic words, I see men bend the knee, who would with scorn reject a system, that explicitly recognised the *droit du plus fort*.

Absolute power is essential to every state ; and in the placing of it, consists the faultiness or excellence of particular constitutions. The desideratum is, to lodge it where least liable to be abused : which is accomplished, when sovereignty is not the privilege of any one class ; but the *result* of powers apportioned amongst them all. Wherever the supreme force is not thus distributed, but is confined to some one portion of the community,—so that while this class rules, the rest have no control,—the character of the government appears to me to be despotic ; and to prevent such despotism from being an evil, there would be need of wisdom and virtue in those who govern, commensurate with their power, and incompatible with their nature.

And of this natural unfitness, in any set of men, to exercise supreme dominion over others, *Rousseau* appears to have been aware, when, in his *Contrat Social*, he observed, that "a democratic government would suit a people of gods." But may we not pronounce, that *so a Monarchy, or Aristocracy, would suit them ?* or, in short, does the position amount to more than this, that ANY government will answer, for those who require NONE ?

That contrariety of interests, which makes it difficult for one man to promote those of others, without at least a partial surrender of his own, together with that selfishness, which is generally so insurmountable an obstacle to such a sacrifice,—renders

simple governments inexpedient;* by making men unfit to be trusted with dominion. But those same causes, which make the simple form improper, tend to render the mixed one efficacious. They are indeed its very foundation. It is raised upon discordant interests, and self-love; and its fabric is that compromise, by which these are reconciled.

The framer of a balanced constitution may be considered as proceeding thus. He examines those great masses, into which a nation is divided: then separates them more accurately, in order to ascertain their bounds. These interests, which, even without his interposition, would have operated as a check upon each other, his province is to balance with exactness: to make their reciprocal control so equal and effectual, that the consequence may be general harmony and peace:—and for this purpose, if the natural checks be insufficient, he perhaps may add artificial ones, himself.

He next produces the *sovereign force of the state*; and, dividing it into parts, bestows one upon each of those interests, which form the nation. These fragments of supreme power are not equal, amongst themselves: but their respective quantities are proportioned to the nature, strength, and exigencies of that national interest, which each is destined to protect.

The sovereign power, thus separated, loses its efficacy for a time. In order to regain it, these parts must be rejoined; and in this necessity consists the protection, which each fragment affords to the interest that obtains it. For no junction

* The necessity for mixed government might be deduced, at once, from that fact, noticed by D'Alembert, (in his analysis of Montesquieu's work) in these words: *Voilà donc les hommes, réunis, et armés, tout à la fois: s'embrassant d'un côté, si on peut parler ainsi; et cherchant, de l'autre, à se blesser mutuellement.* "Laws," (he adds,) "must, more or less effectually, restrain these blows."—The laws enacted by a mixed legislature will be, evidently, the most effectual, for this purpose.

can be effected, without the consent of each proprietor; and this must be purchased, by a due attention to his interests. The delay which these compromises must occasion, is another advantage attending the *mixed forms*. It obviates the precipitancy of human passions; and gives our loitering Reason time to act.—And when, at length, the sovereign power is completed, its laws are not the will of any party in the State. The law is, on the contrary, a treaty, which precludes or terminates their conflicts. It is an agreement, and composition, between opponent corps; not the arbitrary edict of a homogeneous body, uncontrolled. It is for this reason, that I have said of the Sovereign power in mixed government, that it ‘hovers above the state, without mingling in its parts; and is extrinsic to the vice, and follies of our nature.’

Thus I have sketched imperfectly, what seem to me the principles of a balanced constitution. Its tendency is to obviate the effect of men's depravity: while its permanence and efficacy are guaranteed, by the state of human affairs, and the qualities of human nature. Towards its utility, only two things seem required: that all classes of men should not have precisely the same interests; and that each class should desire to promote its own.

Nature has scarcely a less share in forming the manners of nations, than those of individuals; and in her mode of educating each, displays great variety. Amongst the teachers she employs, for delivering her precepts, are soil and climate, circumstances and situation. These contributed to teach war to Scythia; commerce to Phœnicia; astronomy to Babylon; and geometry to Egypt.

To this paramount tutelage, all governments, being of an educatory quality, should conform. Thus, for instance, Mr. Gray has judiciously remarked, that “northern nations should be taught to think; and southern nations to act:” that is to say, the contrasted effects of their respective situations should

be attended to ; and the mischievous excess of each restrained. Now I cannot well conceive how a nation can be instructed, unless by means of its laws, and constitution.*

The truth is, that governments need a variety and direction, which will suit with the various modes,—and in each promote the useful, and repress the evil tendencies—of Nature : at once treading in her footsteps, and checking her career. For if Nature begins by being our guide, it is no less true that she often ends with being our tempter ; and after putting us in the right road, seduces us to pass the proper limits of our journey. Witness the contiguity of wants, and passions : of the satisfaction of appetite, and indulgence of intemperance. In a word, what is vice, in general, but excess ?

But to return from this digression, to the main subject of inquiry. Exclusive of that variety, with which Nature contrasts her modes of national education,—and the consequent peculiarities which discriminate nations,—there is also one general pupilage in which she holds, and discipline with which she marshals, the whole human race : and of this, which is paramount to all particular distinctions, and extends indifferently over all mankind, no government that is regardless, can be good. On the contrary, by contemplating this system, we discover certain broad and fundamental principles, that will, with no more exceptions, than must be involved in all generalities, apply to every age and people.

In the above doctrines, will be seen the merits of mixed government : of which different nations may require various modifications ; but which in some shape, the human character almost universally demands.

As mankind comes from the hand of Nature, a mass of conflicting interests and views,—Government, whose task is to

* For, by and under these too, the national educatory system, of colleges and school establishments is formed.

terminate those conflicts, should consist in the energy of balanced powers. For unless each party names an arbitrator, no security is had, that the award will be impartial : that from multifarious interests, general happiness shall be extracted ; and oppositions blended in such just proportions, that their fermentation will subside, to the softness of neutrality, and equitable compromise.

Indeed, if the clash of interests could be silenced at the will of man, this poise might not be requisite to the perfection of government. We should first accomplish a coalition of interests ; and might then submit them to a simple government. But until the former becomes possible, the latter will be inexpedient.

Governments are but contrivances of Art ; and Art must follow Nature, even when endeavouring to correct her. Therefore, the attempt to eradicate interests which are the growth of Nature ; to pull down that aristocracy which she has reared ; and level to an artificial equality, those prominences into which she has broken the uniformity of our race ; is an enterprise, beyond the competence of art.

The regulations of men must operate subordinately to the institutes of Nature. What God has created, Man cannot annihilate ; be it in the physical or moral world. Nature, indeed, supplies the means of checking her own excesses ; and shews, that towards constructing a salutary scheme of government, those interests and powers which she has furnished, must be skilfully opposed, and nicely balanced.

Again, though interests should clash, yet if vice did not predominate, governments would be superfluous ; and *therefore* might be simple. From the prevalence of sin, and the modes of its operation, arise the necessity for government, and expediency of balance. We must not forget that government is remedial. It is a mound, which the Divinity of human reason has cast on the enormity of human violence ; and the efforts of sedition are the quakings of this Typhon.

Nay, the delight with which we cherish the tradition of a golden age,* before interests were discordant, and while governments were simple, arises from our contemplation of that innocence, the existence of which, in those felicitous periods, though not expressly noticed, we should be compelled to presume. Its existence is the basis for our belief of the modes of life, which are stated to have then prevailed; and which we feel to be incompatible with the depravity that surrounds us. Their incongruity with guilt—proves its absence when they flourished; and in admiring them, we imply that they are now become impracticable.

Life, which was then a state of blessings and enjoyments, is now become a compound of evil and correction. Man then reposed securely on the innocence of his species; but now resorts for safety to the fastnesses of law. Few of the sources, and none of the mischiefs of inequality, then existed. The very rudiments of variance, the elemental *meum*, and *tuum*, were unknown.† So long as we muse upon this blissful era, abstracted from all ideas of pollution, we dwell in visionary scenes of virtue. The moral world at that time resembled as little, as did the natural, what both these are become in our degenerate days. Then,

*Ver erat eternum ; placidique, tepentibus auris,
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores. ‡*

The sense of which lines may be thus *extended*.

* This tradition, of a period of innocence and 'felicity' amongst mankind, is handed down to us, under various forms, by all antiquity; sacred and profane.

† The security of property is, according to Locke, the primary end of civil government.

‡ OVID.

Then Spring eternal reign'd : on fostering gales,
 O'er Flora's seedless pomp, lo! Zephyr sails:
Then knew th' unruffled Mind no boisterous gloom :
But Passion fann'd spontaneous Virtue's bloom.

These were the periods, which a Republic would have suited. That government which was not wanted, needed not to be complex. Until the malady existed, the antidote was needless : until vice began to rage, mixed government was unnecessary.

But ours is not the golden age ; and of the merits of an establishment we might conclude, from fitness then, unfitness now. Let man retrieve his pristine virtue ; and then demand a simple government. But, when from these he is about to choose, let him consider, if between them there be just grounds for preference. When the age was golden, *the government was monarchical.**

But to return to modern periods, and pollutions. The inequality and vice, inherent in mankind, make it necessary, that, in every constitution, there be mixture.

But though on this broad principle, thus fixed in the primary qualities of our nature, all fabrics of government, to endure, should be erected, yet their forms will safely admit of being varied. In the dispositions and happiness of mankind, we behold the foundation, and end of government. To the essential qualities, and accidental varieties of human nature, it should possess immutable elements, and varied combinations, that will respectively correspond : and it is because our social

* Postquam, Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso,
 ————— subiit argentea proles ;
 Auro deterior.

OVID.

One cannot say much for the poetic justice, that sent to Tartarus, a prince who had presided over that golden morality, which
 sponte suâ, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat.

nature is no where found wholly free from complexity, that no government ought, as I conceive, to be totally unmixed. One which supposes the antithesis of interests, and bestows protecting powers upon each,—is that, for which Reason and Experience, after an attentive examination of human nature, call. But the respective vigour of those opponent interests, as well as the proportions which they bear to each other, will, in different situations, be found to vary: and modes of government should admit of a correspondent variation.

Nature must supply the weights, which the Lawgiver, who frames the constitution, is to balance. The prominent character of a mixed government may be popular, aristocratic, or monarchical; and the government, under each modification, be a good one: but Check and Compromise compose the vital spirit, which should still transmigrate through all its forms.

* * * * *

[It can scarcely, I think, be contended, that the *theory* of the British constitution requires amendment. In blending the simple forms of government, it counteracts the noxious tendencies of each; while it bestows upon us the beneficial qualities of all. The prompt and vigorous energy of kingly rule; the distinguished merit, dignity, deliberateness—the educated wisdom, polish and instruction, (I had almost added the good taste) of aristocratic power; the free, manly, and independent spirit of democratic sway; which, while it shakes off tyranny, as the lion scatters the dew-drops from his mane, submits to that control, which promotes the common weal. It is no breach of our generous constitutional allegiance, to pronounce, that ultimately we are less the subjects of the King, than of those laws, of which he also is himself the subject; and which his coronation oath binds him to govern by, and to maintain. Can the meanest of his liegemen be deprived of life, or

liberty, or goods, at the will of prince, or nobles, or his own compeers? Find your answer in magna charta, the habeas corpus act, the bill of rights. Can taxation thrust its hand into the public purse, unless the representatives of that public relax its strings? Do those who make, also administer the laws? No: such a union would tend to oppression and abuse; and, accordingly, the principles of our establishment forbid it. The King indeed is public accuser, and supreme judge. But the constitution not only prohibits his performing either function in person; but severs, and will not permit their being executed by one. He discharges the first royal duty by his attorney-general; the second by those to whom he has committed the judicial province, by a delegation which he is not at liberty to revoke. And what (in this department) is the mild prerogative, of which he is allowed to reserve the exercise personally to himself? The prerogative of mercy. He may but sheathe that sword, which the criminal law has drawn: he may pardon, but cannot condemn.* No; the law of the land, generally assisted by the judgment of a culprit's peers, is alone competent to do this; and thus, in the case of a commoner, Democracy, in that of a noble, the Aristocracy must assent, before punishment can be inflicted by the monarch. They concur, first, by assenting to the law which awards the penalty; secondly, where the accused pleads not guilty to the charge, their deliberate assent (respectively) is involved in that judgment of his equals, which the law requires, as an indispensable preliminary, to aggression upon his life, his liberty, or goods. The subjects of the British Constitution may be truly said not only not to live under monarchy, aristocracy, or merely popular dominion; but even not to be so properly the subjects of a combination of the three, as of that *equal law* which they have

* Nor yet dispense with the law.

generated, and which it is the essential character of such a compound, to go on continually producing.

Is the above description of the theory of our constitution an exaggerated panegyric, an encomium highly coloured, at the expense of truth? I doubt whether any will charge it with being so; and if they cannot, my inference is fair, that a theory so excellent should be approached with reverence; and touched with an almost trembling caution.

But theory, it may be said, is one thing; and practice is another.

The observation calls for comment.

First, I admit its truth. Secondly, I add to this admission, that theories are estimable, in proportion to the utility of the practice which results. The blossom may be beautiful; but the value is to be found in the rich fruits, of which this vernal bloom holds out a promise.

But thirdly, and as it were *é contra*, I must observe, with reference to political concerns, that between theory and practice there will generally be found a difference, not in favour of the latter; and that we must not infer the imperfection of the first, from the inferiority of the practical imitation, to the theoretic model.

Then is all theory to be disregarded and thrown aside, as metaphysic lumber, of no practical advantage? Are we merely to inquire how the thing works? No: one of the first theories which I should reject, would be such a one as this. It might lead us to conclude, that, until by woful experience we felt how a tyranny can work, we ought not to object to the theory of a tyrannical constitution.

In pursuing this inquiry, as in most cases, the middle is the safest and most salutary course; and I seem to myself to be following it, when I say that no theory, however excellent, can

be expected to produce a practice, of excellence equal to its own. No practice

— *sine vitiis nascitur : optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur.*

Nor is the above maxim, of the Roman poet, applicable to practice only. It will apply to theory itself ; and, accordingly, I am tempted to invent a rhyming paraphrase, and say,

*A faultless Constitution ne'er has been :
Even in our own, some human specks are seen.*

It is enough for my purpose, to assert that the best theory is calculated to produce the best and most salutary practice.

But towards justly appreciating a theory, we are at liberty to examine with attention the practice which it has introduced. If, on scrutiny, this latter turn out to be very bad, we may conjecture that the theory, however plausible, which produced it, was not good.

* * * * *

But if I call on the undervaluers of our Constitution, to produce me instances of any, who were, *under its auspices*, despoiled of life, or liberty, or goods, *nisi per judicium parium, aut legem terræ*, such a call, if my memory do not fail me, could not be answered ; and if not, the Constitution which is found, in fact and practice, to preclude aggression upon everything most valuable to the subject, cannot be accused of working ill.

During the revolutionary periods, in which France was plunged, more than thirty years ago, how different was the case ! That revolution had not indeed been preceded by a

free or balanced constitution ; and in so far the parallel will be imperfect. But still its sanguinary atrocities will show what evils might be produced by a simple government,—by the excess of popular power,—the shadowy

*“ likeness of a kingly crown,”**

the ostensible supremacy of a merely representative assembly, nominally sovereign, but really the slave and instrument of principles the most ferocious, dictated by a Jacobinic faction, who gnashed their teeth on order, and steeped their arms in blood ;—what evils, I say, could be accomplished by such a state. The entire of a royal family butchered on a scaffold. The horrors of August and September 1792.† The chronic murders, the reign of Sin and Death, under the name of Robespierre. Those were terrific periods ; and what were their origin ? Financial embarrassment, Organic change, and Demolition, usurping the specious title of Reform.

All my cotemporaries, at the commencement of those days, were wild Reformists. But, young as I was, (I reflect on this, with some surprise,) I could not prevail on myself to join the sentiment, or the cry. I presume, that, in the balanced constitution of my brain, the organs of caution and causality countervailed the enthusiasm from which my character is not

* For the French had a pageant cipher, which they nicknamed King. But, as the ballad has it,

“ Saving a crown, he had nae-thing else beside.”

Accordingly, this “round and top of sovereignty”^a served for little else, than to decorate the royal victim, when he came to be sacrificed to the Genius of Anarchy, veiled and habited in the costume of a Republic.

† These horrors generated a new verb. *Septembriser* was used to express prompt and indiscriminate assassination.

^a *Macbeth*.

free ; and that their deliberateness kept me aloof.* Be this as it may, I looked with little admiration on the carriage of a French Nobleman, on the panels of which, his escutcheon, *with its supporters*, were turned most emblematically upside down ; and the motto, *cara dignitas—carior libertas*, was substituted for whatever had, under the *ancien regime*, been the *devise*.† Events soon justified my coldness and reserve ; and I had to ask my late enthusiastic friends, “ whether, amidst “ massacre and pillage, anarchy and desolation, the desperate “ fury of a tyrannic mob, and more disciplined cruelty of a “ political inquisition, the Liberty, which they worshipped, “ could have selected her abode ? That Liberty, which while “ Heroic Antiquity adored, it invested with no attributes sub- “ versive of moral order, or incompatible with reason, and with “ social duty.” I had to ask them, “ whether we could deem “ that nation free, where private thoughts were capital offences, “ and the slightest suspicions of the rabble, legal proof ? ” ‡

From France I turn to England ; and the more pertinent example which her history supplies. More pertinent, because in the days of Charles the First we had a constitution ; though one whose practice, and even theory, required reform. But the attempts at this were rash, insurrectionary, and usurping. Popular power became unduly, vulgarly, and violently ascendant ; the balance was destroyed upon that side ; and confusion, blood, and military despotism§ succeeded : followed in their turn, by the dissolute reign of Charles, and unconstitutional one of James ; and the salutary revolution, to which these, through the calamities however of sanguinary contest, led.

* See Doctor Spurzheim. Phrenologists will have it, that these organs are well developed in my head.

† I happened to see this at Bath, in 1791.

‡ I quote from an Essay written by myself, in 1793.

§ That of Cromwel.

In the mean time *Strafford* fell, under the extorted warrant* of his infirm, but then nearly puppet-master. As often as this nobleman's ruined palace† meets my eye, with swine in its best apartments, and oxen and hay-stacks in its courts, I seem to behold the types and vestiges of coarse political subversion. And

What murder'd Wentworth? ‡

Were I to answer the question, thus proposed by the author of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,'—and if it were permitted me to clothe my response with rhyme, the following is, perhaps, the distich which I should frame :

*What murder'd Wentworth? What but factious storm,
Raised by the breath that bellow'd for reform?§*

What the writer, whom I have paraphrased, thought of *Strafford's* condemnation, is to be collected from the verb of which he has made use ;||—and before we differ from him, let us read

* In the shape of his assent to a bill of attainder. The Commons had in vain attempted to procure a judicial conviction : his innocence was too apparent.

† Near Naas, in the county of Kildare, in Ireland.

‡ Johnson.

§ The reform, which in those turbulent and subversive days, was insidiously bellowed for, was widely different from that not destructive but renovating—constitutional reform, which I am satisfied was the honest and honorable object of Lord Grey ; an object, too, which I am bound to suppose has been accomplished ; (this essay was written before the question had received a legislative decision ;)—and that which was sought for having been attained, what necessity for advancing further ? To what more distant point would we direct our march ? Is not the proper moment arrived for us to halt ? Am I premature in saying—*Signiferi, statuite signa ; hic manebimus optimè* ?—I may ask the question ; but it would be presumptuous of me to do more. It will be for the wisdom of the Legislature to give an answer ; and to that wisdom I am prepared to bow.

|| Murdered.

the defence of (I adopt the words of Whitlocke) "this great "and excellent person ; who moved the hearts of all his "auditors, to pity and remorse ;"* and whose conviction all the venom of his enemies could not accomplish.

On his way to the scaffold, he received the tears, the prayers, and scarcely utterable blessings, of his friend and fellow-prisoner, the primate ;† who was so soon to follow, and to share his sanguinary doom. Very speedily indeed,

Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.‡

Johnson will have it, that erudition was his crime. § I doubt whether piety did not form a part of his offence ; a piety, which the fanatics of his day pronounced to be contraband :|| a piety which may have had its imperfections ; but was of incomparably greater purity than theirs. Its savour was sweet : it did not smell of blood. At all events it would seem, that for no transgression of the law, did he suffer death : for no judicial condemnation could the inexorable activity of his foes procure. They were obliged to massacre him with that engine of popular tyranny, an attainder-act. .

But while Piety and Genius are yet weeping round his tomb,¶ behold a more majestic victim of Democracy is approaching :

* P. 41.—See the defence, in Hume, vol. 6, p. 403, who cites Rushworth, vol. 4, p. 659.

† Hume, ch. 54, vol. 6, p. 417.

‡ Vanity of Human Wishes.

§ Fatal learning leads him to the block.

|| Tending to the Roman Catholic tenets.—See Hume, vol. 7, p. 39, ch. 57, for what occurred upon the scaffold ; and see Laud's dying speech, at the end of his *private devotions*. Short extracts from it shall be given, at the end of this Volume.

¶ *Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep.*

JOHNSON.

*Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a King shall bite the ground. **

O ! the mild blessings, and fostering care, and unencroaching character, of a government of mere—or predominant representation ! In a few weeks, the House of Commons† had already produced a revolution. Some of the ministers were thrown into the tower, and daily expected to be tried for their lives. Others, by flight alone, saved themselves from a like fate. All the king's servants saw that no protection could be given them by their master. A new tribunal, before which all trembled, was erected in the nation. Not content with the authority which they had acquired, they were resolved to render the most considerable bodies obnoxious to them. Though *the idol of the people*, they determined to fortify themselves *with terrors* ; and to overcome those, who might still be inclined to *support the falling ruins of monarchy*. ‡

* * * * *

The House of Commons possess the very important right of refusing the supplies. But we know, from the apologue of Menenius Agrippa, that this right might be pushed to a mischievous extent, by *members* ; by keeping the purse inexorably closed, and giving none of its contents to those, who perhaps had "*stomach* for them all."—More seriously, the Commons are aware that they hold this right, as trustees for the Constitution and the Public ; and will never use it, unless for the attainment of those *ends*, towards attaining which it was bestowed on them, as *means*.

There are imaginable cases, in which, (unless contradicted

* Gray.

† Of the long Parliament.

‡ Hume, ch. 54, vol. 6, pp. 371, 372.

by their high authority,) I will with deference suppose, that the Commons must hold, that the exercise of this right would be an abuse and misapplication of it. For example, if on some political question, the Commons, thinking one way, as they would have a right to do, should—merely because the Lords asserted their equal right of thinking another way,—keep on, withholding the supplies, until the Upper House retracted their dissent, and surrendered at discretion;—this, I apprehend the Lower Chamber will agree with me in saying, would be mischievously and unconstitutionally to abuse their privilege; by perverting it to an engine for coercing the Lords; virtually effacing their authority; and upsetting the balance of the Constitution.

They probably (as I respectfully conjecture) might pronounce, that this would be, *substantially and practically*, to revive the pretensions of the long Parliament in 1641; who went so far as openly to tell the Lords, “that they themselves “were the representatives of the whole kingdom; and that the “peers were nothing but individuals, who held their seats in a “particular capacity: and therefore, if their lordships would “not consent to the passing of acts necessary* for the preservation of the people, the commons, together with such of “the lords as were more sensible of the danger, must join “together, and represent the matter to His Majesty.”†

Let us still bear in mind, that the House of Commons, at the commencement of the reign of Charles, had in view the mere resistance of unconstitutional prerogative, and assertion of national liberty; and that in aiming at this laudable object, they had in general the cooperation of the Lords. But long before 1641, the aspect of things had changed. And in what

* In the opinion of the Commons; but not of the Lords.

† Clarendon.

had this change originated? In this; that the early assertors of our freedom, unfortunately, resorted to perilous and injudicious means; and, in doing so, disturbed that balance, by which liberty and government are made to subsist together; and the necessities of civilized society are thus supplied. For it is as necessary that the community should be governed, as that it should be free.

In the days to which I am referring, the People were appealed to. And who answered this appeal, and assumed to be the People, and issued orders, in the shape of prayers? Petitioning *apprentices, porters, beggars and brewers' wives*.^{*} For, the coercive power of petition was perceived, and intriguingly resorted to. What the chastity of the brewers' wives was mainly apprehensive of, was rape: but they also avowed a wholesome terror of papists, *and of prelates*.[†] The porters too, looked with trembling anxiety to the privileges of parliament, and danger of religion:‡ and they concurred with their fellow-petitioners, of the tender sex, that it would be no more than necessary, in the way of preventive caution, to allay the rising prognostics of ravishment and irreligion, by a cooling and copious letting of *malignant* blood.§

As for the beggars,|| (or, if you please, the Mendicity Association,) these came nearer to the point which I had under discussion; and from which I have been digressing. Accompanied perhaps by more than the "dozen white, &c," which Shakspeare assures us, "do become an old coat well,"¶ these

^{*} Hume's England, ch. 55, vol. 6, p. 475.

[†] Ibid.

[‡] Ibid. It may be presumed, too, that these petitioning porters laid their *shoulders* to a lightening of the *burthens* of the people.

[§] The reader is aware, that, in those days, *malignant* meant friendly to King and Constitution.

^{||} Hume, ch. 55.

[¶] Sir Hugh Evans will translate the etcetera.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1. Sc. 1.

petitioners proposed, "that those noble worthies, of the house "of peers, who concurred with the happy votes of the commons, should separate themselves from the rest, and sit and "vote as one entire body :"—i. e. not apart from the Commons' chamber.*—Sage advice! which their comrade *Tiers Etat*, and the *hail-fellow* Nobles of France followed in 1789; and, in doing so, laid the earliest foundations of Napoleon's power.

To return from my digression, to the hypothesis of the Commons withholding the supplies, in order to reduce the refractory Nobles to obedience, every friend to balance would the more regret and censure such a use of such a privilege, if there be no antagonist and exclusive privilege, (and I do not remember any,) possessed by the House of Peers, calculated to countervail this of the lower chamber, and protect the independence of the noble portion of our legislature.

I take the object of this important privilege of the Commons, to be two-fold. Not to paralyse or fetter the co-ordinate *legislative* branch;† but first, guarding the public purse, to assert the exclusive right of the people, to tax themselves: secondly, to prevent the *Executive* from rashly exercising its prerogative, by engaging the nation in the expenses of an unjust or unnecessary war. If such were the *ends* for which this privilege was given, to the mere attainment of these ends, ought the *means* to be applied.

If on any one occasion, the House of Commons might refuse the supplies, because, on some state question, the Lords presumed to differ from them; how should we draw the line,—

* The Commons gave thanks for this petition.

† I might say branches. For if the Commons refused the supplies, in order to deter the Lords from withholding their concurrence, might they not refuse them, in order to deter the King from withholding the royal assent? from pronouncing his constitutional veto?

and deny their right of doing so, as often as their opinion was encountered by lordly contradiction?

Legislative unanimity is most desirable. But the unanimity which we desire, is that of two really independent chambers. The concurrence of either house with the other, should be free assent; not truckling assentation. Neither should be a mere court for registering the edicts or ordinances of the other.

As it is devoutly to be wished that Lords and Commons should harmonize, so is it a desideratum, that with the Royal Branch, each of the other legislative branches should agree. This was felt by Charles the First, when he had been about fourteen years upon the throne. "By pliability, by concessions, and by a total conformity to their inclinations and prejudices, he sought to gain the confidence of his people." And his end appeared as if obtained. When he gave his assent to an innovating, but favourite bill, "solemn thanks were presented him by both houses: great rejoicings were expressed, both in the city, and throughout the nation; and mighty professions were every where made, of gratitude and mutual returns of confidence and supply."*—But what does the historian add?—That "this new extreme, into which the King was fallen, became no less dangerous to the constitution, and pernicious to the public peace, than the other, in which he had so long persevered."†

And how is he borne out in this remark? In two years after these "solemn thanks, and great rejoicings,—these professions of gratitude, and promises of requital," Charles found himself, and was perceived by all to be, "the mere outside,

* Hume, ch. 54, vol. 6, p. 394.

† Viz. a too stern and uncompromising assertion of prerogative, real and supposed.

sign, and picture of a king." In two years after, the civil war had broken out, and blood been shed at the battle of Edgehill; and before nine years elapsed, the promised gratitude of his subjects had exalted to a scaffold, him whom, for more than twelve, they had been dragging from a throne.

I say for more than twelve years: for though the struggle commenced by the assertion of just freedom, and spirited resistance of a prerogative inconsistent with the true principles of the British Constitution,—yet soon the character of the contest became changed; and a continual and systematic encroachment, of popular dominion, forms the most striking feature of this unhappy prince's reign. So true, as well as wise, is the Roman historian's observation. *Moderatio tuendæ libertatis, dum, æquari velle simulando, ita se quisque extollit, ut deprimat alium, in difficili est; cavendoque ne metuant, homines metuendos ultro se efficiunt; et injuriam à nobis repulsam, tanquam aut facere aut pati necesse sit, injungimus aliis.**

The mention, recently made, of the long Parliament, reminds me of (in its abuse) another engine of mob-rule: I mean petition;† nor will it be irrelevant to the object of the present letter, to touch on this right of petition, as our Consti-

* LIVY, LIB. III. c. 65.—The passage might perhaps admit of being thus rendered.—“In defending and maintaining freedom, there is a medium point of justice, which it is difficult to hit. While men are affecting to desire no more, than to stand securely on a common level, each exalts himself, to the depression of the rest; and becomes formidable and encroaching, while professing to aim merely at safety and self-defence. The aggression which he has repelled, he proceeds to commit on others; as if the alternative before him were—to suffer, or inflict.

† In 1640, petitions against the Church (the echoes of vehement parliamentary harangues) were framed in different parts of the kingdom. A city petition, for a total alteration of Church government, to which fifteen thousand subscriptions were annexed, was presented by the city member, to the House.—HUME.

tution has conferred it : a right necessary ; and no otherwise dangerous, than as liable to be abused.]

The constituent members of the British nation,* (say the King, the Aristocracy, and the People,) have each a theoretic right to so much power, as will preserve the balance between them all. More than this is an usurpation : an encroachment on the prerogatives of the nation at large : and therefore injurious to the very party which usurps ; considered as a portion of the whole community. Towards defining of subordinate and partial rights, we must therefore hold in view the right paramount in all, to keep that balance undisturbed, whose slightest trepidation is formidable to public safety.

With this principle for our guide, we shall easily find the limit of the subject's right of petition. So soon as the petition becomes a hostile summons,—so soon as the petitioned begin to tremble at the prayers, and crouch before the bold humility of supplicants, whose enterprising meekness revives the characteristics of a tyranny now extinct;†—so soon as the legislature may use to its petitioners, the language of Cæsar to the *suppliants* who took his life, “*ista quidem vis est* ;”‡ in that moment, the balance is destroyed. The constitutional symmetries are at once distorted. Right is disfigured to the monstrousness of power ; and the act which in form is legal, is in substance, treason.

Legislators must not be terrified, by threats, however legal ; nor the populace issue orders, in the shape of prayers. For

* The extract which is within brackets, beginning at page 109, and ending in the present page, is taken from a tract written years ago, but more recently than 1792. What now follows, and what preceded page 109, was in print in 1792 or 1793.

† The former despotism of the Servant of Servants.

‡ Suetonius in vitâ Jul. Cæs. c. 82.

legislative supremacy is essential to civil government; and the legislature which is awed, has ceased to be supreme.

Possible cases indeed could be imagined, where petition might be formidable, yet constitutional withal. To every rule there will be exceptions; and, while Wisdom states the first, the common sport of Casuistry is to hint the latter.

When a grievance is violent, sudden, and extensive, the cry which it extorts, may be proportionably general, loud, and unexpected; and the legislature be (as it were) stunned by the voice of the constitution. But of that force, by which they intimidate their Rulers, the supplicants should not themselves be conscious; at least their conduct should not be the result of such a confidence. Those acts that are dictated by their audacity, will be seditious. They will issue tainted, from the turbulent motive which produced them.

To that tempest of petition, which drowns the voice of government, those who raise it should be deaf, or the Constitution is in danger. Their union should not be the mature denouement of factious preparation. It should be unpremeditated; and proportioned only to the enormity of what suddenly produced it. The remonstrance should be *extorted* by severe and actual grievance; it should not be the complaint of theory, but of feeling. It should ascend from a multitude languishing for relief; not from a party aspiring to dominion.—It should come in murmurs of oppression, issuing straight from an injured people; not in clamours originating with the seditious, and chorused by the mob.

Petition must not, anticipating grievance, be perverted to an engine of political innovation; a mere vehicle for introducing the caprices of theory; and rendering our constitution as uncertain as our climate. What government, that gave admission to such a principle, could for a moment withstand the inroads of democracy? The populace being far the most numerous class amongst us, and capable of being rendered the

most powerful, by coalescing,—if petition be no more than a contrivance, for conveying the pleasure of an arbitrary mob, to that ministerial body, which we miscal legislature,—what is the nature of our boasted constitution? It is a pure, though dissembled democracy,* without doubt. But tyranny is only the more mischievous, by being latent. Therefore when I am preserving the balance of our mingled constitution, it is not the formula of supplication shall content me, if I discern through it, the substance of despotic control. “On voit d’abord, que *s’il vous plait* signifie, dans leur bouche, *il me plait*; et que *je vous prie* signifie *je vous ordonne*.”†

It is become the fashion to celebrate this right of petition, as the brightest privilege of our people: which, lest its lustre decay, should be polished by daily use. This is a mistake. The government must needs be grievously oppressive, which petition is continually toiling to amend; and oppression is not the character of the British Constitution.

The reader may learn from Blackstone, that the right of petition is of an auxiliary and subordinate nature; thrown up as a protection against the invasion of our grand rights; and only to be used for the purpose of their defence. He finds it classed along with the privileges of parliament, and prerogatives of the crown; but placed lower down in the catalogue of our rights; as of less frequent use, and less momentous importance to the welfare of the subject. It supposes the existence of uncommon injury;‡ and consequent inadequacy of ordinary

* Or should we say Ochlocracy? Ὀχλοκρατία;

† Rousseau, Emile, Livre 3. The passage may be thus rendered into political English:—“It is easy to perceive, that *the humble Petition*, means *the sovereign Pleasure*; and *Your Petitioners will pray*, means, *Your Masters will compel*.”

‡ Or need of some information, in the nature of evidence, of which Petition may put one or more branches of the Legislature in possession.

redress. When the necessity for legislative supremacy was seen, petition was devised, as a succedaneum for appeal, or rather for rehearing; and is as modest in its constitutional nature, as in its name.

I advert not to those extraordinary cases, which involve a violation of the originally implied compact; and annihilate my discussions, together with the constitution which gave them birth.

For, whether the people be warranted in recurring to first principles, and looking for redress to the ancient right of strength; and be laudable for concealing their robust demands, beneath the constitutional garb of a petition; this may undoubtedly form a question, whose solution will depend on the circumstances of the case. But the menacing stillness of such gloomy moderation, I never can confound with the calm serenity of petition; nor discern through it, the exercise of that regulated right, conferred upon the subject by a Constitution whose characteristic is a balance, which such proceedings would destroy. And they are merely constitutional privileges, of which I treat. The humility of my inquiries does not seek to soar beyond them.

To observe then, the extent of a right so formidable as this of petition—to presage its insinuation into the arcana of government,—to discern its necessity, and exposure to abuse,—less wisdom was required than helped to frame our constitution. To provide against all the mischiefs which foresight could point out, exceeded, perhaps, the competence of human prudence.

Our ancestors knew the danger of a coalescing multitude; the terrible coincidence of their rashness and their power; the ruinous unanimity, with which their ignorance may rush forward. Yet in regions so tempestuous they agreed to lodge a right, which might tend to point those storms against the structure of civil government. Their wisdom saw the risk; but in behalf of liberty—their patriotism incurred it.

But, aware how efficacious are the prayers of the powerful, they sought to give petition its sole origin in grievance; and not suffer it to spring from the mere wantonness of strength.

When the lower ranks were growing into consequence, the insolence of their newly-acquired power would be likely to betray itself in tumultuary petition. Thus it happened at the opening of the memorable parliament in 1640. Against the repetition of such an evil, the instructed Constitution would naturally provide. For instance, by an act, that ‘no petition to the King, or either house of Parliament, for any *alteration in church or state*, should be signed by above twenty persons, unless the *matter thereof were approved* by three justices of the peace, or the major part of the grand jury in the country; and in the metropolis, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council; nor any petition *be presented by more than ten persons, at a time.*’

So it was done in England, by Stat. 13, Car. 2,* which sought to guard against the riotousness of numbers; the speculations of extravagant or selfish theorists; and the innovating rashness of an uninformed vulgar.

But it is not in a search through similar laws, enacted on the spur of particular occasions, that we should hope to find the measure of constitutional right. Their use is to record the contrivances of Faction; and by making that illegal, which already was seditious, to arm the judicature for the protection of the state.† They are themselves founded on those principles, which form the character of our Constitution; by its consistency or incongruity with which, the validity of every political claim may be decided.

* S. i. c. 5, sec. 2.

† This is all that enacting statutes do. Declaratory statutes are still more confined in their operation.

And this immediate reference to the elements of our constitution, in determining as to the existence of any political privilege, is the more necessary, because though the law barred up one vent to the wantonness of power, it might issue with more silent prudence, through some other. The legislature must then meet it with new restraints; and the Patriot encounter it with correspondent speculations.

Suppose I detect the ingenuity of Faction, inventing a new disguise for exorbitant pretensions; escaping from our statutes, in the garb of strict decorum; and lurking beneath the orderliness of a representative system; shall I hesitate to apprise my countrymen of the deception?

“ Shall I not strip the gilding off this knave? ”*

To omit it, would be a dereliction of patriotic duty.

A delegation then, from all quarters of our island,† of proxies, who shall exercise the subject's right of petition, and who, opening to each other their despatches of discontent, shall exert the ingenuity of factious computation, until from rates of oppression, they strike an average of grievance;—who shall then adapt their prayers to the ills they have adjusted; and issue a humble edict to parliament, for relief;—this, without consulting the statute-book, I pronounce to be unconstitutional.

While the subjects petition, in their individual capacity, their complaints will be more likely to bear some proportion to their wrongs.‡ They will relate to injuries which come

* Pope.

† Ireland.

‡ Unless the country happen to be placed in such a singular and mischievous situation, as that these complaints but echo and obey the dictates of some widely influential and ruling Demagogues.

home to them ; and matters that lie within their comprehension ; nor will their cry be formidable, but when the government is much to blame.

Before the adoption of the delegating system, suppose a petition was received from the North, and another from the South, begging similar redress. No intercourse subsisting between these distant quarters, the resemblance of their complaints proved fairly to the legislature, the reality and extent of the mischiefs which produced them. The Potentates of the north and south having not yet combined, to measure their joint strength with that of the Government, the northern and southern petitions coincided, merely because the evil was a common one.

But now the case is altered. The people have formed their political alliances ; and every petition commits them with their parliament. They no longer deign to regulate their requests by their occasions ; but screw them up to all the extravagance of desire ; perhaps of even a transitory, and soon to be relinquished, whim. Every speculative doubt is become a grievance. The Constitution must waver, in the scepticism of the moment ; and shift with every gust of popular opinion.

From the perils* which arise out of such popular coalition, let us turn to the delegated body which effects it.

If the people may at any time, they may at all times, elect representative searchers for oppression ; and have permanent sessions of these proxy petitioners.

For it is the people who are to judge whether they be aggrieved. When the grievance is started, petition must hunt

* That those perils existed, of which this Essayist conceived that he discerned a cause, may be inferred from this ; that the present essay having appeared in 1793, the rebellion, *already matured*, broke out formidably in 1798.

it down ; and a regular pack of delegates may be kept for this purpose.*

Here, then, we see a body, appointed to keep watch over the interests of the people. Is this, or is it not, the province of our Parliament ? Are the delegates a second parliament, or the sole one ? And, in either case, what becomes of the Constitution ?

Between the high court of Parliament, and high court of petition, a pun might be found to supply the distinction. The former is assembled to represent the people : the latter is convened to misrepresent the Constitution.

Sent forth to lament over grievances not their own, they will seek to turn their office to their private advantage. Meantime, between them and our establishment, there is no communion of interests, to obviate their depravity, and render their selfishness innoxious. Their views of greatness, on the contrary, lie without our constitution. They represent neither the wealth, wisdom, nor true power of the nation. Nay, not even its grievances ; but rather its disorder. At once the creatures and tyrants of the mob,† they are invested, in the first of these capacities, with its violence ; and wield this engine of destruction, in the second : while their corps forms a seminary for vulgar and mischievous ambition ; where the multitude may learn the pernicious arts, of exaggerating grievance, and concentrating power.

Theory becomes now the measure of discontent ; and turbulence the incentive to remonstrance ;—while self-aggrandizement is the object of the delegated council :—a sabbath of

*The system of delegation, here condemned, was, not very long after, made illegal, by the convention act.

† I might say their slaves and tyrants.

political enchanters, met together to conjure up apparitions, that shall fright the deluded people into madness.

* * * * *

The following essay, published in 1793, took the shape of a letter, addressed to a society then recently formed, under the title of *Friends to the Constitution, Liberty, and Peace*. Many of its members were respectable; and, by these at least, the association was devised with very salutary intentions; and mainly for the purpose of supplying a counterpoise to the *United Irishmen*; whose seditious objects were beginning to transpire; but which latter society had not yet thrown off the mask, and avowed itself to be a mere rebellious coalition. The writer, however, of that essay, from which an extract is about to be given, conceived, that in the flock of *Friends to the Constitution*, there were some wolves in sheep's clothing; that the genuine sheep, too, might inadvertently stray from the constitutional fold, and further those seditious purposes, which it was their wish to baffle. As public events crowded rapidly upon each other, they soon began to discover this, themselves; and their meetings were discontinued, and their society dissolved.—Meantime our Essayist ventured, (while giving them credit for good intentions,) more or less to censure their manifesto, or profession of political faith; with reference to which, for example, and to their title of *Friends to the Constitution*, he addressed them thus.—“There is no friendship, without confidence and esteem: and the government, or the man, that meriting *respect*, is in the trammels of one, who studiously gives his treatment a character of *indulgence*, and ostentatiously makes allowance for exaggerated or pretended faults,—is a victim, whose destiny may be easily divined, unless such *soi disans* are quickly shuffled off. Therefore if, while you profess to be friends to the Constitution, your language denotes merely

a contemptuous indulgence, which you are neither able nor solicitous to justify, you will lead us to suspect that you are not what you seem.—If your account of it to the Public, represents an establishment so wasted by corruption, and inveterate abuses, that its inherent strength, and regular physicians, cannot operate a cure, without submitting to the prescriptions of that empiric you call *people*,*—you appear to be reduced to the alternative, of confessing that your professions are untrue; or your affections ill-bestowed.—Besides, the expedient is so obvious, of usurping the name of friend, for the invidious purpose of giving currency to slander,

Tuta frequensque via est, per amicum fallere nomen ; †

that a society, professing amity to the Constitution, should pursue conduct that may unequivocally exempt it from suspicion.—And let me observe, that if your title were but a mask, to conceal your enmity, though you should point our attention to *real* blemishes in the State, yet a gross exaggeration of those blemishes—would be a slander of the Consti-

* But which is not the People. Steel is the specific exhibited by this State physician. Is was administered at Paris, with great effect, on the tenth of August, and second of September. It is said, some parcels of this medicine are arrived in England.^a To prevent imposition, none is genuine, but what is inscribed, *Noking*; (the name of the maker, we presume.)—Whether the proprietors of this mineral balsam have obtained the royal patent, I am not yet informed.

† OVID.

^a Some daggers, inscribed *no King*, were discovered, shortly before this, in England. Mr. Burke produced one; and cast it upon the floor of the House of Commons.

tution. Indeed, after this manner, Defamation usually proceeds. It deals less in fiction, than exaggeration; and with reason: since we not only can, by magnifying, render faults observable,—but are even able to pervert merits to defects: * for

*Mala sunt vicina bonis : errore sub illo,
Pro vitio, virtus crimina sæpe tulit. †*

Rumour need but strain a quality, until it become excessive,—towards forming a basis, on which calumny may be raised. Why, therefore, *invent*? when, by reason of the slight boundaries which separate good from ill, we can give to defamation an air of truth,—and can slander with such credit and effect, by *exaggeration*. How was Fabius Maximus calumniated by his Lieutenant?—*Pro cunctatore segnem, et cauto timidum, affingens vicina virtutibus vitia, compellabat.*†”—But it is time to commence my *promised* extract. That which has just been given, was a sort of *voluntary*, in the way of prologue.

* * * * *

“ Let me not be told, that—at this time—we ought to soothe an exasperated people. We should not foster the exorbitant claims, which an angry people is seduced to make. It is for this reason I object to that part of your address, in which it is asserted, with so much exultation, that ‘there is no human

* Besides, the Exaggerator has his apology cut and dry. He reports the stature of a man as eight feet. The man turns out to be five foot six.—Well! quoth Exaggerator; was there no foundation for my report? On the contrary, was it not within two foot and a-half of being strictly true?

† OVID. The same thing is also noticed by Horace, lib. 1. Epist. 18.

*Plerumque modestus
Occupat obscuri speciem : taciturnus acerbi.*

† LIVY.

‘power which can resist an object, when the People, with an united, solemn, and determined voice, shall pronounce, WE WILL IT.’

Such is the sum, and scope of your assertion : for as to your qualifications, they are nugatory. It must be their power, which shall render the people irresistible ; and the extent of this is not increased, by the quality of their demands. Besides, of the reasonableness of these demands, the People are left to judge. Thus, wherever the *hoc volo, hoc jubeo* is expressed, the *stet pro ratione voluntas* is implied ; and all qualifications are insidious, or absurd.

What you assert, then, may be the fact ; yet the assertion be, at this time, something worse than inexpedient. It is very true that our liberties are threatened : but you seem to have forgotten, that one of their invaders is this new-raised phantom, which calls itself THE PEOPLE ; and which is not the *populus*, but the *plebs* of our country.

If I acquiesce in your position, at least I cannot share your joy. A conviction, in that body which you term *the People*, that their will must be the law, is competent, I admit, to the operation of a mighty change ; more sudden and complete, than could probably be effected, amidst the peaceful conflict of reciprocally balanced powers. But this efficacy is common to every force that is despotic : and therefore in such uncontrollable supremacy of the People, I cannot discern the sources of permanent advantage, or rational exultation.

In contemplating a nation, (that polished creature of social life,) I am far from confining myself to the consideration of its *numbers* ; or dismissing from my thoughts those other qualities, which are as essential. I mean, for example, its property, its industry, its knowledge, wisdom, dignity, and virtue. Far from considering its true power to be displayed, in such sudden shocks as a temporary union of consenting passions may produce,—I hold it to consist in that due conciliation, and nice

adjustment of its complicated interests, which permanently give it a corporate existence and consolidated force.

If a claim be presented in the name of *the people*, I will analyse the mass, on which this title is bestowed. If I find in it a preponderance of the ingredients above mentioned, acknowledging it for that national corporation, called the people,—I will conclude that its desires aim at general utility. But if it be found wanting in those essential qualities, and resting all claim on the mere circumstance of numbers, I will degrade it to its proper character of mob; and though I may tremble at its power, can never recognise its authority.

This I take to be the principle of the British Government; and true foundation of its mingled nature. By means of this combination, it is contrived, that—of that mass of qualities as well as quantities,—*the people*, supremacy shall circulate through all the parts; and for every purpose of political energy, this great corporation shall be *one*.

For, besides that portion of political dominion, which is composed of the democratic rights and privileges, the authority of King, of Lords, and Commons, are all component parts of the people's power. The three estates, in this sense, represent the people.

To repel hostility, whether foreign or domestic,—to arbitrate between contending powers,—to deliver over the accused to the inquiry of the law,—to put the national will in execution,—to call forth merit, and enlist it in the public service,—or embellish it with rank, as an encouraging example,—to raise ambitious talent safely into greatness,—and divert seditious propensities, by the view of honours and distinctions compatible with public safety;*

To throw up an intrenchment round honours when con-

* Royal power.

ferred,—to cherish and protect the hereditary principle,—and keep guard upon the eminences of cultivated life,—to secure dignity from envy, and opulence from rapine ;*

To manage economically the public funds, and purchase with them, the public welfare,—to concentrate the wishes and interests of a multitude, too numerous to coalesce, but by the medium of representation,—to foster public spirit,—to check the inroads of insulting Greatness, in those descents which, from its summits, might be made upon the rights (if unprotected) of the humble ;†

To lift the voice of the populace to the ear of that Legislature, of which one branch is in a great measure of their own creation : to bid proud defiance to the menaces of Oppression ; and refer the cause of Innocence to the tribunal of Impartiality : ‡ this is a rude sketch of that power in the People, which, prudently distributed, to ensure its preservation, exists dispersedly,—in the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the Public.

It is the peculiar, and fundamental excellence of the British Constitution, that it is a more effectual mode than has ever been devised, for collecting the sense of a whole civilized people ; and discovering that path, along which Authority may move, without trampling on the interests of any Order in the State. It is a government of combination ; not disunion : unity is, on the contrary, its end, and its attainment.

Equal law, in the meantime, encircles, like a glory, the whole social mass : while that coherency of principle, which is related to it, and fixes the title to the crown, on grounds, in many respects, analogous to those, which support that of an obscure subject, to his small hereditary estate, gives to the

* Privileges of the Peers.

† Authority of the Commons.

‡ Right of petition, trial by jury, &c.

monarch, and some of the humblest amongst his people, a reciprocal interest to maintain each other's rights.

Of the authority confided by our Constitution, to those bodies between which it has distributed supremacy, part is for purposes immediate and direct ; part of a subsidiary and protective nature. Of this latter sort, perhaps, is the King's share in legislation. Though it may be true, that the divided interests of the people, requiring umpirage,—this might lead to entrusting the Chief Magistrate with such a power ; though unnecessary for the complete protection of his remaining privileges. Other subordinate * prerogatives, again, we may conceive to have been lighted up, in the intensity of his greatness.

For the same auxiliary purpose, the Nobles legislate apart ; and are entitled, in some cases, to a trial by emphatically their peers. If the Lords and Commons formed but one assembly, the whole people would be no longer effectually represented. In the modern sense indeed, † they, *i. e.* the numbers of the country, might be represented. But the great Minority, composed of the national wealth and dignity, would be unprotected. Their interests, which our peerage (in maintaining its own) defends, would be overwhelmed and swallowed up ; and the link between King and People—be destroyed.

I have thus discussed such topics, as arise out of the most pervading principle in your address : ‡ and, after what I have written, it is almost superfluous, to declare my disapprobation

* Of course I do not mean, that the King's right to take part in the enactment of every statute, is of a subordinate description ; or that His Majesty is less than a coordinate branch of the Legislature. Perhaps the now Royal share in legislation—is a constitutionally defined residuum, of the more, or all, which Royalty once possessed or claimed.

† So printed in 1793.

‡ Of the Friends to the Constitution, &c. to the People ; containing a brief exposé of their political tenets, as already mentioned.

of the following paragraph, containing a sentiment, of the same tendency with one which I have already combated.

‘We exult to live in a country, where the voice of the people, once plainly and decidedly uttered, is a thunder which no government dares resist.’

I must absolutely decline partaking of your pleasure; as well from the nature, as non-existence of its alleged cause. I should not rejoice to live in a country, where the cry of the giddy and seducible populace was a thunder, which no government (however honest) dared resist. Nor, though I were so depraved as to exult at such a mischief, am I so ignorant as to suppose this to be the case, in the country in which I live; or that any such principle can be found in our Constitution. I should, indeed, rejoice to live in a country, where the voice of the people, as wise as it was powerful, gave an awful, virtuous, and impartial check, to the assaults of Faction, and the wily-ness of Corruption. I should rejoice that mankind was different from what it is.—As things stand, I can only exult, that lest wickedness prevail, power is divided: that the populace have no thunders, to hurl against the government; nor the governors any bolts, to cast against the people.”

I.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD’S SPEECH UPON THE SCAFFOLD.*

I am drawing apace towards the Red Sea: my feet are on the very brink; an argument, I hope, that God is bringing me to the land of promise. I am not in love with such a passage; but I know that He, whom I serve, is as able to deliver me from

* See page 116, note.

this *sea of blood*, as he was to deliver the three children from the furnace. They would not worship the image which the King had set up ; *nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up ; a people, at this day miserably misled*. I may be not only the first archbishop, but the first man, that ever died by an ordinance in parliament ; but yet some of my predecessors have gone this way, though not by these means. *Elphegus* was hurried away, and lost his head by the Danes ; *Simon Sudbury*, in the fury of Wat Tyler and his fellows ; and Archbishop *Cyprian* submitted his head to a persecuting sword. Here hath been, of late, a fashion taken up, to gather hands, and go to Parliament, and clamour ; as if that court, before whom the causes come, which are *unknown to the Many*, could not, or would not do justice, *but at their appointment* : a way which may endanger many. In *St. Stephen's* case, when nothing else would serve, *they stirred up the people* ; and when Herod had killed St. James, he would not venture upon St. Peter, *till he found how the other pleased the people*. I have been accused of being an enemy to Parliaments. No : I understand them, and the benefit that comes by them, too well to be so. But I did dislike the misgovernments of some of them, and I had good reason for it ; For *corruptio optimi est pessima* ; and that being the highest court, over which no other hath jurisdiction, when it is misinformed, or misgoverned, the subject is left without remedy.

In the prayer, pronounced immediately after the above speech, and just as he was about to lay his head upon the block, (no moment for the probable utterance of a falsehood, or profane supplication to God, for what the supplicant did not really desire,) the Archbishop, with seeming devotion, prayed for “ the honour and conservation of Parliaments, in their just power ; the preservation of the Church, in her truth, “ peace, and patrimony ; and the settlement of the *distressed*

“ *and distracted people, under their ancient laws, and in their native liberties.*”*

The following extract may be also considered as having reference to the long parliament ; and the unconstitutional assumptions of power, by the commons of that day. It may be entitled

MONTESQUIEU ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

K.

“ Il y a toujours dans un état, des gens distingués par la naissance, les richesses, ou les honneurs. Mais s'ils étaient confondus parmi le peuple, et s'ils n'y avaient qu'une voix, comme les autres, la liberté commune seroit leur esclavage, et ils n'auraient aucun intérêt à la défendre ; parce que la plupart des résolutions seraient contre eux. La part qu'ils ont à la législation doit donc être proportionnée aux autres avantages qu'ils ont dans l'état ; ce qui arrivera, s'ils forment un corps, *qui ait droit d'arrêter les entreprises du peuple* ;† comme le peuple a droit d'arrêter les leurs. Ainsi la puissance législative sera confiée et au corps des nobles, *et au corps qui sera choisi pour représenter le peuple.*”

Any organic modification (if I may so express myself,) which interfered *substantially* (no matter what plausible and delusive *form* the alteration might assume) with the constitu-

* *A Summarie of Devotions, used by Doctor William Laud, printed at Oxford, in 1667.*

† Can the exercise, by the Lords, of a constitutional *right*, be a *wrongful* proceeding? A right too, which Montesquieu represents as one of even indispensable utility,—and which their bulwarked house, or chamber, is framed, constructed, and fortified, for the express purpose of enabling them to exercise with effect?

tional principles insisted on by Montesquieu, and the objects which the operation of those principles is meant to obtain, would produce upon our peerage this effect, that *la liberté commune seroit leur esclavage*; and birth, property, and rank, *la naissance, les richesses, et les honneurs*, would become the slaves of the *mobiliū turba*, and be overwhelmed in that "multitudinous sea," which would soon "incarnardine," and be incarnardined; and in the end exchange its nominal* and tumultuous despotism, for that *tranquilla servitus*, the despotism of a Military Power.

The following seems no unwarrantable comment upon the text of Montesquieu:—

"On the above passage I would make the following remarks: First, that Montesquieu appears to consider the lower house of parliament as being, *to all legislative purposes*, the people. Our Lords and Commons are exclusively the subject of his discourse; and having twice described the latter as "le peuple," he, at the close, designates them with more precision, as "le corps choisi pour représenter le peuple." He too well understood the spirit of our constitution, not to know, that, according to its theory, the commons really *represent* the people; that these latter possess no *direct* right of legislation; that there lies to them no legislative appeal. The members, whom they return, are their representatives; not their slaves; they are their legislative plenipotentiaries; and not the mere heralds of their transient caprice. 'Le grand avantage' (says the same Montesquieu) 'des représentans, c'est qu'ils sont capables de discuter les affaires: le peuple n'y est point du tout propre. *Il ne doit entrer dans le gouvernement, que pour choisir ses représentans.*' "†

* I say nominal, because the multitude is usually a mere instrument in the hands of the Demagogue, whose turbulence happens to be in fashion.

† Baron Smith's speech (in the Irish House of Commons) in 1799, on the Union.

L.

TO WARNER CHRISTIAN SEARCH, LL.D., F.R.S. AND M.R.I.A.

I have got to page 54, in your second stroll, and can proceed no further without asking a question or two. “Semper ego auditor tantum?”—you know the rest. Why did you dedicate your classic stroll in the dark to the memory of John Locke? Was it for the purpose of expressing your admiration of his doctrines generally, or for the purpose of shaking the adherence of the Dublin University to some of those doctrines? I ask those questions, with all the respect that I am bound to feel for your logical discrimination, and Attic sweetness of expression, for two reasons.

First—Because you object to the discussion of a most interesting question, upon grounds which “non conjurant amicé” with part of the name you have assumed. You say (p. 10 of stroll the second) the discussion (of the materiality of the soul) would be objectionable—“for to enter on an inquiry whether the soul was immortal, when revelation had distinctly informed us that it was, would be a questioning of the truth of the Scriptures; and might terminate in a profane and infidel denial of that truth.”*

Now, the Scriptures have informed us of the existence of God; yet John Locke devotes nine pages of his book to the proof of that existence. Nay, more—Locke goes into an elaborate argument to prove that God is *immaterial*—and this comes closely on the whole subject of your elegant little books.

* A reference to pages 9, and 10, of Stroll the Second, will at once show that this is a gross and utter misrepresentation of what Warner Search there said.

I might almost say, *rem acu tetigit*; yet you, while you call yourself SEARCH, will not permit any inquiry whether the soul of man be not immaterial. This extreme caution deserves rather the name of *Anti-Search*.

Secondly—Because I remember to have read, above two years ago, an accusation against Locke, in Edward Litton Bulwer's "England and the English," of having favoured the doctrines of the *materialists*, by a passage in that part of his book which treats of substances. That accusation is, in my opinion—and I have read the book with care—most unjust; but it might derive colour from the circumstance of a book *bordering closely* on materialism, being dedicated to his memory by W. C. S., if those initials are rightly read, Baron Sir William Cusack Smith.* Locke has proved to my satisfaction

* Hence (*i. e.* from this supposition) arose the criticism; or, at the very least, its acrimonious tone; in which it must be admitted, that there is less of the *felix*, than of the *faustum*.—Indeed the charges which it contains, are more than *tone*; they are *traducing matter*; and the name is dragged in, for the purpose of attaching this matter upon a Judge, (*who, I believe, had given the critic no offence,*) whether from dislike to the Order, or the Individual, or to both, we will not here inquire.—In the fluency of the critique, at least, there is nothing

“like the flute's soft flow,
“or an angel's song:”

Nothing

“that whispers winningly:”

Nothing correspondent to what, if his “voice” had not previously uttered, his pen however had previously traced; though I suspect that the tracing,—without notifying that it was intended to be furtive,—was “by stealth;” and that when it innocently transpired, the tracer

“blush'd to find it fame.”

Ille baro (says Cicero) *te putabat quæsiturum & cct.*—*Hunc baronem te putabas ladere*, say I.

that the Omnipotent Being is *immaterial*; you leave little room to doubt that your opinion is quite the contrary; although you say somewhere, you would scarcely dare to surmise what the substance of the Deity is. You argue thus: "To appear is to be visible;" and what is visible must be material; *ergo*, (let me draw your inference,) *whatever appears is material*. Now let me make another syllogism based on this:—Whatever appears is material; but God has appeared (to Moses,) *ergo*, (is not the conclusion irresistible?) God is material.*

Now, my Lord Warner, may I ask whether this, or the position of Lord Brougham be the more dangerous to Christianity? I admit that you have (or rather Mr. Wallace has) detected Lord B. dozing on a most important point. It is going too far to say, as his lordship does, that the soul must perish, if it be not immaterial. There is no *vis consequentiæ* in that inference; and I believe this to be the burden of your two erudite rambles,† as well as the two instructive and learned *brochures* of Mr. Wallace. I think you both right on the

* No: but whatever *appears*, is either usually arrayed in materiality, or has, in the particular instance, assumed materiality, in order to manifest—and render itself thus apparent. —Did not God, in the person of our Saviour, assume the materiality of body? Was He not made flesh? Was it not by means of that material body, that our Lord was apparent—and enabled to call on his disciples to handle him? Yet who denies, (not my Critic, I hope,‡) that our Redeemer was and is God? Or who, in admitting, that by means of material flesh He thus became apparent, and tangible, asserts that the Divine Substance is material?

† "Civil leer!"—which teaches, and *is meant to* "teach to sneer;" and which, *aided* (or even unaided,) *by much of the deriding context*, would give this lesson, though the "crudite Rambles" were not so studiously contrasted with what was "instructive and learned"

‡ To Man.

‡ I hope he does not mean to echo the exclamations of Jobert: "A God with senses, organs, brains! a *human God*! a monstrous God!"

point, and Lord B. wrong ; but when you caution his lordship against the danger of such a position, and absolutely will not permit an inquiry on a fair subject of metaphysical speculation, (by no means necessarily a divine mystery,) *because the Scriptures are explicit upon a great truth sought to be deduced from it as a necessary inference*, I would respectfully beg of you to consider whether, with all your caution, you have not taken a stride calculated to inflict a deeper wound on Christianity.

I would also beg of you, should you be disposed to take "a third stroll," to consider whether there be any *vis consequentiæ* in your proposition—"Whatever is visible is material." You see the *startling*—nay, revolting inference I have drawn from that proposition—an inference calculated by no means to diminish the number of Deists and Atheists. I pray you also to consider whether the secondary qualities of substances, by which they are perceptible to the senses of seeing and hearing, may not in some sort belong to pure spirit, or at least that those properties in spirit which give rise to your doubts and hesitation as to their immateriality, are not, even *on your own showing*, essentially different from the parallel properties of those substances, to which we *properly* apply the term *material*.

A MASTER OF ARTS, T. C. D.

The above having appeared in the Freeman's Journal, the following defence made its appearance, immediately after, in The Packet.

TO — —, ESQ. "A. M. T. C. D."

I have read your *aigre-doux* letter, in the *Weekly Freeman*, to *W. Search*. There is a great deal more of the *aigre* in it,

than of the *doux*; and the *aigre* seems to be sincere: the *doux* anything but that. *Search* says, that "to appear is to be visible; and that to be visible is to be material."—Do you deny either proposition? On the contrary; you assent to both; as every rational man must do. But you complain that *Search* has asserted that God appeared to Moses. Do you mean to deny the truth of this assertion? I presume not; for you do not profess to disbelieve Exodus. But you say it follows that God is material. *You* may say so; but *Search* has not said so. He has said the reverse. He has said that the Divinity occasionally used the instrumentality of matter, and, as it were, clothed himself in it, for the purpose of revealing himself to the senses of man. That he did so, in the burning bush. That he did so when he made himself audible in the still, small voice. And, lastly, that in the incarnation of our Saviour, he had manifested himself materially to man. Do you deny that he revealed himself to Moses in the burning bush? or do you hold that the *flame* which Moses saw was immaterial? Do you hold that the still, small voice, which *struck the ear*, was immaterial? And whether do you deny the *Divinity* of our Lord? or do you hold that He was not *material*?—that He was not *man*?—that, in the teeth of his own sacred assertion, he was *not capable of being handled*?

All this explanation you had seen; for you had "got," you say, "to page 54;"—and in pages 53 and 54 it is to be found: yet the *aigre* portion of your motive induces you to charge *Search* with "*bordering on materialism;—with leading to revolting inferences; with holding the Almighty to be material;—*(in the very teeth of what he has written,) *and inflicting a deep wound on Christianity.*"

Mr. Wallace seems a favourite. Warner *Search* seems the reverse. Could a gentleman, whose surname has the same initial, and contains the same number of syllables as your own,—could he, think you, inform us, why, in the latter case, you

appear so "willing to wound," and not altogether "afraid to strike?" But, perhaps, you and Sir James Mackintosh may hold, that while matter, by much attenuation, often becomes invisible, utter immateriality is visible, audible, tangible, &c. How comes the soul to be invisible, even at the moment of its departure, when the body no longer veils it? How comes the invisible world to be so extensive?

Yours,

PETER PEERADEAL.

M.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO W. C. S.

Paris, Dec. 23d, 1835.

* * * * * "By way of adding to your animal anecdotes, Melissa * desires me say, that she knew a lady at Cheltenham, who had a dog, that regularly accompanied her in her walks,—tendering himself as her companion, on every day except Sunday; but never attempted to do so on that day; seemingly aware, that his mistress was going to a place (Church) where his presence would be dispensed with.—In La Martine's interesting work, (his Travels in the East,) is a beautiful description of the Arab horses; whose sagacity he represents as something quite wonderful. Apropos of soul and body, there is an entertaining book enough, 'Voyage autour de ma chambre,' the author of which lays the blame, not only of all his evil, but even of his awkward actions, upon the latter; which he calls his *Bête*. * * * I think you have satisfactorily established that there is nothing con-

* Melissa is her "nom de guerre."

Gray; Long Story.

trary to religion, (quite the reverse,) in declining to decide the point, whether the soul is material or immaterial. * * * How do you understand the expression of St. Paul, "*there is a natural body; and there is a spiritual body?*"

The text which I am called upon, by my correspondent, to interpret, necessarily partakes of the mysteriousness of its somewhat super-intellectual subject; and is mysterious. My conjectural, and laic, and imperfect explanation* might be, that the Apostle distinguishes between *ψυχικός ανηρ*, and the man who, being spiritualized, possesses the *φρονημα του πνευματος*. The *natural body* I take to be that of the former; the *spiritual body* that of the latter. 'Ο *ψυχικός ανηρ*, I consider to be the *animal man*; possessing, or possessed by, that *ψυχη*, or vital spirit, which he has, in common with the beasts. This ought to be, but in this life will not be, quite subservient and ministerial to the *πνευμα*, which seems to distinguish man from the beasts of the field; and perhaps is what The Deity "breathed into the nostrils" of the first human being; and thus caused him to become "a living soul."—Upon this subject, we may, perhaps, look with advantage to Hebrews, iv. 12, where *ψυχη* and *πνευμα* are emphatically noticed and distinguished; and the Greek, as well as the English, might be consulted.†—

* Which, however, would probably be still more imperfect, if it were not for some valuable and illustrative suggestions, contained in a letter, from a learned friend, which reached me on the 22d of the present month of December.

† If to sacred I might append profane, I would perhaps refer to what Araspas is reported (or feigned) by Xenophon, to have said to Cyrus.

Ἦ καὶ δυνήσῃ, ἔφη,^a ἀπολιπεῖν τὴν καλὴν Πάνθειαν; Δύο γὰρ, ἔφη, ὦ Κῦρε, σαφῶς ἔχω ψυχάς. Οὐ γὰρ δὴ, μία γέ οὔσα,

I, perhaps, cannot too frequently repeat, that I am as far from asserting the materiality of the soul,—(as far from proclaiming it to others, or pronouncing it to myself,)—as I am from admitting that its immateriality has been,—or to that intellect which we possess on this side of the grave,—is likely to be proved. As little do I expect that it will be proved to be material. I protest against the discussion of the question, (material or

ἄμα ἀγαθή τε ἐστὶ καὶ κακὴ, οὐδ' ἄμα καλῶν τε καὶ αἰσχρῶν ἔργων ἔρῃ, καὶ ταῦτ' ἄμα βούλεται τε καὶ οὐ βούλεται πράττειν· ἀλλὰ δῆλον ὅτι δύο ἐστὸν ψυχὰ, καὶ ὅταν μὲν ἡ ἀγαθὴ κρατῇ, τὰ καλὰ πράττεται· ὅταν δὲ ἡ πονηρὰ, τὰ αἰσχρὰ ἐπιχειρεῖται.

ΕΚ ΤΗΣ ΚΥΡΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ.

Of these δύο ψυχὰ, was one ψυχή, and the other πνεύμα; This latter (πνεύμα) appears to be a sort of generic term. Thus, in Plutarch's Life of the younger Cato, c. 68, we find it to signify the breath of man, and in c. 70, the wind that heaves the ocean. With the addition of ἅγιον, it expresses the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. The word seems to mean *Spirit* generally; and of how sacred a nature Spirit *may* be, we learn from the text which informs us, that "God is a Spirit."—The consistence and harmonious congruity, which will be found in the Sacred Records, even where conversant about matters beyond our comprehension,—is wonderful; and amongst the criteria of their truth. Thus, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles, (Acts, ii. 2, 3, 4.) "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting;—and there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire," (considered by some, as a modification of ærial substance,) "and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—God originally *breathed* into the nostrils of Man *the breath* of life, (πνεύμα,) and Man, in consequence, became a living soul. Neither would the life, *so inspired*, have terminated, if Disobedience had not brought death into the world.—When the Holy Spirit, (purchased by the obedient sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour,) 'filled' Man again,—was this a *re-inspiration* of the breath of a Life, purely and indestructibly immortal, in those on whom it was bestowed;—not, like that of the first Adam, liable to forfeiture and loss? The wind (τὸ πνεύμα) bloweth where it listeth; & cet. So is every one that is born of the Spirit: (ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος.) Words of our Saviour. John, iii. 8.—That dreams may be (or may have been) warning, and of divine origin, appears from Matthew, i. 20, 21.

I believe there is extant a Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew. I should like to know whether, in it, the *same* word is used to signify *wind* and *spirit*; and whether that word is שׁוּפ.

immaterial?) as unnecessary, hazardous, and in its possible consequences, profane. Unnecessary, towards proving that *immortality* of human soul, of which the Holy Scriptures have assured us : hazardous and profane, because, in the pursuit of this discussion, our “erring Reason”* might betray us into a distrust of scriptural assurance.—I even go the length of saying,—that though we confine ourselves within the mere rational powers and province, and derive no aid from Revelation, still neither Reason nor Experience will warrant our sublunary intellect in pronouncing that *immortal* is necessarily,—and as it were, argumentatively,—more connected with *immaterial* than with *material*.

I go the length of *Locke*. With him I refuse presumptuously to set limits to the power of God,—by doubting whether *matter* could acquire any faculties, which it was the Divine Will of the Creator—that it should put on,—And thus I answer a pert question (included in a rude and traducing criticism) lately asked me by one who describes himself as a Master of Arts.† His question is, why I inscribed the Second Dialogue to *Locke*.

N.

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES ; STROLL THE SECOND.

Baron Smith, under his nom de guerre, Warner Christian Search, has directed more of the public attention to the “im-

* Pope.

† Having first misrepresented (perhaps from having misconceived them) my arguments and assertions, he proceeds to bestow upon them the epithets of “revolting, and unchristian.”—A *Terræ filius*, at Oxford, is recorded to have, i’ th’ olden time, once addressed *certain* of its graduates as follows; “Vos, O Doctores, sine doctrinâ, Magistri artium, sine artibus, Baccalaurei, baculo quam lauro digniores.”

material" controversy, than the question is worth. While we admire his playful wit—his refined taste—and his great variety of fanciful illustrations, we cannot but regret that such treasures are wasted on the most profitless question that ever employed "the laborious idleness" of metaphysicians.

From the Athenæum.

The above extract from *The Athenæum* is complimentary, in a degree beyond the claims or merits of the little work which it criticises. It is true, the compliment is paid to Baron Smith; but being rendered to him, on the supposition of his being the author, Warner Search takes the liberty of appropriating it to himself.* May he not venture to surmise, that the obliging Critic, who describes him so favourably, has ceased to consider him as "a quaint humourist," of the Burton school? (see Article D, in this Appendix.)—But who, I would ask the Editor of the *Athenæum*,—who *began* "the immaterial controversy?"—Who *first* "directed to it, more of the public attention, than the question was worth?"—Was it not Lord Brougham?—And has the *Athenæum* censured the waste, upon "a profitless inquiry," of the "treasures" of his Lordship's mind?—Again, Warner Search has *not even joined in the inquiry thus rashly challenged*. On the contrary, the jet of his little volumes is, to dissuade from such discussions, as at once "profitless," and unavailing.—But is it, he would ask, a quite unprofitable undertaking, to recall to Revelation, from what Milton has described as "vain wisdom, and false philosophy,"—and to protest against discussions, which leave the Sacred Scriptures in abeyance, and of which the result may

* Even assuming, for argument, that *Search* is but a nom de guerre, is it fair, or according to the laws or practice of literary courtesy, not

conflict with what the Divine Authority of those Scriptures has affirmed? This was the attempt, in which Warner Search, with good intentions, but probably inadequate powers, engaged.

O.

With reference to Dialogue 1, p. 120, 121. Dial. 2, p. 35, 41, and Dial. 3. p. 32, 37.

Plutarch states the following circumstance to have occurred, just before the assassination of Cicero—Τῶν δὲ κοράκων οἱ πολλοὶ μὲν ἐπὶ τῆς θυρίδος διεκώθητο φθιγγόμενοι θορυβῶδες· εἰς δὲ καταβὰς ἐπὶ τὸ κλινίδιον, ἐγκεκαλυμμένου τοῦ Κικέρωνος, ἀπῆγε τῷ σώματι κατὰ μικρὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ προσώπου τὸ ἰμάτιον, & cet.—(*Life of Cicero*, c. 47.)—This was at the villa where Cicero had stopped, and lain down, to procure a little rest. The ominous birds had followed him from the vessel, where, perching on the yards, their presence, and their clamours, had dissuaded this persecuted man from pursuing his intended voyage. The passage which I have just given part of, from the original, *Ricard* thus translates—“Cicéron, apres être débarqué, entra dans sa maison, et se coucha pour prendre du repos: mais la plupart de ces corbeaux, étant venus se poser sur la fenêtre de sa chambre, jetaient des cris effrayants. Il y en eut un, qui, volant sur son lit, retira, avec son bec, le pan de la robe, dont Cicéron s’était couvert le visage. A cette vûe, ses domestiques se reprochèrent leur lâcheté. “Attendrons nous,” disaient ils, ‘d’être ici les témoins du meurtre de notre maitre, lorsque des animaux même, touchés

only to thrust it aside, but to substitute the name of another, without the assent of that other?

“ du sort indigne qu’ il éprouve, viennent à son secours ; et
 “ veillent au soin de ses jours ?* Ils étaient à peine sortis, que
 “ les meurtriers arrivèrent,” & cet.

P.

(*With reference to passages in page 79.*)

“ Art is Man’s nature.”—So says Mr. Burke,† in an aphorism, as densely laconic, as it is profoundly true. Indeed never, perhaps, has more of important truth been compressed into a sentence of but four short words. They contain an answer to the flippant pseudo-philosophy of those expressions, “ Man was his high and only title,” made use of by Paine, in his “ Rights of Man ;” and which I have parodied into “ Water was its high and only title.”

Adam “ came from the hands of his Maker,”‡ already cultivated and improved ; or speedily became so, under divine instruction ;—and probably in some degree, and on some points, inspiration.§ Therefore it is not in our great forefather, that we are to look for “ Man,” as Paine conceives him to have “ come from the hands of his Maker.” The image to which this writer calls upon us to assimilate ourselves, is to be found wallowing amongst the hottentots, or “ shivering”

in climes beyond the solar road ;
 Where shaggy forms o’er ice-built mountains roam :||

* Having said this, they placed him in a litter, and proceeded with it towards the sea.

† In, I believe, his *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

‡ The words of Paine. He was also the author of that infidel work, *The Age of Reason*.

§ As, for example, perhaps, in the case of language.

|| Gray.

or reclining amongst "the savage youth of Chili's boundless forests."* It is there, or amongst still more artless, barbarous, and almost ourang-outang tribes, (the "rude forefathers" of those not much less rude, who now usurp the rights and title of *The People*,)—it is amongst these, that we are to seek the idol, to which such Republicans as Paine would have us bend the knee;—these are "Man," as he conceives him to have "come from the hand of his Maker;" whose handiwork the fopperies of government and civilization do but spoil.

But though "art be man's nature," artifice is his vice. It is akin to falsehood; and adulterates, or counterfeits that truth, which art but polishes and improves. Under this head, of artifice, comes the "intimate strangership" which I have noticed. Intimacy implies and asserts claims and pretensions, which it ought to vouch; but which incongruously attendant strangership on the contrary refutes. *Such* intimacy is a mask worn by insincerity and dislike, in order to put men off their guard. Soothing you at the expense of your understanding, it fain would shame you out of putting yourself in a visible posture of defence. To profess delight in the society which he shuns; respect for that judgment, of which he never asks the aid;† reliance on that integrity, honour, and discretion, which, at the same time, he never burthens with an atom of his confidence;‡ I do not relish this mosaic conduct.§ It is fraudulent and false. It claims the privileges of an intimacy, which it at once professes and withholds. Turns its back upon you when it can; and simpers and shakes hands, when what it con-

* Gray.

† Or attends to the advice.

‡ While prompt to accept of any trust, which your inconsiderate and frank good-nature may repose in him.

§ "Here a bit of black; and there a bit of white."—The black however greatly prevalent.

siders as mischance, brings you face to face. This is anything but fair. One man has a decided right to stand aloof, at his peril, from another. But he has not a right to set this other looking through a humbug-telescope, which shall persuade him that what is very distant, is quite near. This ought not, if possible, to be submitted to. A man should decline commercial intercourse with those whose payment is in false money ; while he himself, in this swindling traffic, is disbursing genuine coin. Your treacherous correspondent, while entertaining no kindly sentiment towards you, perceives that there may be value in your goodwill to him. He therefore seeks to reconcile his dislike of you with his interest, by putting a plating of intimacy over the copper of his base estrangement. Refuse this spurious coin ; and he will perceive that you are not the dupe he took you for. Thus you will either get rid of an odious intercourse, offensive at once to your sagacity and pride ; or you will be punctually, though not honestly, paid the value of what you give ; and the public will cease to think you such a simpleton, as to mistake those for your friends, whom they well know not to be so. I perceive nothing unchristian in this course. You do not injure the deceiver. You but refuse to connive at, and be an accomplice in his falsehood.

How often, (this is a sort of by the by,) are men misconceived ! Or rather, how seldom, by a certain class, are they *not* misunderstood ! In how many instances, for example, has a man been undiscerningly supposed to swallow flatteries, which good-nature, or good manners, forbade him to repulse, with a rude avowal of his disgust ! How often has Cunning chuckled over the imaginary success of one of its paltry supercheries, and pronounced the person duped, who disdained to boast his detection of the trick ! How often has a man of sagacity and spirit been supposed blind to—or tame and timid, beneath—affronts, of which,—not being tangible enough for requital or rebuke,—he had been too high-minded, and proudly well-bred,

to appear to take any notice !—How pleasant it is to have to do with gentlemen! or (according to, unfortunately, more ordinary experience,) how *unpleasant* it is to deal with mere usurpers of that title !—Gentleman seems a rank conferred by Nature and Education.* Many a man, without rank or station, is a gentleman ; while of some, invested with rank and station, one could not say the same. The delicate compound, of principle, spirit, feeling, taste, and tact, which helps to form the gentleman,—this well-flavoured compound, seems to be so rapidly evaporating, and undergoing, in this country, a process of such permanent decomposition, that I fear the time for preserving it, in description, has arrived. But who shall undertake the task ? I can recognise and relish the *comme il faut* ; but am unable to describe it.

But to return to a subject, from which I have digressed ;—there is a kind of unavailing (and not expected to be available) artifice, which is in daily use ; into which I am afraid I may have sometimes fallen ; and which many of my candid readers will admit that they have practised.—A and B shall hold a sort of conventional conversation,† in which not one of the professions of A shall have in it a syllable of substantial truth : in which the courteous answers of B shall be equally insincere :‡ —in which, again, and as it were *e contra*, the declarations of B, and replies of A, shall be of the same counterfeit description ;—yet where, all the time, A knows full well, that not a word of what he is uttering imposes upon B ; and where B is equally aware, that for not one word of the obliging sentiments

* Education alone will not suffice. *Alterius poscit opem ; viz. Naturæ.*

† I do not mean that there are not,—I thank God there are,—conversations of a widely different and sterling kind.

‡ *Αντίδοσις.*

which he expresses, does he receive an atom of credit from the politely smiling A.

What a quantity of lucrative falsehood seems to be here quite thrown away!—For where is the use of falsehood, when the utterer knows that it is not believed?—These *unabusing* communications appear, however, to be a sort of saturnalia, allowed, from their harmlessness, to courteous Falsehood, by indulgent Truth.

For the rest, though intimate strangership be *usually* of the character which I have given, it sometimes arises from causes less discreditable to these οἰκείοι-ξένοι, causes less under their control, and untainted with fraud or adulteration. Such, for example, I take to be the case,—a recollection of which produced a portion of this note.

Q.

(With reference to page 20.)

To the question put, in the poet Nævius,

Cedo, qui vestram rempublicam tantam amisistis tam cito?

the answer given—is

Proveniebant oratores novi, stulti, ADOLESCENTULI.

And what is the commentary of the elder Cato?

Temeritas est videlicet florentis ætatis; prudentia senescentis.

CICERO DE SENECTUTE.

R.

(With reference to page 17.)

Who can refuse all toleration to a pun, that recollects Swift's *Mantua væ miseræ* & cet, or Burke's parody on the *seignare*

of Moliere?—*Assignare* ; *postea assignare* ; *ensuita assignare* ?* The pun of my initialsake (W. C. S.) was also perhaps entitled to some toleration, when he cited Horace, as authority for taxing the funds.—*quodcunque in fund is, assess it.*†

S.

Promptly will be published,
(If Mr. Milliken consent,)
The Goblins of Neapolis,
By Paul Puck Peeradeal;
With permission of Papa Peter,
And Mamma Pry.‡

Under such circumstances, and with such a prospect, I cannot think, by introducing § any goblin rhymes into this appendix, of forestalling the publication, promised by my young and scrutinizing friend ; with whose intentions I am the more reluctant thwartingly to interfere, because, if there be truth in Shakspeare, Puck is a *good fellow*.||

This, in a moment, brings me to an end.

By THIS, I mean my above testimony to the amiable and industrious goblin qualities of him, whose “shadowy flail hath threshed the corn ;” and thereby earned for him the “cream-

* Reflections on the French Revolution ; where, towards the end of the letter, he is deriding the system of *Assignats*.

† *Quodcunque infundis acescit*.

For some of these *facetiae*, see also Plutarch's Life of the younger Cato, c. 73. Two of the jests are good : the first of the three, I do not understand.—The original Greek must be consulted ; for the pleasantries, being of the class of puns, do not admit of being translated.

‡ Mrs. Peeradeal's maiden name, we may presume.

§ Notwithstanding the half promise given in page 42.

|| See *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; “*Persons represented*.”

bowl, duly set."—This testimonial has placed me on the very threshold of my conclusion; if there be no blunder in this form of expression; that is to say, if threshold be not more connected with entrance, than with exit. Be this as it may, shall I congratulate my readers on their arrival at the ivory or horn gate? Or for such felicitations, shall I substitute another anecdote, of one of whom I have told two already?*

He was learned, literary, opulent, and good-natured; and neither his wealth nor his bonhomie were allowed, by his author friends, to lie idly fallow. Between the goodnature with which he abounded, and the truth to which he was addicted, some amicable conflicts would from time to time arise. Good-natured Courtesy made him promise an author to read his just published work. This promise, Truth and Honour not only permitted, but enjoined him to perform. But when called on for his opinion, a difference between Truth and Kindness would occasionally start up; and one which it was not always too easy to reconcile.—‘Well, Sir, had you time to cast your eye over what I sent you?’—‘O yes, Sir; I made it a point to read it: you know I promised you.’—‘And may I ask what you think of it?’ If the volume were a serious or scientific one, the answer probably would be,—‘Upon my word, Sir, the work must have cost you great pains. It shows much research; and contains some indisputable and valuable truths.’†—If the production were of a different character, he would say,—‘Sir, I am a poor judge of poetry, or works of imagination; I am getting old, too.’—‘Sir, in page 50, I think there is something, that you would be likely to approve.’—‘I did not mind the numbering of the pages, as I went along.’—‘May I inquire what part of the work you liked the best?’—‘The concluding part, Sir: I

* Stroll the Second, pages 33, 34, 35.

† Perhaps found in some of the extracts, that demonstrated research.

read the latter pages with most pleasure.'—This was the more likely to be satisfactory to the Inquirer, because an author usually, I believe, endeavours to decorate his conclusion.—Who knows but, if I were imprudent enough to ask my reader which portion of the volume, now presented to him, he liked best, his answer might be,—‘*the concluding part, Sir : I read the last pages with the greatest pleasure.*’

The young (then young) friend, who had introduced me to the highly-flavoured acquaintance of ***** used to tell him, that in his plausible answers, there was more of equivocation, than of truth ;—and this, the single-hearted old gentleman, half amused, and half remorseful, would admit.*

And now, adopting the close of Mr. Sheridan’s speech, upon the trial of Warren Hastings, let me conclude by saying, “My Lords,” (but I must add, gentlemen, and hope I may add ladies,) “I have done.”

* I am not certain, which of them invented,—*i. e.* suggested an invention of—the following evasions.—‘Of course you have seen Napoleon ?’—‘Would a man be two months in Paris, without seeing the Lion of the age?’—‘They tell me he is short ; and getting stout.’—‘I cannot say he is tall ; and if he be not stout, you will not deny that he is brave.’—‘Is what I hear of his seat on horseback, true?’—‘I am no judge of horsemanship.’—‘They talk a deal of his smile, and of his frown.’—‘He neither smiled nor frowned on me.’—‘Upon the whole, what sort of looking person should you say he is?’—‘I cannot say that the common prints of him, which are in circulation, are unlike him.’ &c. &c.

ERRATA.

First Ramble, first line, *dele* 'Reader;' and read, 'A walk by moonlight,' &c.

Page 11, last line, for *souvire*, read *sourire*.

Dialogue Third, p. 23, line last but one,—after 'perceptibly,' insert 'or in any manner.'

Page 24, line 1, to words, 'in perceptible materiality,' * refer the following note.

* Assumed for the purpose of such manifestation.

Line 2d, place a colon, after the word 'himself.'

Page 33, l. 18, for *gresumque* read *gressumque*.

Page 36, l. 9, place a ? after the word 'this;' and *dele* the ? and substitute a colon, after the word 'Lord.'





B
68
S6

Smith, (Sir) William Cusack
Metaphysic rambles

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